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A JUMBLE IN DIVINITIES

BY

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PÈRE CESAR stood in the center of the court-yard, finishing his nightly inspection of his property — his "biens" he called it, his "goods"— the goods torn from the bowels of the earth by the toil of him and his fathers. The weary winter sun had set, leaving a last flamboyant streamer on the western horizon; and now even that was dying out into limp, gray cloud-rags, and upon the fields, undulating in shiny humid black clods, the night was falling like rain, a rain of smutty streaks, impalpable but visible, and of penetrating melancholy.

Rising there in the center of the court, gnarled, bowed and knotted, that form was as some growth from the soil, an excrescence of it, rooted deep, indissolubly bound; but it was Man, in that it examined and judged. Over the low, thatched buildings the eyes of Père César were passing in ponderous inspection, stopping at each barred door, at each close-shuttered window, and his ears, no less vigilant, absorbed sounds, customary sounds, sounds that should be:—the cackle of the fowl, diminishing gradually, but with sudden inexplicable shrill outbursts farther and farther apart, into sleepy, restful cawings; the grunting of the pigs, muffled in the lethargy of gorged stomachs; the placid, measured crunch of hay in the barns. These sights, these sounds were to him inexpressibly soothing, familiar; between them and some deep, primordial fiber within him there was full agreement, a subtle harmony sweeter to him than music. An austere satisfaction filled his soul.

"Ben," he said in his patois French; "good, one can go to bed now." And in his mouth these words had something fine and sound, were impregnated with the holy weariness of the toiler who had toiled well. "Ben, one can go to bed now," he repeated.

But suddenly, as he was beginning to turn on his heel, his shoulders hunched up and his head snapped forward while his right hand rose above his eyes in a shield, as if he were in the sunlight and not in the damp darkness of that early winter evening. He moved forward three steps, his eyes piercing the obscurity, and then the court was vibrant with his shouts:

"Jacquot! Jacquot! Come here! Right away! Jacquot!"

"Oui papa, oui papa!" answered a shrill, high voice, and around the corner of the main building there darted a little boy, a ludicrous figure in the indistinct light, consisting almost wholly of an immense pair of baggy trousers falling in scare-crow flaps and folds from the armpits to within four inches of the wooden shoes clattering loosely about the bare feet. "Oui papa, oui papa," he piped as he ran; and "oui papa," he said again as he stood before his father; and all

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these "oui papas" seemed to tell of a conscience not absolutely at peace.

"And what is that, eh, this ladder at your window?" growled Père César in his scolding voice. "What is it, this new foolishness of putting ladders at the windows to draw all the vagabonds of the country to this house. Will you take it down, and quick, too—you little possessed of the devil!"

"Oui papa," said Jacquot meekly. He trotted around the wall, and sure enough, in the shadow of the eaves a ladder stood, its upper rung close to a little round window in the sloping roof. Slowly, with a limpness, a discouragement in his movements due to something more subtle than the material weight of the thing, Jacquot let the ladder come down to the ground and began to drag it toward the barn. A sudden flare of light tore across the court; there was a resounding slam, followed by a return of the darkness, and Jacquot, turning his head, saw that he was alone. A strange hesitation possessed him; the ladder jerked along a little farther, then stopped. For a moment Jacquot stood in his straw-stuffed left shoe, his right leg drawn up; then for another minute in his right shoe, his bare left foot rubbing pensively the burden-bearing calf. He scratched his head, dropped back the suspended foot into its empty "sabot," and stood solidly, with legs apart, while illicit resolution set his heart a-pound. Then the ladder began to drag again, but back along the track it had made; silently, in the shadow, the upper rung rose in a quarter circle and settled lightly below the round window.

"That poor little Jesus," said Jacquot; "his wings may be tired when he gets here, and then he can climb in."

He stood there a moment, irresolute. "That poor little Jesus," he murmured again, pityingly. And this repetition successfully placing him in the compassionate mood necessary to balance certain prickings of conscience, he slunk into the house.

Beneath the light of the lamp, with bowed heads Père César and the woman-of-all-work employed since the death, nearly two years before, of Jacquot's mother, were eating the evening soup. Jacquot quietly took his wooden bowl and climbed the ladder to the garret. "Bon soir, père," he said, as he raised the trap-door.

"Bon soir, Jacquot," said the father, less severely than was his wont; "to-morrow we'll go to the Christmas mass together."

"Oui papa," said Jacquot, and he disappeared behind the trap.

Once in his little, bare, sloped-roofed room, the first thing Jacquot did was to poke his arm out of the window. His fingers closed upon the last rung of the ladder. "That poor little Jesus," he said again, compassionately.

He moved to a corner of the room, and there were sounds of fumbling in some sort of a box. This was followed by a sharp, scratching noise, a small explosion, and the round, brown head of the lad appeared in the light of a candle. Jacquot set the bit of tallow upon the window sill and eyed it with concern. It had burned down considerably; in fact, there was left only a three-inch stump, all surrounded with drip stalactites. Jacquot frowned; then his cheeks puffed round, and out went the light. He sat down on the floor and ate his supper in the dark.

When he had finished he relit the precious bit of tallow and again searched in the rough box in the corner. From it he took several large sheets of coarse yellow wrapping paper and two pieces of charcoal. He eyed these with the same thoughtful concern he had given the candle, then, quickly dropping to the floor with his back against the wall below the window, pulling up his knees almost to his nose, he began to draw.

He drew awkwardly, with short, rusty, uncertain strokes, but with a funny intensity of effort. His eyes, beneath his wild forelock of brown hair, were closed to little slits; his tongue bulged out against his right cheek, and his naked toes (he had slipped off his sabots) doubled up in vague, primordial branch-grasping movements. Now and then he held off his work and contemplated it critically, then, "Zut!" he exclaimed impatiently, and wetting his fingers in his mouth, he smeared out the whole thing and began anew. This process was not without its inconveniences, and soon his hands, his mouth, his tanned cheeks were streaked with shadows that did not dance to the uncertain light; and it was an amusing picture:—this little lad smudged with charcoal, huddled up against the wall, lost in his immense trousers, his mouth all screwed up with effort, drawing, drawing, drawing, impelled by some vague unrest within him, some obscure longing that allowed him no peace, tortured him ever, forcing him to the agony of effort. It was rather fine, something mysterious, almost holy—the eclosion of a talent, the

"'And what is that, eh, this ladder at your window?'"

vague wing-stirrings of genius. There in the garret of that lonely chaumière, alone, unwitnessed, with none to teach, or encourage or praise, in that vacuum of indifference, cold, night, solitude, the little lad, in splendid self-reliance, strove to create. The Angel of the Ideal had touched him with its white wing, and rest was his no more. From now, on till Death, he must struggle, burning with a thirst forever unassuaged, forever clamoring. So he drew, with his little, awkward, narrow, concentrated strokes, drew charcoal lines upon brown paper. At intervals he cried "Zut!" rubbed out everything, and began anew. And that "Zut!" that childish oath, was something great. It was a challenge to the limitations of Man, the stupidity of Matter, the perversity of Things. My muscles do not obey, my nerves fail me, my charcoal and paper are inadequate—Zut! I'll try again. Zut! for matter, the cussedness of things. Zut!—on for the Ideal! And as he worked and erased, created and destroyed and began again, a splendid fever stole through his veins, a glowing exaltation thrilled his being, and it was fine—ah, it was fine!

It had all begun with meeting the American, one day the preceding summer.

When there had come to Jacquot wondrous rumors of the presence in the village of the extraordinary foreigner from beyond the seas, with the more precise information that, at the very time, he was to be found in the meadows near the pond called "la Mer au Diable," he had set out in his clattering little sabots, all a thrill with a fever of curiosity. And when, having cautiously climbed a haystack pointed out to him by Francois as screening the formidable creature, he poked his nose over the edge (Francois had meanwhile legged it from the spot in a sudden access of terror, leaving Jacquot to brave the peril alone) he was much astonished and no less disappointed to see, instead of a vermilion-skinned, beaded and feathered savage with a tomahawk in his hand and scalps on his belt, merely the rotund, sun-lit top of a huge and very pacific tan-colored parasol.

For a time sufficient to adjust himself to this new complexion of things, Jacquot lay on his stomach at the top of the stack. From beneath the parasol there came indications of life:—sundry vague movements, a little, dry cough. His curiosity fully restored, Jacquot let himself slide down the shining, golden slope, and when he rose to his feet he was beneath the parasol, with a big, broad human back not two feet from his eyes. The prospect, at first, seemed to promise a continuance of disillusion. The gentleman seated there on his folding-stool was woefully lacking in refreshing traits. He was well dressed, very well dressed, almost as well as Monsieur le Préfet. A step to the right and a cocking of the head showed Jacquot that the person's skin was not at all red, but a rather fine white, the only red things about him, in fact, being a carefully trimmed pointed beard and the flamboyant necktie flowing beneath it. That same inquisitive movement which disclosed to Jacquot these disappointing facts, however, plunged him into an enchantment—well, from which he was never to be free again.

For standing before the gentleman was a wooden frame upon which was set a square of canvas, and on this canvas was la Mer au Diable—yes, the whole Mer au Diable with its gloom-black waters, pierced on the nearer shore with bayonet-like rushes, reflecting on the other side the eternally trembling poplars; the Mer au Diable, with its fringe of deep green meadows, its whole placid, enigmatic, brooding countenance—but colored, ah, beautifully colored, with reds and oranges and purples that were not exactly present, it must be admitted, in the real Mer au Diable glowering a hundred yards ahead, but which, to Jacquot, at least—who did not know that the gentleman belonged to the Impressionistic school, and that, being young, he was somewhat violent in his loyalty to its dictates—were very delightful. So, unfettered by school and theory, Jacquot stood there quietly and admired, admired with his whole being, his eyes round as an owl's, his breath coming fast. Just then the painter was striving at a bit of cloud which, by a curious freak of the sun, now near its setting, glowed with a color that needed no heightening even to the impressionistic eye. Hurriedly he was mixing paints on his palette, trying them, then smearing them out, not succeeding in the sought effect. Finally he seemed to spring upon the right track; his attempts became nearer and nearer to reality, then suddenly he had it!—the bit of color in the sky was caught, transferred to the canvas, flamed there triumphant.

Jacquot could hold in no longer. "Bravo! bravo!" he piped, clapping his hands; "bravo! that's just it."

"Eh?" ejaculated the red-necktied gentleman, suddenly pivoting on his seat and fixing a pair of clear blue eyes upon the urchin. "Eh? what's just it?"

"I ask your pardon," mumbled Jacquot, now much abashed; "I ask a thousand pardons, monsieur; it is very impolite to look over the gentleman's shoulder. I ask your pardon."

"Well, well," said the gentleman deprecatingly; "but what's just it?" he went on in a French that seemed to come with immense effort. "What's just it?—that's what I want to know."

"I beg your pardon," repeated Jacquot, in the depths of humility at his want of savoir-faire; "I should not have looked."

"But *what's* just it?" persisted the inquisitioner.

"The cloud, monsieur," ejaculated Jacquot, regaining his confidence as his enthusiasm sparked anew; "ah, the cloud it is so beautiful!"

The gentleman looked at the boy curiously. "You noticed that, eh?" he said, half to himself. He turned on his stool to the picture. "Yes, that cloud is pretty fair," he murmured. He turned again to Jacquot. "I wish you were the jury of the Salon," he said—and a string of white teeth suddenly flashed beneath his red mustache.

That smile completed Jacquot's conquest. As for the painter, he had been won already by the cloud affair; so it was side by side that they returned to the village, through the long, wet grass, in the gloaming.

After that Jacquot carried the painter's boxes and trotted at his elbow on their excursions through the surrounding country in search of inspiring landscapes. The painter called Jacquot "caddy," which must have been an American name, for, at Jacquot's behest, it was in vain that Monsieur le Curé looked the word up in his big Larousse. And Jacquot called his tall friend Monsieur Villiame, following the authorities as again represented by Monsieur le Curé to whom Jacquot, after unsuccessful attempts to understand the name as spoken by its owner, had taken it written upon a piece of paper.

"Umph, umph," said Monsieur le Curé, looking critically at the card over his horn spectacles; "W-i-l-l-i-a-m-s; umph, Vi-lliame; yes, that's it:—Monsieur Villiame."

The same Monsieur le Curé was somewhat of an obstacle to the rambles of Jacquot at the heels of his long-legged friend. For, a year before, after the death of his wife, Père César, covertly observing his son's precocity, had decided, French peasant fashion, to make a priest of him, and so, two hours a day, Jacquot had to study reading and writing and the catechism with Monsieur le Curé. He did better in the first two branches than in the last. His mind had a disconcerting way of working in images, and abstractions slipped him like so many eels. Easily enough he possessed himself of the doctrine of "Dieu en trois personnes," but when it came to "La Transubstantiation" or "La Doctrine de la Grâce"—that was another matter. "God in three persons"—that was easy, for it could be worked in pictures. There was Dieu le Père—God the Father—a benign old man up in the clouds, with kind blue eyes, a long white beard, and clothed in beautifully draped robes, color of the sky; then there was Dieu le Fils—God the Son—with a fine, pale, sorrowful visage, a crown of thorns upon his head, and patient, pitying, forgiving eyes; and last was Dieu le Saint Esprit—God the Holy Ghost—a dove, a pretty, harmless dove with a vivid red heart pulsating upon its white breast. The only disconcerting thing about all this was that no provision was made for le petit Jesus, the little Jesus who, on Christmas nights, flies in by open windows or down chimneys and leaves gifts in the sabots of good children. True it is that Monsieur le Curé said that Dieu le Fils and le petit Jesus were one and the same; but that was puzzling, for certainly Dieu le Fils was a man with a pale, sorrowful face, while le petit Jesus—why he was an adorable baby-body, with a fat, smiling face and, sprouting from his chubby shoulders, two white wings. It was as hard to understand as "la transubstantiation," and other impalpable mysteries.

Of this difficulty Jacquot unburdened himself one day to Monsieur Villiame, as, lying on his stomach in the grass, a whisp of straw in his mouth, he was watching the latter's canvas gradually come to life. At first the conversation gave little promise of enlightenment.

"What is it, le petit Gee-soo?" said Monsieur Villiame, whose French, it must be admitted, improved but very slowly.

"You don't know le petit Jesus?" exclaimed Jacquot, pity and desolation in his voice; "you have not him in America? Oh, you poor people!"

"Jacquot could hold in no longer. 'Bravo! bravo!' he piped, clapping his hands; 'bravo! that's just it'"

"Well, now, tell me what it is," said Monsieur Villiame, seemingly a little nettled; "we have many things in America that you have not here, and I guess we have everything you have."

"Well," started Jacquot, after composing himself to make adequate the description of that fine thing the poor Americans lacked, "on the Christmas night, after the bells have tolled twelve—you know, ding-dong, ding-dong, like that twelve times — and all the country is quiet and everybody is sleeping, with le Bon Dieu looking down upon them, then le petit Jesus comes in by the windows and the chimneys, and in the sabots of good little boys and girls he puts—ah, beautiful things—dolls and swords, and machines that go of themselves and—and—sometimes boxes of colors, yes, like that of yours there, with paints and brushes and everything——"

"Oh!" interrupted Monsieur Villiame, suddenly enlightened; "we've got him, sure we've got him in America."

"You have him? Ah, I'm glad!" said Jacquot, much relieved.

"Yes," went on Monsieur Villiame; "certainement we have him. We call him Santa Claus!"

"Santeeklose!" exclaimed Jacquot, somewhat disillusioned; "Santeeklose, is that

what you call him? That's not very—very pretty."

And when he told the Curé of this new discovery—"Ce sont des barbares, ces Américains!"—they're barbarians, these Americans!—cried Monsieur le Curé, much scandalized at this unheard-of naming of le petit Jesus.

As the autumn days passed and the winter neared, Jacquot's concern grew less purely theological and much more personal. He was wondering whether, the coming Christmas, le petit Jesus would visit him. As far back as Jacquot could remember, up to the last year, le petit Jesus had remembered him, and in his treasure box in his room there were still, pale and somewhat dilapidated, remnants of these past bounties—a little, leaden Turco soldier with jauntily pointed bayonet, a red kepi like that of the colonel of the garrison, and a box of compasses with which one could draw beautiful rings. But last Christmas Jacquot had found nothing in his sabots. And, with the dull pain of his mother's absence still at his heart, he had felt very much, very much abandoned indeed. So now it was with trepidation that he awaited the fateful night, all the more that this time more depended upon it than had ever before. For, after much silent meditation, Jacquot had at length made up his mind to see the little gift-giver personally and ask him, ah! for something very big, something far different from tin soldiers and kepis and compass-boxes, something—oh, if only he could get that!

This preoccupation seldom left Jacquot and, one day that he was with Monsieur Villiame out in the fields, a day so cold that Jacquot had to keep stamping his feet and waving his arms while Monsieur Villiame, between strokes, took short runs around his easel, Jacquot suddenly found himself saying:

"I wonder if he will come."

"Who will come?" asked Monsieur Villiame.

"The little Jesus; your Santeeklose; I wonder if he will come Christmas night."

"Why? do you want him to come very much?" Monsieur Villiame left his painting and turned to the boy, interested.

"Oh, monsieur, I want him to come very much indeed this time," sighed Jacquot.

Monsieur Villiame turned to his canvas and, with his palette knife, pasted several bits of glowing color in his sky.

"He'll come," he said suddenly, with an explosive energy that startled Jacquot.

"You think he will come?" he stammered timidly.

"Sure, son," reiterated Monsieur Villiame; "Santa Claus will come to you Christmas night. I—I—guarantee it!"

And with this assurance Jacquot had to be satisfied for the three weeks that were yet to pass before the mysterious and sacred night.

From his fine ecstasy of labor Jacquot was finally awakened by the vacillations of the light. He started up and looked at his candle, and the little flame was dying, dying with splutters of protest, with sudden little explosive efforts to live, farther apart, feebler every moment. The wax sizzled, the flame weakened, weakened till it was only a luminous thread, then with a crackling it would flare up again, struggle against the encompassing darkness for a few valiant seconds, again to dwindle, dwindle till it almost disappeared. Jacquot watched this small agony with concern, with a concern that was not only for the present; for—let this be whispered—Jacquot's method of obtaining candles was a trifle irregular, and that very evening had received a serious setback. Every Sunday morning, as Jacquot started to mass, Père César, who stayed at home to read the week's accumulation of *Le Petit Journal*, gave his small son a copper cent to put in the collection, and for the past six months the copper cent had gone to enrich, not the church, but the candle-maker. To the Sundays every Church holiday offered a valuable supplement, and Jacquot had made the mistake of calculating upon the Christmas mass, so that Père César's announcement that they would go to church together on the morrow was a sad blow indeed.

The little candle made one last, long, desperate effort. It flamed up bright, so bright that the room was illumined with a splendor almost celestial; then, as it shone thus clear, clearer than it had ever before in its humble life, suddenly, with a rattle, a sound almost like a cry of distress, out it went, snuffed as by some gigantic shadow hand.

For a moment, as Jacquot stood there blinking in the obscurity, a sense of solitude acute as pain overwhelmed him. Then, faint, from afar, there came to his ears a sweet, silvery jangle; nearer, farther, other silver voices answered, crossing, recrossing in

"'Oh,' said Jacquot, half strangled with surprise; 'you are not the little Jesus!'"

the cold, clear air; and finally deep, resonant, the village church bell began to clang the announcement. Jacquot's heart leaped up into his throat, and he trembled, his eyes upon the open window through which he could see a big, humid star, glowing upon the horizon like a tear. He moved nearer, then started back in fear, for the ladder was vibrating with the weight of something, somebody coming up.

Panic seized the lad and, huddled back against the farthest wall, he watched the window with dilated eyes. From outside there came a rustling sound and the shaking of the ladder. A fixed light appeared at the opening, glowed there for a moment, red and big like a harvest moon, then dropped slowly inside to the floor, and Jacquot saw that it was a lantern. A black body then filled the window entirely, there was a rubbing of clothes, a short rip, a smothered exclamation, the body rolled to the floor, then unrolled and stood upright. A sudden mad courage possessed Jacquot. He darted forward, seized the lantern and held it up to the mysterious form. And in the dim light there stood a strange being—a tall, majestic man, with snow-white hair, a long white beard, white brows beneath which shone kind, blue eyes, and dressed in a white, fluffy coat.

"Oh," said Jacquot, half strangled with surprise; "you are not the little Jesus!"

The being did not answer. He stood there, calm, majestic, and silent.

Jacquot moved back two steps and contemplated him long, fearfully. Then understanding flashed upon him; a sweet confidence smoothed his tense little features. He moved forward again.

"Ah," he said, placing his hand trustingly upon the sleeve of the being, "I know; you are Dieu le Père."

The being did not answer. A strange convulsion passed over his face, but was immediately lost in the shadow as, reaching forward, he gently lowered the lantern in Jacquot's hand.

"I understand," went on Jacquot; "the little Jesus, he could not come, so you came instead. That is very good of you, Monsieur Dieu le Père."

Dieu le Père nodded majestically. "Yes," he said, "you are a good little boy, so I thought I would come."

"But," exclaimed Jacquot in sudden concern, "the little Jesus, he is well? He is not ill, is he? I would be so sorry if he were ill!"

"No, he goes well," said Dieu le Père; "he is very well; but he was tired to-night, and besides, I wanted to come myself."

"Ah," said Jacquot; "I am so glad he is not ill. I was ill once, two weeks, three weeks—and my head was hot, so hot! But my mother, she put wet rags all the time on my forehead, and I became well."

There was a moment of silence. Benign and pensive, Dieu le Père towered in the obscurity, and Jacquot felt very small. He made an effort to break the embarrassing pause.

"And every one is well, Monsieur Dieu le Père?" he asked politely. "Madame la Vierge Marie, she was well when you left?"

"Yes," answered Dieu le Père, "she was well and happy."

"She is so good," murmured Jacquot; "and Monsieur Your Son, is he still always so sorrowful?"

"He is sorrowful, but he is happy," said Dieu le Père.

Jacquot pondered over this seeming paradox.

"Yes, I see," he said at length, gravely; "sometimes I come to my room and think of my mother who is dead, and I feel—ah, so sorrowful, and yet, it is happy, the sorrow; yes, it is happy."

"Yes, that's it," said Dieu le Père.

There was another long pause, broken this time by Dieu le Père.

"I came to-night," he said, "because I knew you wanted to ask for something big. Now tell me what it is."

For weeks and weeks Jacquot had prepared himself for this. He had decided to the minutest detail just what it was he wanted; he had worded the demand and rehearsed it and rehearsed it, till it would flow freely, almost mechanically from his lips. But now that the crisis had come, he could not. What he wanted suddenly assumed proportions gigantic, impossible. It was so much to ask, so much, so much—no, he could not do it.

So, when at length he spoke, it was to murmur: "A—a—box of colors."

Without hesitation, from within his great cloak Dieu le Père drew a flat, oblong box and gave it to the lad. Jacquot took it with reverence and an air of thankfulness a bit forced. It was a beautiful box. Tacked upon the cover was a picture, a pretty picture of a midsummer field, with ladies and gentlemen, bright-garbed, raking hay in

graceful attitudes. And a peep within the box showed three symmetrical rows of small color squares, with four brushes ranged alongside, and, in a corner, a little porcelain dish to mix paints in—everything that could be wished, and all so neat, so diminutive, that it was a pleasure to the eye.

And yet, though he strove hard to hide it, a gnawing disappointment was in Jacquot's heart, and, as the visitor seemed preparing to leave, unconsciously his mouth opened in subtle, detaining words.

"Oh, Monsieur Dieu le Père, please do not forget to pay my respects to Madame la Vierge and Monsieur Your Son."

"No, I shall not forget," said Dieu le Père, and he took a step toward the window.

"Just a minute," cried Jacquot; "I have something here, yes, something you could give for me to the little Jesus. It is—it is his picture."

And, stooping, Jacquot picked up the sheet of paper upon which was charcoaled the result of the night's toil.

This time the diversion was more successful. For, looking at first idly at the drawing in the light of the lantern, Dieu le Père gave a start, glanced at the child, then back at the drawing, and for a minute was lost in close inspection.

"You drew that?" he asked at length, so sharply that Jacquot thought he was angry.

"Yes," admitted Jacquot humbly; "yes, I drew it for the little Jesus."

Dieu le Père let out a big breath. "Well, I'll—" he said, and again he gazed at the drawing. "Well, I'll be—" he repeated, but again his sentence vanished into contemplation before anything fatal had been said.

A sudden movement caused Jacquot to think that he was going to leave.

"Oh, Monsieur Dieu le Père," he cried, feeling that he must, must detain him, "I want to ask you something."

"Ask," said Dieu le Père kindly.

But again Jacquot could not. It was too much; no, it was impossible.

"I want to ask you," he prevaricated, "about something I do. I want to know if it is very bad. I am afraid it is very wicked."

"What is it?" said Dieu le Père.

"When I go to mass," began Jacquot hesitatingly, "father gives me one cent to put in the collection, but I—I do not put it in the collection."

"No?" said Dieu le Père, with singular want of indignation. "What do you do with it?"

"I—I buy charcoal—to draw," whispered Jacquot, trembling.

A strange thing happened to Dieu le Père. He began to shake, to shake, to shake. He shook all over. He shook till his beard waved, shook till the floor, the walls of the little room vibrated. He stood straight and shook; he doubled up and shook. Jacquot was much scared.

"Oh," he said, "you are angry, very angry."

And suddenly Dieu le Père stepped forward, bent down, and kissed the little boy on the forehead.

"Ah," said Jacquot, a great joy filling his heart, "you are not angry, are you? You like me anyhow, don't you?"

Again Dieu le Père bent down and kissed the lad; and before he was aware of it, Jacquot was pouring out the prayer so long restrained.

"Oh, Monsieur Dieu le Père, what I wanted to ask the little Jesus, what I wanted to ask you, it was not a box of colors; it was something else, something—oh, so big I was afraid. I wanted—I wanted——"

"What did you want?" encouraged Dieu le Père.

"Oh," said Jacquot, "I thought maybe you could tell Monsieur Villiame sometime, whisper in his ear, you know, to teach me, teach me—how to paint!"

"Monsieur Villiame?" asked Dieu le Père, seemingly much astonished. "Who is Monsieur Villiame?"

"He lets me carry his boxes when he goes to paint," explained Jacquot. "He is a painter, and he paints—ah, so beautifully! If you would ask him to teach me, if you would."

"He paints beautifully?" asked Dieu le Père, apparently most interested in that part of Jacquot's outpourings.

"Ah, que oui," sighed Jacquot, "so beautifully—it is an ecstasy!"

And before he knew it Jacquot was away up from the ground and half smothered in a combination of cloak and beard that tasted like lamb's wool.

"I will do it!" thundered Dieu le Père; "you shall learn to paint, and some day, I promise it, you'll be a big artist—like Monsieur Villiame," he added under his breath.

Then putting the little boy gently back to the ground, Dieu le Père, as majestically as

was compatible with his own bulk and the size of the aperture, withdrew through the window; the ladder trembled against the roof for a while, and Jacquot was once more alone in the cold and the dark. But in his heart there glowed something warm and inextinguishable, and all night, in his humble bed, he thrilled with little shudders of ineffable delight.

It was a few days after this that Jacquot, picking up Monsieur Villiame's paraphernalia, found it heavier and more complicated than usual. When they had arrived at their post—a nook by a flowing brook—the explanation burst upon the lad, for there were two easels, one Monsieur Villiame's and another much smaller, and there were two stools, one also much smaller than the other, and, in fact, of everything there was a double in miniature.

Silently they arranged the things. Then, "I'm going to teach you how to paint," said Monsieur Villiame.

"Yes?" said Jacquot. And he seemed not at all astonished.

THE RANSOM OF MACK

BY

O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

ME and old Mack Lonsbury, we got out of that Little Hide-and-Seek gold mine affair with about $40,000 apiece. I say "old" Mack; but he wasn't old. Forty-one, I should say; but he always seemed old.

"Andy," he says to me, "I'm tired of hustling. You and me have been working hard together for three years. Say we knock off for a while, and spend some of this idle money we've coaxed our way."

"The proposition hits me just right," says I. "Let's be nabobs awhile and see how it feels. What'll we do—take in the Niagara Falls, or buck at faro?"

"For a good many years," says Mack, "I've thought that if I ever had extravagant money I'd rent a two-room cabin somewhere, hire a Chinaman to cook, and sit in my stocking feet and read Buckle's History of Civilization."

"That sounds self-indulgent and gratifying without vulgar ostentation," says I; "and I don't see how money could be better invested. Give me a cuckoo clock and a Sep Winner's Self-Instructor for the Banjo, and I'll join you."

A week afterward me and Mack hits this small town of Piña, about thirty miles out from Denver, and finds an elegant two-room house that just suits us. We deposited half-a-peck of money in the Piña bank and shook hands with every one of the 340 citizens in the town. We brought along the Chinaman and the cuckoo clock and Buckle and the Instructor with us from Denver; and they made the cabin seem like home at once.

Never believe it when they tell you riches don't bring happiness. If you could have seen old Mack sitting in his rocking-chair with his blue-yarn sock feet up in the window soaking in that Buckle stuff through his specs you'd have seen a picture of content that would have made Rockefeller jealous. And I was learning to pick out "Old Zip Coon" on the banjo, and the cuckoo was on time with his remarks, and Ah Sing was messing up the atmosphere with the handsomest smell of ham and eggs that ever laid the honeysuckle in the shade. When it got too dark to make out Buckle's nonsense and the notes in the Instructor, me and Mack would light our pipes and talk about science and pearl diving and sciatica

and Egypt and spelling and fish and trade-winds and leather and gratitude and eagles, and a lot of subjects that we'd never had time to explain our sentiments about before.

One evening Mack spoke up and asked me if I was much apprised in the habits and policies of women folks.

"Why, yes," says I, in a tone of voice; "I know 'em from Alfred to Omaha. The feminine nature and similitude," says I, "is as plain to my sight as the Rocky Mountains is to a blue-eyed burro. I'm onto all their little side-steps and punctual discrepancies."

"I tell you, Andy," says Mack, with a kind of a sigh, "I never had the least amount of intersection with their predispositions. Maybe I might have had a proneness in respect to their vicinity, but I never took the time. I made my own living since I was fourteen; and I never seemed to get my ratiocinations equipped with the sentiments usually depicted toward the sect. I sometimes wish I had," says old Mack.

"They're an adverse study," says I, "and adapted to points of view. Although they vary in rationale, I have found 'em quite often obviously differing from each other in divergences of contrast."

"It seems to me," goes on Mack, "that a man had better take 'em in and secure his inspirations of the sect when he's young and so preordained. I let my chance go by; and I guess I'm too old now to go hopping into the curriculum."

"Oh, I don't know," I tells him. "Maybe you better credit yourself with a barrel of money and a lot of emancipation from a quantity of uncontent. Still, I don't regret my knowledge of 'em," I says. "It takes a man who understands the symptoms and by-plays of women-folks to take care of himself in this world."

We stayed on in Piña, because we liked the place. Some folks might enjoy their money with noise and rapture and locomotion; but me and Mack we had had plenty of turmoil and hotel towels. The people were friendly; Ah Sing got the swing of the grub we liked; Mack and Buckle were as thick as two body-snatchers, and I was hitting out a cordial resemblance to "Buffalo Gals, Can't You Come Out To-night," on the banjo.

One day I got a telegram from Speight, the man that was working a mine I had an interest in out in New Mexico. I had to go out there; and I was gone a month. I was anxious to get back to Piña and enjoy life once more.

When I struck the cabin I nearly fainted. Mack was standing in the door; and if angels ever wept, I saw no reason why they should be smiling then.

That man was a spectacle. Yes; he was worse; he was a spyglass; he was the great telescope in the Lick Observatory. He had on a coat and shiny shoes and a white vest and a high silk hat; and a geranium as big as an order of spinach was spiked onto his front. And he was smirking and warping his face like an infernal storekeeper or a kid with colic.

"Hello, Andy," says Mack, out of his face. "Glad to see you back. Things have happened since you went away."

"I know it," says I, "and a sacrilegious sight it is. God never made you that way, Mack Lonsbury. Why do you scarify His works with this presumptious kind of ribaldry?"

"Why, Andy," says he, "they've elected me justice of the peace since you left."

I looked at Mack close. He was restless and inspired. A justice of the peace ought to be disconsolate and assuaged.

Just then a young woman passed on the sidewalk; and I saw Mack kind of half snicker and blush, and then he raised up his hat and bowed, and she smiled and bowed, and went on by.

"No hope for you," says I, "if you've got the Mary-Jane infirmity at your age. I thought it wasn't going to take on you. And patent leather shoes! All this in one little, short month!"

"I'm going to marry the young lady who just passed to-night," says Mack, in a kind of a flutter.

"I forgot something at the post-office," says I, and walked away quick.

I overtook that young woman a hundred yards away. I raised my hat, and told her my name. She was about nineteen; and young for her age. She blushed, and then looked at me cool, like I was a scene from the "Two Orphans."

"I understand you are to be married to-night," I said.

"Correct," says she. "You got any objections?"

"Listen, sissy," I begins.

"My name is Miss Rebosa Reed," says she, in a pained way.

"I know it," says I. "Now, Rebosa, I'm old enough to have owed money to your father. And that old, specious, dressed-up, garbled, sea-sick ptomaine prancing around avidiously like an irremediable turkey gobbler with patent leather shoes on is my best friend. Why did you go and get him invested in this marriage business?"

"Why, he was the only chance there was," answers Miss Rebosa.

"Nay," says I, giving a sickening look of admiration at her complexion and style of features; "with your beauty you might pick any kind of a man. Listen, Rebosa. Old Mack ain't the man you want. He was twenty-two when you was née Reed, as the papers say. This bursting into bloom won't last with him. He's all ventilated with oldness and rectitude and decay. Old Mack's down with a case of Indian summer. He overlooked his bet when he was young; and now he's suing Nature for the interest on the promissory note he took from Cupid instead of the cash. Rebosa, are you bent on having this marriage occur?"

"Why, sure I am," says she, oscillating the pansies on her hat, "and so is somebody else, I reckon."

"What time is it to take place?" I asks.

"At six o'clock," says she.

I made up my mind right away what to do. I'd save old Mack if I could. To have a good, seasoned, ineligible man like that turn chicken for a girl that hadn't quit eating slate pencils and buttoning in the back was more than I could look on with easiness.

"Rebosa," says I, earnest, drawing upon my display of knowledge concerning the feminine intuitions of reason—"aint there a young man in Piña—a nice young man that you think a heap of?"

"Yep," says Rebosa, nodding her pansies—"Sure there is! What do you think! Gracious!"

"Does he like you?" I ask. "How does he stand in the matter?"

"Crazy," says Rebosa. "Ma has to wet down the front steps to keep him from sitting there all the time. But I guess that'll all be over after to-night," she winds up, with a sigh.

"Rebosa," says I, "you don't really experience any of this adoration called love for old Mack, do you?"

"Lord! no," says the girl, shaking her head. "I think he's as dry as a lava bed. The idea!"

"Who is this young man that you like, Rebosa?" I inquires.

"It's Eddie Bayles," says she. "He clerks in Crosby's grocery. But he don't make but thirty-five a month. Ella Noakes was wild about him once."

"Old Mack tells me," I says, "that he's going to marry you at six o'clock this evening."

"That's the time," says she. "It's to be at our house."

"Rebosa," says I, "listen to me. If Eddie Bayles had a thousand dollars cash—a thousand dollars, mind you, would buy him a store of his own—if you and Eddie had that much to excuse matrimony on, would you consent to marry him this evening at five o'clock?"

The girl looks at me a minute; and I can see these inaudible cogitations going on inside of her, as women will.

"A thousand dollars?" says she. "Of course I would."

"Come on," says I. "We'll go and see Eddie."

We went up to Crosby's store and called Eddie outside. He looked to be estimable and freckled; and he had chills and fever when I made my proposition.

"At five o'clock?" says he, "for a thousand dollars! Please don't wake me up. Well, you *are* the rich uncle retired from the spice business in India! I'll buy out old Crosby and run the store myself."

We went inside, and got old man Crosby apart and explained it. I wrote my check for a thousand dollars and handed it to him. If Eddie and Rebosa married each other on time he was to turn the money over to them.

And then I gave 'em my blessing, and went to wander in the wildwood for a season. I sat on a log and made cogitations on life and old age and the zodiac and the ways of women and all the disorder that goes with a lifetime. I passed myself congratulations that I had probably saved my old friend Mack from his attack of Indian summer. I knew, when he got well of it and shed his infatuation and his patent leather shoes, he would feel grateful. "To keep old Mack disinvolved," thinks I, "from relapses like this, is worth more than a thousand dollars." And most of all I was glad that I'd made a study of women, and wasn't to be deceived any by their means of conceit and evolution.

It must have been half-past five when I got back home. I stepped in; and there

sat old Mack on the back of his neck in his old clothes with his blue socks in the window and the History of Civilization propped up on his knees.

"This don't look like getting ready for a wedding at six," I says, to seem innocent.

"Oh," says Mack, reaching for his tobacco, "that was postponed back to five o'clock. They sent me a note saying the hour had been changed. It's all over now. What made you stay away so long, Andy?"

"You heard about the wedding?" I asks.

"I operated it," says he. "I told you I was a justice of the peace. The preacher is off East to visit his folks, and I'm the only one in town that can perform the dispensations of marriage. I promised Eddie and Rebosa a month ago I'd marry 'em. He's a busy lad; and he'll have a grocery of his own some day."

"He will," says I.

"There was lots of women at the wedding," says Mack, smoking up. "But I didn't seem to get any ideas from 'em. I wish I was informed in the structure of their attainments like you said you was."

"That was a month ago," says I, reaching up for the banjo.

THE RISE OF THE TAILORS

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

AUTHOR OF "THE LABOR BOSS," "THE REIGN OF LAWLESSNESS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. K. LINSON, B. B. LONG, AND WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

The extraordinary story here given of labor warfare in New York City interprets, perhaps better than any amount of purely academic discussion, the real significance to the American people of the "closed shop" with its antithesis, the "open shop"—the most vital industrial question of the day.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

"I work, work, work without end,
Why and for whom I know not,
I care not, I ask not.
I am a machine."
—Yiddish Sweat-Shop Song

FOR years the fortunes of the East Side have risen and fallen with the garment-making industry. It is the typical trade of the tenements. No other industry in New York City, or in New York state, employs so many workers. Thousands of shops there are in the crowded districts below Fourteenth Street, and they produce over half the ready-made clothing used in the United States; a vast industry, supporting hundreds of thousands of souls, yet almost unknown to the outside world. No other trade, perhaps, was more sharply affected by the modern revolution in industry than that of tailoring. When the American began to wear ready-made clothing, the world turned suddenly black for a great body of workers. The ready-made garment produced the modern sweat-shop, though its progenitor—the sweat-shop of "Alton Locke"—has long existed in the custom tailoring industry. Machinery was introduced and, more important still, labor was

divided and subdivided, until garment-making passed from the highly skilled industry in which one man, or at most two or three men, working in a comfortable small shop, made an entire garment, to a condition in which a dozen or twenty men or women, little skilled except in a single operation, were required to make a suit of clothes, one basting, others sewing with the machine, some doing hand-work, some button-holing, finishing, and pressing. And the manufacturer saved rent by allowing the work to be taken out into the tenements and there finished.

Invasion of Foreign Immigrants

Each year crowds of foreign immigrants poured into the East Side. They were poor, ignorant, and they had been oppressed; they knew nothing of American life, though they expected much; they found at once that living here—rent, food, fuel—was far more expensive than in their old homes. The first necessity, therefore, was work, no matter what, to furnish them with the necessaries of life.

There are not many things that an unskilled foreigner, knowing no English, can do; but almost any man or woman can sew or learn to sew, especially when the operations are so subdivided that each tailor has only one little seam to sew over and over again, endlessly. The small contractor, who had taken a certain amount of work from the big manufacturer, was ready to employ even the most ignorant and unskilled of immigrants in the hope of getting his work done a little cheaper, making a little more profit. So he set up shops in the tenements, where he preyed upon the necessities of the starveling foreigner. And thus flourished the sweat-shop, the home of the "task-system," where men, women and children worked together in unhealthful, often diseased, and sometimes immoral surroundings. Nowhere in the world at any time, probably, were men and women worked as they were in the sweat-shop—the lowest paid, most degrading of American employment. It was far worse than slavery, because a slave-owner would have taken care of his slaves as he would of his horse or his cow, feeding them well, refraining from overworking them to-day, that they might continue in good health and strength for to-morrow. But the sweat-shop employer ground all the work he could from every man, woman, and child under him—and children were used as remorselessly as their parents—knowing that if they starved or dropped down from exhaustion, as some, of a surety, did, there were plenty more to take their places.

Waste of Human Life

It was no uncommon thing in these sweat-shops for men to sit bent over a sewing-machine continuously from eleven to fifteen hours a day in July weather, operating a sewing-machine by foot-power, and often so driven that they could not stop for lunch. The seasonal character of the work meant

A JEWISH GARMENT MAKER

demoralizing toil for a few months in the year and a not less demoralizing idleness for the remainder of the time. Consumption, the plague of the tenements and the especial plague of the garment industry, carried off many of these workers, poor nutrition and exhaustion many more.

They dared not stop working, knowing that there were plenty of other men ready instantly to take their places; and the contractor, himself the victim of frightful competition and the tool of the manufacturer, always playing upon their ready fears, always demanding a swifter pace, forced the price constantly downward. If, by chance, a man appeared who was so highly expert or so unusually robust that he could do a few more pieces in a day, the price went down, and the weaker ones were remorselessly spurred

forward to keep pace with him, until they dropped out from exhaustion.

In one of these sweat-shops one day, a woman worker, in a case I know of, gave birth to a child—behind a curtain hung at the corner of the hot, noisy room. Another woman had stolen a few moments to be with her. The child was born dead. When the mother saw that the child was dead, she cried out, shrieking, but only for a few minutes. Then she dried her eyes.

"Thank God," she said. "I could not take care of it."

And a few days later she was again at her place in the shop.

That sort of work made brutes of men and women.*

Nowhere was there, apparently, any relief for this ferocious waste of human life. These people were cast into the turmoil of the let-alone civilization of America; no one paid any attention to them, or cared what happened to them—with the result that many of them were literally worked to death.

How America Looks to the Russian Jew

In the "Yiddish of the East Side," written by a Russian Jewish cap-maker, there is a strange, pathetic story of a tailor who comes home one evening to celebrate a quiet jubilee because, at the end of ten years in the garment-making industry, he is still alive!

Ten years was then a long life in an East Side tailor-shop. A bronzed, wiry young peasant, coming here to the land of freedom and hope from the oppressions of Russia, sat down at a sewing-machine in a hot, dusty, fetid tenement-shop in East Broadway or Clinton Street; and sometimes he lasted five years, sometimes seven, rarely ten. In Russia he might have lived in comparative comfort to a green old age; in America, caught in the wheels of a "cold, universal, laissez-faire," he was wrung dry, worn out in half a dozen years, and flung upon the human scrap heap. He had merely changed oppressions—from the political tyranny of Russia to the industrial tyranny of America; and while the former had robbed him of some of his rights, the latter took his life.

This was the introduction given to hundreds of thousands of immigrants, coming here with large ideas of American freedom; this was the training accorded hundreds of thousands of future citizens, upon whose shoulders was to fall the supreme responsibility of a self-governing commonwealth.

In grappling with these conditions, the Church was never an effective influence; the social settlement was able to be of assistance only in limited localities, though its work, especially in Chicago, has been notable, and the school, the greatest influence of all, elevated the second generation, but left the original immigrant in the slough of misery. And the state, until spurred to the passage of modern factory legislation, concerned itself not at all with these workers until, crushed or made desperate by the conditions of their life, they became invalid paupers or criminals.

Beginning of the Uplift

But the uplifting came, nevertheless; and to-day the sweat-shop and the task-system, as they were known a few years ago, have utterly disappeared. It came, as all really great reforms must come, from within, from the men themselves. Trade-union organization first appeared among these down-trodden workers nearly twenty years ago, and it has been the chief influence—and I am not forgetting the noble work of outside reformers—not only in abolishing the sweat-shop system, but in raising wages, shortening hours from the eleven to fifteen of a few years ago to a maximum of eight hours for the cutters and nine and a half for the tailors. It has encouraged large factories where conditions can be regulated and where mechanical power is substituted for the exhausting strain of the foot-power machine.

These results have not been easily or lightly accomplished. No one who has not looked into the history of the Garment-Workers' organizations of America, can have any idea of the struggles that they have had to pass through—the bitter, hopeless strikes, the equally disheartening internal contentions over unessential social theories, the want and misery—to reach anything like an effective organization.

What the Union Means to the Workers

It is difficult also for the outsider to realize what the union—"unie" they sometimes call it—means to these Russian Jews.

* Any one desiring further acquaintance with the horror of the sweat-shop and the task-system work is referred to the numerous reports in New York and other states of the Sweat-shop and Tenement-house Commissions and to the investigations of special committees of the United States government.

Sketched in a building on Chrystie Street; one of a dozen or more similar shops in the same building, where I saw three floors, with four or five crowded workrooms on each floor, all opening upon the common hallway, strewn with litter and filth.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

Though by temperament restless and distrustful, cautious, and personally rather than socially ambitious, and therefore extremely difficult to organize industrially, and more difficult to lead, the union has given the Russian Jew the first glimpse of liberty, of independent action, that he ever had. The employer for whom he first worked in America, as I have shown, was the small clothing contractor—himself a Jew—a taskmaster by necessity more exacting and merciless than the Russian master or official whom he had just left He would hardly know that he was in free America were it not for the union. The union upholds ideals, splendid abstractions, the liberty of men, and the Jew is always an idealist. And yet, given a strike, he is one of the hardest of workmen to hold in line; he has been oppressed so long, he is so timid, so ignorant, so fearful of falling to the charity of the Gentile, and withal he is so personally grasping. Having opened a bank account he will go to the verge of starvation, and will sometimes become a "scab," before he will disturb a cent of it. During the tailors' strike of 1894, a rumor spread suddenly that a Bowery bank had failed; instantly scores of striking tailors, supposedly near starvation and, indeed, receiving aid from the Jewish charitable societies, were found in line waiting to draw out their savings accounts.

The Appeal of a Scab

I cannot here forbear from setting down, for the light it throws upon the character of

the Jewish garment-worker, the expressive letter of one Sam Schaeffer, a "pants-maker" of Boston, who went back to work while his friends were striking. It was written during the coal strike in the winter of 1902—a strike not kind in its results in the Ghetto—and I give it here translated literally from the Yiddish by Mr. Philip Davis, a leader of one of the Garment-Workers' unions:

To the Pants Makers' Union:—

I appeal to you, President, and the members of the Pants Makers' Union. I would feign call you brothers, but I know you will not take it in good faith. I know that you will say, "What think you of the boldness of this scab; he even calls us brothers?" I know that the brothers will be angry and make a motion to fine me with twenty-five dollars. An amendment will be made for fifty. Perhaps you will table my appeal altogether for several weeks.

Dear Brothers, I beg you to have mercy on my children. If you would come in my house you would see how frozen my stove is, and how my children shiver terribly with cold—on empty little stomachs—just as I do. But I can only answer my dear little children with a sigh: "I was a scab, therefore must we starve from hunger and cold. I cannot justify myself against the union. I can do nothing."

Dear Brothers, I hope that among you there will be found men with feeling. I know that among you there are fathers who know that children ask for bread: how does it feel when you have nothing to give them?

Dear Brothers, I will ask you something, but answer me feelingly. Are my children responsible for my being a scab? Are they to be blamed because their father is a tomfool? Answer me, are they to be blamed? I beg of you in the name of my little ones let me in the union; we are cold, we are hungry, you are men, have sympathy, have mercy, brothers. I am no scab, I am to be blamed, I committed a crime, I did take money from the union, all is true, I can no longer give it back, I will do it no more.

Brothers, men, men, brothers, we are hungry, we are cold, take me in the union, let me go to work. Brothers, if you do not take me in the union the blame will be upon you. I am doing my duty. I beg and keep begging you to take me in the union. Yours, SAM SCHAEFFER.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SWEAT-SHOP QUARTER

The leaders of the union, with stoves hardly less cold than Sam Schaeffer's, thanks to the power of human speech, took back the contrite one and gave him a card.

As the climax of an arraignment of a certain union, a New York newspaper said:

"They have placed the laws of their union above the laws of the land; they are more unionists than Americans."

Consider what the union has done for these Jewish garment-workers; consider

A portion of a modern shop, well lighted, and well ventilated. The machines are run by electric power

what it means to them personally, directly, intimately—then consider what the laws of the land have done and have not done, what America has meant: is it any wonder that they sometimes place their union above their country?

How the Union Succeeded

Well, after nearly twenty years of struggle in New York and other cities, of successive defeats, of new periods of agitation and education, the United Garment-Workers in 1903 and 1904 had reached a position of great strength. The union had been nourished latterly by a period of high prosperity in the clothing trade, when the demand for labor was strong and the supply insufficient, when employers were good-humored, when organization was easy. It had been ably and intelligently led. Henry White, its national secretary, had built up a large strike fund and had employed the union label with noteworthy effect. Last year alone the union expended over seventy thousand dollars in advertising union-label goods in magazines, in street cars, in railroad stations, and by other methods.

The present day condition of the garment industry, indeed, compared with the sweat-shop period of only a few years ago, is not short of amazing. Let no one go down into the East Side to-day expecting to find these tailors suffering for the ordinary necessaries of life; the whole face of the industry has changed.

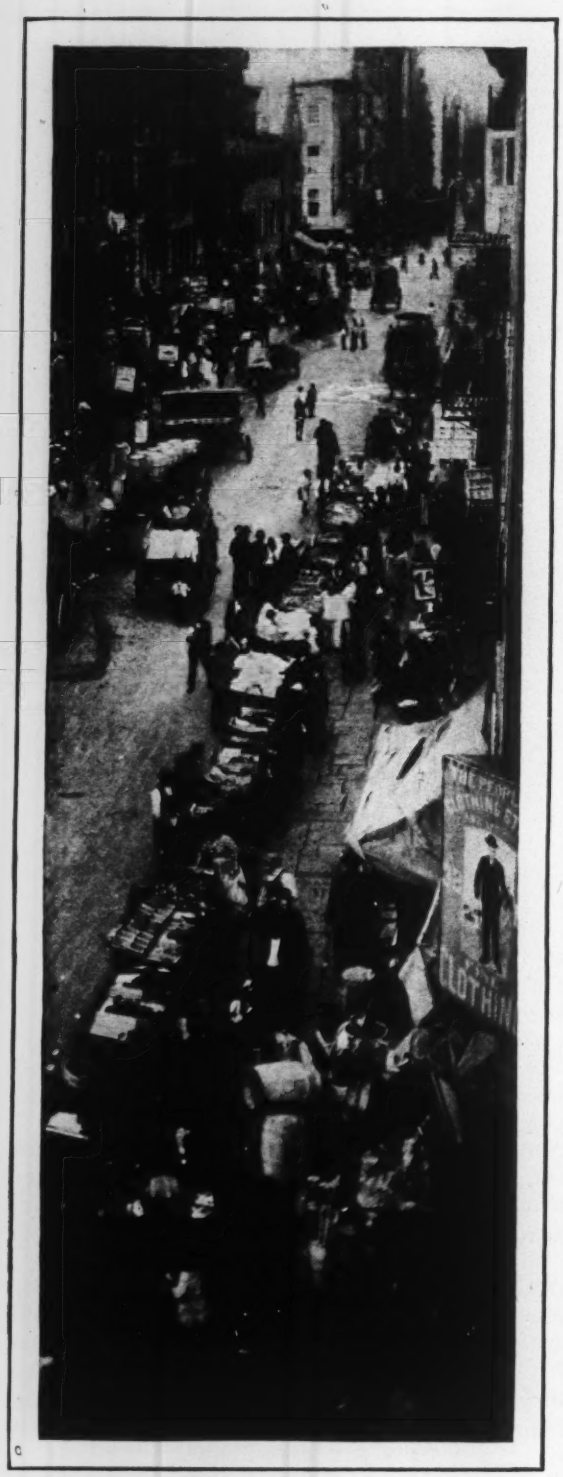
"I've got garment-workers in my shop," says the employer, "who make a thousand dollars a year."

Wonderful Change in Conditions

Go down into the East Side and you will find them—a few at the top—intelligent, English-speaking workers, as well dressed as the average man on Broadway, many of them able to discuss the strike on the broadest economic lines. Some of them, indeed, make more than a thousand dollars a year working only eight hours a day—more than many doctors, lawyers, college instructors; more than whole classes of clerks and other salaried workers.

But these are the cutters: the high-skilled men, composing perhaps one-tenth of the whole number of garment-workers. What of the others, the tailors, sewing-machine operators, finishers, basters, vest-makers, pants-makers, and the like? Here surely is poverty and discontent.

Discontent truly—what class of men *is* contented?—and potential poverty. They are not paid so well as the cutters, certainly; but there are sewing-machine operators who make



IN THE SWEAT-SHOP DISTRICT

One of the dirtiest streets in New York, where many of the workers live

from two to three dollars a day—Russian Jews whose wages in the old country might be twenty cents a day. There are finishers who earn $14 a week, basters who make $17 a week, pressers who make $18 a week. Not all of them by any means earn such wages, and the work is not steady: you will find Italian women doing piece-work at home, earning as low as forty cents a day.

And as a class these Jewish Garment-Workers are saving, frugal, progressive, eager to educate their children: tomorrow not a few of them will become employers and live in up-town houses, themselves troubled and probably bitter over the attitude of the union men whom they employ.

But in the very strength and success of the Garment-Makers' Union lurked also its greatest inherent weakness. It is human nature, whether represented by the trust-capitalist or the labor union, given great power, to use that power arbitrarily. Great abuses encourage organization of workmen, and these organizations, accomplishing great good, grow finally powerful, and may become as tyrannical as the employer himself. Greatly as we may sympathize with the struggles of the Garment-Workers, greatly as we may appreciate the need of such an organization, we also see in this union, as in all others, the tendency to monopolize labor, to raise wages inordinately, and to practise many sorts of restrictions.

Workmen Become Grasping Monopolists

So we find the Cutters' Union, which forms the backbone of the Garment-Workers, being composed of skilled men capable of maintaining a highly efficient organization limiting their work, limiting apprentices, becoming arrogant in some localities in the matter of admitting men to the union. In New York only one apprentice was allowed to every ten workers, and in most shops efficient cutters were held back, not allowed to do all the work they could, limited to cutting a certain number of suits a day. Some of the union leaders deny that these limitations exist; I have found, indeed, that union leaders nearly always dislike to admit that such

restrictions of work are practised; but all the manufacturers I talked with complained of the "go-slow" system most bitterly. Here is a provision of Article 9, Section 2, of the by-laws of Local 139 (Rochester) of the United Garment-Workers —a similar clause exists in the by-laws of all other cutters' unions—which shows that the limitation of work was a regular and business-like affair:

> He [the shop foreman] shall call a shop meeting before the beginning of the summer and the winter seasons. A scale governing the amount of work to be done for a given wage shall be made and adopted at these meetings.

In other ways the union was pressing forward. At the close of 1903 it had already secured a firm grasp upon all the clothing centers in America except Rochester, N. Y. Here the manufacturers refused to grant the cutters an eight-hour day, which had then become universal elsewhere in the United States, and a general strike took place—a bitter, hard-fought conflict.

Power of the Boycott

The manufacturers began to get in non-union men, and the union turned upon them with all of its efficient machinery of the boycott. No fewer than thirty traveling agents were sent out upon the road, visiting all of the important towns in the country—a great and costly undertaking. In each place they urged the local merchants to buy no Rochester clothing, and to favor only union-label goods. If the answer of the merchants was not satisfactory, meetings of the local trades-unions were called, resolutions were passed, and those merchants who bought Rochester goods were in many instances boycotted, and all union men were warned to keep away from them.

As a direct result of this aggressiveness, the more important clothing manufacturers of the United States came together last spring in Philadelphia and formed a National Labor Bureau, with Mr. Isaiah Josephi, of New York, as its president, for dealing with the unions. It was the same sort of action that the employers in many other industries have been taking—the organization of capital to meet the growing power of organized labor. They then passed an "open-shop" resolution, reiterating the principle that a "closed shop is an un-American institution," that "the right of every man to sell his labor as he sees fit and the freedom of every employer to hire such labor are given by the laws of the land, and may not be affected by affiliation or non-affiliation with any organization whatever."

Soon after the New York members of the association returned from Philadelphia each posted an "open-shop" notice in his factory.

The union not unnaturally looked upon this notice as the first gun in a general attack upon them. They would not credit the assertion of the employers that this threatening notice meant no discrimination against union men: else why had they put it up? Why had they organized a National Labor Bureau?

THE BURDEN OF THE SWEATER

Carrying garments from the shop to the family who are to finish them at home

"As soon as the busy season is over you will see what the notice means," said the workmen one to another. "They will put in non-union working-men and break up the union."

Secretary White sought a conference with the new employers' organization, hoping to make some general arrangement which would insure peace in the entire industry throughout the United States. But the employers refused to treat with him, declaring that the open-shop question could not be discussed in conference.

Preparing for the Great Struggle

Mr. White threatened an immediate general strike in the midst of the busy season, hoping thus to prevent the Employers' Association from acting upon its open-shop declaration. In doing this, through the official journal and elsewhere, he thoroughly alarmed the already uneasy membership of the union. He had never really intended to order a strike, knowing the great danger of such a course, at such a critical time, and when President Josephi of the National Labor Bureau declared (in a letter to Mr. Gompers) that the "open-shop" notice meant no discrimination against union men, Mr. White decided to change his policy. But the rank and file of the union had now become so belligerent, so distrustful of the employers, that a large majority of the various unions voted to strike.

Masses of men follow principles, not policies. Here appeared to be a plain threat of the employers to crush the union—the union that had meant so much to them, had done so much for them—and they proposed, in spite of the unfavorable conditions of the trade, so apparent to their experienced leaders, to defend it to the end.

These Jewish idealists, indeed, were prepared to risk everything—the high wages, the short hours, the excellent shop conditions they had secured after years of struggle—in order to maintain the principle they felt to be at stake. In June they marched out 20,000 strong.

Democracy on Its Way Up

Mr. White, feeling that he could not lead a strike that he did not believe in, resigned—rightly or wrongly—and this vast body of men and women without a general, without a policy, without even an immediately apparent cause which would enlist the necessary sympathy of the public, swept on into battle. There is something tremendous, appalling, about such a conflict—and yet one looks upon it not without a sort of love—a vast, half-blind, inarticulate rising of the mass for an abstract principle; democracy on its way up. Half of these Garment-Workers, perhaps, possessed only the vaguest idea of the real reason for the strike—except that the vital "unie" was somehow threatened. "Ich Veiss? Do I know?" they exclaimed most appropriately—and went into the fight unconscious that every economic condition was against them. Economic principles—what are they, when the mass is aroused?

It was little short of amazing what these workers did to support their union. Those cutters, for instance, who were employed during the strike by manufacturers not belonging to the Employers' Association assessed themselves in cash *one day's wages a week*—about four dollars a week. The tailors paid fifteen per cent. of their wages and all the union Garment-Workers in other cities paid assessments to support the New York strikers. What other class of men would

"bent over a sewing-machine continuously from eleven to fifteen hours a day in July weather"

contribute from fifteen to twenty per cent. of their wages to any cause whatsoever—and take the chances at that of being deprived of work entirely—with the dreadful alternative of the East Side staring them in the face? What religion would draw so much from its followers? No one can understand the meaning or the vitality of trades-unionism, or appreciate the depth to which its roots have struck into our soil, until he has seen a strike like this.

How Unionism Americanizes Foreigners

Another remarkable feature of the strike was that the union supported not only union men, but a large number of non-union

TYPE OF SWEAT-SHOP WORKER

men who came out on strike in sympathy with them, including not a few Lithuanians and Italians. Unionism, indeed, observes no racial distinctions; in this strike we find, besides the Jews, a considerable number of Americans, Germans, Lithuanians, Italians, and even Irish and Scotch—all working together in harmony. We find a large body of Jews—the most insular of races—working on the closest terms with workmen of other nationalities, contributing largely to their support. No other force tends more strongly to secure the needed amalgamation of these diverse nationalities and to inspire them with common American ideals than unionism—a fact already well demonstrated in the babel of the Pennsylvania coal-fields.

And the tragedy of it all! One afternoon I talked with the strikers in the East Side. They were hopeful, buoyant, sure of success. What manufacturer could stand against their great national union? They assured me that they were all unyielding, loyal, firm; that the employers could not get workmen, and they would soon have to give in. I went directly from these leaders to one of the largest manufacturers. I expected to find him downcast. I asked him if the strike was crippling him.

"Would you like to see for yourself?" he asked.

I went with him through his great factory—four floors of it. Empty? Not a bit of it. Every bench was filled, every machine was running.

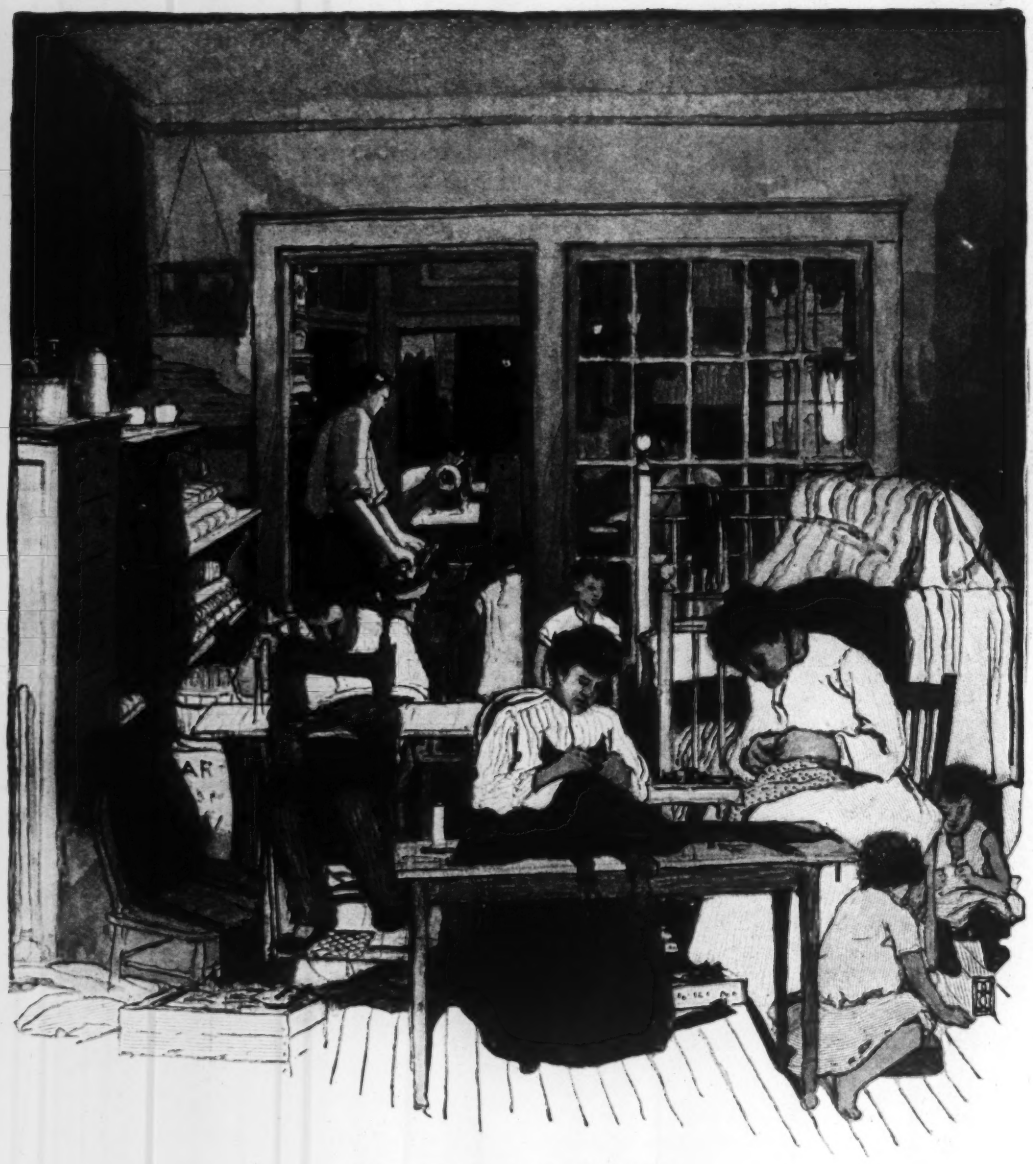
"We don't need any more men," he said; "these non-union workers are not so efficient, of course, as our old men—not so efficient now, but they will soon learn."

The workmen looked up as we went by, quickly, and turned back to their work. It gave one somehow a feeling of the absolute unceasingness, relentlessness, of industry. Somehow the world's work gets itself done, irresistibly, remorselessly, regardless of unions, or associations; regardless of human aspirations, or of human life.

The Strike Fails: Hunger in the Tenements

Well, the strike failed. After six weeks—the longest and most determined general strike the union ever conducted—the men returned to their work individually, such of them as were wanted, with the notices still posted in the shops. Hundreds of them did not and will not get back at all. And there will be deep bitterness and hopelessness this winter in many East Side tenements, and perhaps hunger and cold—dull tragedies which, though pregnant with meaning, will never come to public notice. And it is significant that the sufferers—if suffering there

TYPE OF SWEAT-SHOP WORKER



THE REAL SWEAT-SHOP

A small three-room apartment where the whole family work

is—will be the union men who have struck, who have helped to raise the standards of the industry, while those who profit will be the non-union men, who, taking their places, draw for a time the high wages which the union has helped to secure. This fact may serve to explain, if it does not excuse, the intense hatred of the union for the non-union man.

The union itself, though by no means wiped out of existence, has been scattered, its treasury laid waste, and the inundating tide of cheap foreign labor has again flooded the industry, crushing down the protective walls that the union has built so laboriously. Hours may and will probably be lengthened, and wages may be decreased, though at this writing the shops are still crowded with work and no reductions have been made. A New York employer assures me that the cutters should work nine hours instead of eight and that they must come to it sooner or later, as they have in Rochester.

And yet, the industry will never go back

to the deepest depths of the sweat-shop period. The union, though defeated, has accomplished many permanent results—some through factory legislation, some through an awakened public sentiment, some through the very fear on the part of the employers that, if conditions grow too bad, the workmen having now learned how, will speedily revolt. And with certainty the broken fragments of the union will be gathered up again, for the ferment of united democratic action—indeed, the very spirit of Americanism—is here, planted deep. Without it we might well be hopeless about the East Side. And gradually the union will grow strong again, and the older men will be wiser for their experience.

But what a gigantic task it is for these dim-minded East Siders—this lifting upward not only of themselves, not only of those new and still more densely ignorant immigrants who are daily pouring into the East Side, but of the entire crushing mass of society above them! As soon as they have trained one set of immigrants to the principles of their union, others crowd in, threatening their existence—so they can never rest from the toil of agitation and organization. And no outsider can help them much; they must do it themselves. If the East Side is lifted, the East Side must do the lifting. It reminds one of the huge, contorted, muscular figure of the Rodin statue, struggling to emerge from its block of marble.

Part the Employers Played in the Struggle

But what of the employers? How were they concerned in this titanic struggle? They, too, sacrificed much. By having their shops closed in the busiest season of the year, by having to train unskilled men, they lost thousands of dollars. They would assuredly have allowed no mere notice to involve them in a costly conflict, unless they really felt that the condition of the industry was becoming serious.

The plain fact is, the organization of the National Labor Bureau and the posting of the open-shop notices really meant an organized attempt to check the union.

Several causes influenced the employers; the union was weak from a long fight in Rochester and Philadelphia, the industry had passed from a period of expansion to one of quiet which presaged a falling market, and there was, finally, a large surplus of labor in the East Side clamoring for work. In other words, the law of supply and demand, which for several years had been working in favor of the union, was now operating against it.

As showing how fully the manufacturers realized the opportunities presented by a swarming, unemployed East Side, I quote an interview with an employer printed in the *Daily Trade Record* (the organ of the clothing trade manufacturers) for July 1st:

> Why, tailors! there is no scarcity of tailors; they are thicker than the hair on a dog. It is impossible to organize them all, inasmuch as they come over so fast that the union cannot keep enough people who understand the language of the newcomers, busy among them, and they get to work before they can make themselves understood in this country. There is more material for tailors coming over here every week than the whole trade can ever find work for. If there is one thing that Russians can do better than the Japanese, it is to make pants. There is not a boat that comes to these shores that does not bring a thousand possible tailors. One boat landed yesterday with some 3,900 of them.

Why the Employers Fought the Closed Shop

It was not because the "closed shop" or the domination of labor by the union was an "un-American institution" that the Clothing Manufacturers attacked it. Business is not that way: business cares no more for Americanism than for Christian Science; business is for itself, for the main chance, and if a closed shop will increase its profits more than an open shop, then it espouses the closed shop—as the Building Trade Employers' Association has done in New York, as the Master Plumbers have done in many cities. Indeed, some of the clothing manufacturers of New York who are now fighting the union so bitterly on the "open-shop" proposition were, a year ago, actually urging the union to press forward in the Rochester struggle and bring the manufacturers there—their competitors—to the eight-hour day. If the union had succeeded in Rochester, there would have been no "open-shop" talk in New York this spring. But they did not succeed; Rochester went back to a nine-hour day, and Philadelphia followed, thereby giving them an advantage as competitors over the New York manufacturers.

The Manufacturers of New York, then, began an "open-shop" campaign. Now the open shop means the right to employ non-union or union men indiscriminately—which

certainly *is* a right, perfectly inalienable, indisputable. And Mr. D. M. Parry and his associates have shown their great shrewdness in emphasizing it, in dramatizing the non-union man as an abused figure of independence—which, indeed, he often is—thereby appealing to the sympathy of the American people.

But if the undoubted right of the employer to hire union or non-union men indiscriminately is exercised without resistance, it means that the employers will gradually fill up their shops with non-union men—because non-union men, unprotected by organization, will work cheaper; and that ultimately means the end of unionism and all that unionism stands for. Hence the bitter opposition of labor unionists to the unrestricted operation of the right of the employer to hire non-union men. The garment-workers insist that the union is the only barrier that stands in the way of a swift return to conditions approximating those of the old-time sweat-shop. Indeed, the tendency of wages in an unorganized industry is to sink to the wage of the man who will work cheapest and live poorest. A poor wage, like poor money, drives out the good. Allow Chinese labor to compete freely in the American market and immediately only Chinese wages would be paid, and the American workman would be forced to live like a coolie or starve. On the other hand, in industries where no unions exist, there is a tendency for all employers to grade downward to compete with the most merciless task-master in the trade. An employer who wishes to pay good wages, to share his prosperity, to be benevolent, cannot do it because his neighbor grinds his workmen down, and in order to remain in business the honest employer must stoop to the methods of the dishonest employer.

The properly managed union enables the naturally upright employer to be upright, and it *forces* the dishonest employer to be upright.

What a Complete Breakdown of Unionism Would Mean

In the clothing trades of New York, therefore, the breakdown of the union would not only pull down the better, more ambitious workmen—those that have built up the union—to the level of the new immigrant, who is willing to work for next to nothing and live in crowded, dirty, immoral, un-American conditions, but it would let in also the piratical, dishonest, small employer, who, if he could, would return to the diabolical sweat-shop system and force the decent employers to follow, directly or indirectly. These are the inevitable tendencies; and the chief force that has appeared to withstand this industrial "grading down" is the union.

Unions, like governments, like society in general, are organized to deal with the dishonest and to assist the inefficient classes. If all employers were as broad-minded as the best in the clothing industry, and all workmen were efficient, temperate, honest, there would be little need of unions—nor of any law or government. The union is the industrial policeman.

We find, therefore, two classes of employers in the clothing industry opposing the union—first, the high-class, broad-minded, self-respecting employer, whose shop conditions are excellent, union or no union, and who hates to be reminded of his duty when he does his duty of his own volition. I went through a great clothing establishment, one of the largest in the country, where the conditions were really ideal; where the best wages were paid; where there was at present no apparent need of a union, although unquestionably the excellence of these conditions was due in large measure to the agitation for years of the union in other quarters. But the chief owner of this establishment is one of the leaders in the fight on the union. On the other hand, the union always has against it the unscrupulous employer, who sees in this organized force a hindrance to his plans for sweating a little more profit from the abject necessity of the workers. And it is only when the better class of employers perceive, as they have in many industries, the value of a good union as an ally in raising the standard of the whole trade, do we reach the amicable trade-agreement stage in which the frequency of the industrial conflict is reduced to a minimum. I was impressed with the testimony of Mr. Herman Justi, secretary of the Illinois Coal Operators' Association, on this very point.

Advantage of Unionism to Employers

"Perhaps the greatest single advantage of our trade-agreement system," he said, "and of a reasonable, business-like unionism, is that it has eliminated the unscrupulous employer, who cheated his men by underweighing his coal, and as a consequence often compelled decent employers to meet his methods

or go to the wall. The union, supported by the coal operators, in joint agreement has placed coal-mining on a solid, honest, business basis, where all employers are on the same footing so far as labor is concerned. Of course, the union is far from perfect; but I regard it to-day, where it adopts business methods and where it is wisely led, as one of the most useful and uplifting influences in our life."

Granting that the clothing manufacturers could utterly demolish the United Garment-Workers—a design which they all disclaim—what would they gain? With the union beaten, wages would be lower and hours longer, sweat-shop work might even be surreptitiously reëstablished, but no one manufacturer would gain anything; they would all go down together in the competitive market. The only party to the struggle really profiting would be the public, which could clothe itself for a time more, a very little more, cheaply—at the expense of the comfort, morality, and Americanism of the East Side.

The public, certainly, pays for unionism. Wage advances come, finally, from the pocket of the consumer. But the Americanizing of the East Side—and that is exactly what it means—through unionism, would be cheap at almost any price, and not merely in a philanthropic or moral sense, but in a broader, social, and even selfish business sense; for a high-paid East Side will live better, buy and consume more food, clothing, coal, furniture—make business better for everybody.

Open Shop and Closed Shop

Broadly speaking, therefore, if an "open-shop" policy rigidly pursued by the manufacturers (no matter what their abstract rights may be) disrupts the protective union and reduces the garment-workers to sweat-shop conditions, drives them down to a plane below that of decent American livelihood (and there is no question that it has this tendency), then it is a public wrong and a detriment to society. The union is not only a benefit to both workers and employers, but it has become, in our complex democratic civilization, an absolute necessity; and it should be as jealously protected by society as any other great institution. We may even find that a union shop or even a "closed shop" in many unskilled or semi-skilled occupations would be a blessing rather than a curse—at least until the workmen have been lifted to a plane of intelligence, having acquired a capital of skill, where they can in a measure protect themselves or until immigration is stopped or checked.

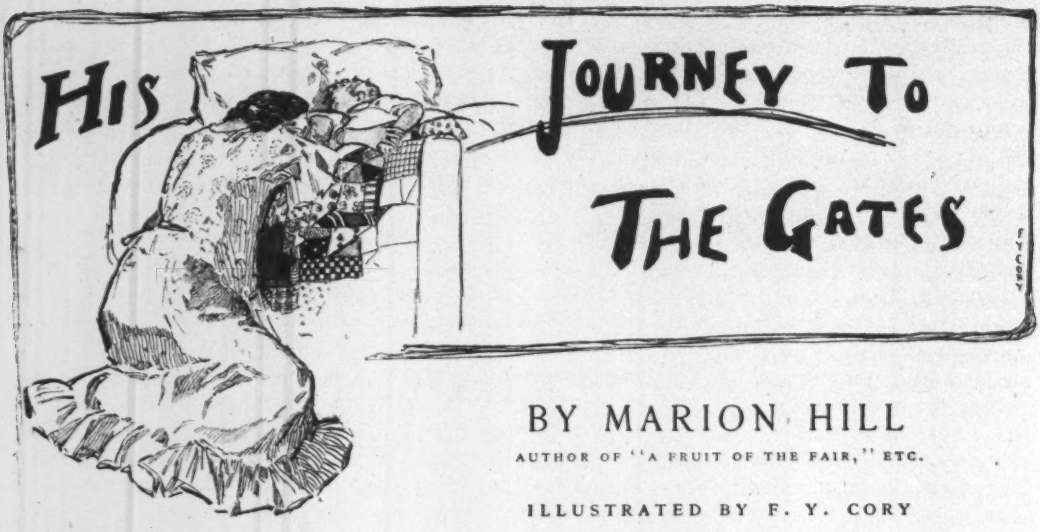
Unionism, then, is a necessary, vital force in our life; but just as surely as it is a great power for good, it may also, unlimited and unrestrained, become a dangerous influence for evil.

We have seen that the unrestricted exercise of the Clothing Manufacturers' unquestioned right of "free employment"—in forcing the "open shop"—might lead to the destruction of unionism and the degradation of the workers to sweat-shop conditions. On the other hand, if the union were allowed an unrestricted exercise of its equally undoubted right to stop work (strike) for any cause whatsoever, it might, by a system of discrimination and violence against all non-union men, be able to force a universal "closed shop"—in other words, a labor monopoly which might be used to mulct the public as it has in Chicago and San Francisco, or to seize control, practically, of the employer's business. It can, indeed, be conclusively shown that, exactly as an extreme "open-shop" condition (the result of which is finally a wholly non-union shop) is a detriment to employers as well as to the workers, so an extreme "closed shop" is a detriment to the workers as well as to the employers.

Limitations of Unionism

Neither extreme is wise. It is essential to recognize the *limitations of the principle of trade-unionism*. The best condition is one in which there are strong organizations on both sides, each holding the other in check.

Thus it is that in England and in the better organized American industries like coal-mining, stove-molding, and others, both employers and employees have learned to avoid any discussion of the abstract rights of the two parties, knowing that they lead instantly to irreconcilable difficulties. In England, where unionism is, in some respects, far better developed than in America, there is no "open-shop" question whatever. Each side learns that the labor problem is not abstract, but intensely practical; that each side must refrain from exercising all of its rights (in common with all men in civilized society), and must submit to the eternal law of compromise, that the industry may progress in peace.



BY MARION HILL

AUTHOR OF "A FRUIT OF THE FAIR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. Y. CORY

REX PETTISON was not as comfortable within as might be. He dimly realized that his condition threatened to grow worse, and it disheartened him. In that house, the mere fact of being a little boy was trouble enough without being a little boy of unsettled insides.

Though, to be sure, if you took Regina's word for it, being a little girl was a bad business too.

That they were twins only made everything worse. Twins seemed to be something that had to be looked at a great deal. Twins apparently were everybody's affair, even strangers'. Twins could not do a thing without being caught.

Then, too, one was always being flourished before the other as a warning or an example —generally a warning.

Also, it was held to be wrong in either of them to possess a characteristic which the other did not. Regina was constantly harried and hounded because she was not born a philologist, as was her brother. Rex, in his turn, was exhorted day upon day to emulate his sister's up-to-dateness of activity, whereas he loved calmly and philosophically to ruminate. Then—impossible to believe, but true—the adults occasionally varied the schedule of complaints by begging Regina for pity's sake to try to keep quiet like her brother, and by coldly advising Rex not to "parrot his elders," but to try to talk naturally, like his sister.

They were as unlike as a rhinoceros and a chipmunk, but they were made to feel that it was all due to their own wrong lack of interest in the vital matter of resembling each other. Why, if Rex grew untimely sleep-stricken, Regina, too, was sent to bed. If Regina felt wilted, Rex likewise was dosed with boiled water.

At this particular moment he wondered if it were possible that she felt as queer as he. He would find out. They were both in the garden, supposedly weeding it.

"Sister, do you feel hollow in your body, shaky in your legs, giddy in your head, and hot while you are cold?"

Regina grinned with interest.

"How many guesses do I have?" she asked.

"It's not a conundrum," said Rex, sadly.

Regina looked and felt aggrieved.

"No, I don't. Why?"

"I do."

"Why?"

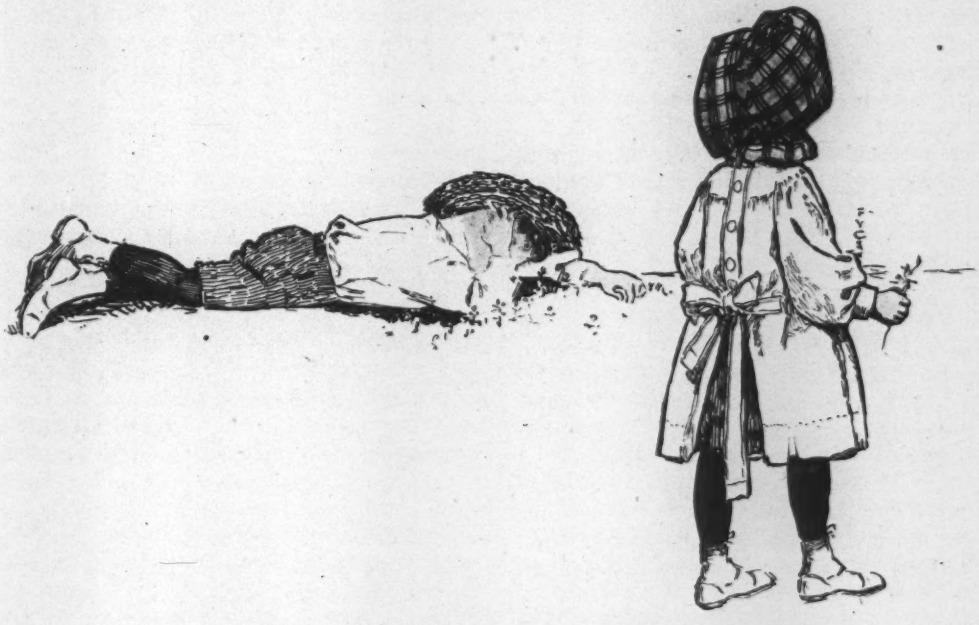
Making no attempt to explain, he put his head down on the garden bed and lay there quietly. Regina felt sorry for him, but she thriftily went on weeding. It was open-air exercise insisted upon by their mother, who at the expiration of the allotted time would appear, watch in hand, to see if they had performed their full duty, to commend them unenthusiastically if they had, to reprove them with dispassionate justice if they had not, and to lay out for them their next hour of the day. Mrs. Pettison believed in system. That is why Regina kept on weeding.

Rex was deaf to the dictates of prudence.

Now, if one could feel that one's mother was just the best thing in the world to make a sick place well, there might be some fun in illness. Rex never dreamed of so much impossibility. From his very babyhood a mysterious fetich, called Molly Coddle, had kept him from his share of petting. What Molly Coddle had not robbed him of, self-reliance *had*.

Mr. Pettison insisted that his son should not be Molly Coddled. Mrs. Pettison insisted that her son should be made self-reliant.

Consequently, if Rex fell down he had to pick himself up again—so as to become self-reliant. If he scratched his finger, he first had to wash the microbes out of the sore and then had to forget it forever after—not to be a Molly Coddle. If he awoke in the night thirsty, he had to remember that there was a filter in the hall and that he could get water for himself without waking others—so as to be self-reliant. If he awoke frightened with dreams about ghosts, he was to remember that dreams and ghosts had no existence, and he wasn't to cry out—so as to escape being a Molly Coddle.



"he put his head down on the garden bed and lay there quietly"

Molly Coddles got rocked to sleep when they felt mother-loving; Rex never. Those who undervalued self-reliance had their bumped places kissed; Rex had to ask Catherine for vinegar and anoint himself.

Regina hazily was of the opinion that only a Molly Coddle would dare to lie on the grass when it ought to be weeding. She would not for anything be in a Molly Coddle's shoes; for there was Mrs. Pettison bearing down upon them.

Rex sat up, dizzier than ever. His mother stared at him sternly. Whether or not she felt as unpleasant as she looked is another matter. But *obedience* had been the platform of the Mothers' Club for several years, and in conscientious effort to be

all that she should as secretary of the association, Mrs. Pettison had become very disagreeable at home. The only break she had allowed herself in the monotony of firmness was a week or so after a lecture delivered upon "Letting Children Alone to Allow Them to Find Themselves." For fourteen frantically giddy days Rex and Regina had been let alone, but they had found such a fearful lot of other things besides themselves that the severity when resumed had been of sterner stuff than before. The look which Rex now received was awe-inspiring. Regina's portion was a smile, dignified and temperate.

"My little girl's diligence pleases mother. *I am happy.*" This admission, according to the best authorities, was the noblest reward a child could receive.

Regina looked frightened to death. What on earth was her proper reply? In that house one had to say something immediately when a pause came; if one waited too long, one got badgered into making some statement of so horrible a nature that one got punished for it.

"Yes, mamma," said Regina desperately. It passed.

"But you, Rex, have disappointed me, grieved me, astounded me."

In the impelling, majestic pause Rex merely blinked with an unconcern which appealed to his sister as nothing short of suicidal.

"You have been moping for several days, but I have not reproved you, trusting you would come to your senses of your own accord."

Come to his senses! He was several thousand miles away from them right now, in Regina's moderate estimation, for he maintained his fateful serenity. Even his mother felt thrilled with a species of fright. She resorted to a remark calculated to electrify.

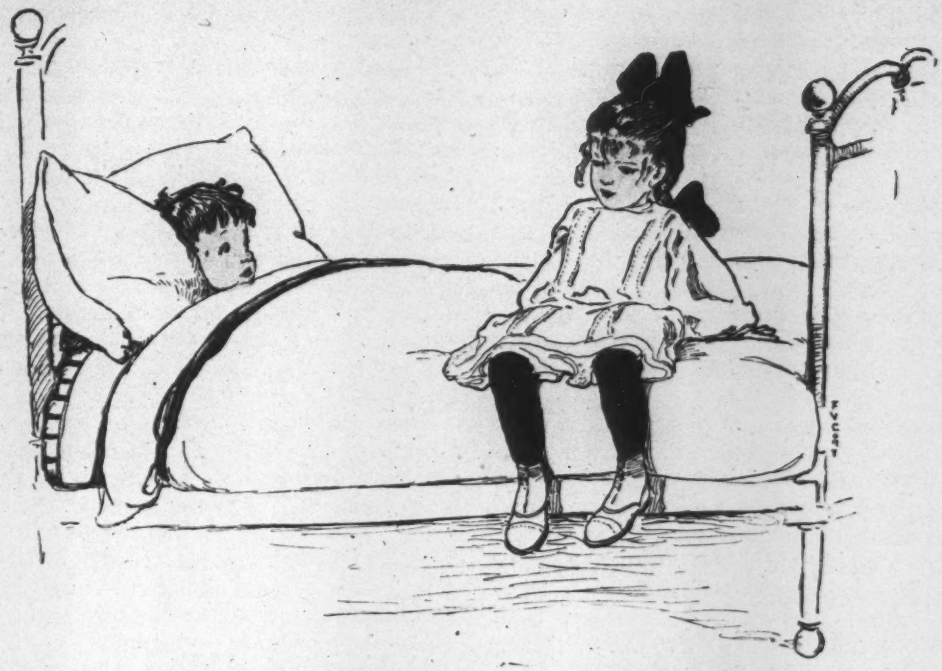
"I shall be obliged to punish you. Do you understand?"

Rex clawed some sand—peaceably, nonchalantly.

"Do you hear me, *sir?*"

The intensity of that sir was successful—in a measure. Rex lifted his troubled eyes and spoke.

"He felt himself being carried into the house"



"'What is the matter with me?' the invalid asked of Regina"

"I can't put 'peripatetic' back in the bag," he said.

Appearances to the contrary, he had been very busy while he lay on the ground. His memory was a store-house of long words—words caught surreptitiously from grown-up conversations, or plucked laboriously from printed pages. He had been rolling those treasured words of his around like so many marbles. His glittering favorite was "peripatetic." There was, therefore, a certain coherence in his speech. He said it again, more faintly :

"Peripatetic. It won't go back in the bag."

His mother dropped on her knees and folded him in her arms. He felt himself being carried into the house. Was he to be punished? What form would it take? Evidently none, just at present, for there was fear, not anger, in his mother's voice as she called to Catherine and gave the order :

"Telephone to Doctor Wismer."

Doctor Wismer! Hearing this, Rex felt more than ever uneasy, lacking confidence in the man who, the last time he was called in, had inconsiderately and carelessly left behind him a strange baby which they had to look after ever since.

True, Mrs. Pettison said that the doctor had been but an agent of heaven—that God had sent the baby. But Rex, being a Christian and wishing to remain one, preferred to consider Doctor Wismer the sole offender.

He came. He made himself obnoxious from the start and had Rex put to bed.

"What is the matter with me?" the invalid asked of Regina. She had been listening to the Wismerian directions imparted to her mother. She knit her brows and scowled in honest endeavor to remember.

"Bites," she said at length.

"Bites?"

"Microbites." She looked doubtful and miserable. She hated to fail her brother in time of need. Microbes had something to do with it anyhow. She heard the doctor say so.

"Is it catching?"

"I think so."

"Is there a sign on our house?"

With one long, glorified, hopeful, rapturous look at the kindly brother who had made such a lovely thing possible, Regina slid out to make an examination. She came back on wings. She at once began to spell, so as not to forget :

"S-C-A-R-L-E-T F-E-V-E-R W-I-T-H-I-N."

She was hustled out of the room, and it was weeks before she got in again.

Rex really did not miss her, so many odd things happened. About the oddest was the disappearance of whole pieces of the day. Any hour of the twenty-four was liable to drop right out of sight—like a board from the bottom of a wash-tub—and leave a gap.

After one of these gaps he came back from somewhere and found that he was in the best spare bedroom. Spare? It was spare enough now, goodness knows, because the white curtains were gone, the pictures were removed, the rugs were up, and the portières were down. "Spare" was the word.

There came some more gaps. Then Rex discovered that the spare room belonged to some one else besides himself. She was a quiet lady who wore a cap and an apron, even at night. People called them trained nurses—why, he did not know. She was very quiet. He used to forget she was there. Then, first thing he knew, a spoon would glide through the air and stop under his nose. She would be on the other end of it. Whenever she had not anything else to do she would make him take a dry smoke—on a glass cigarette.

He did everything she mentioned. Her voice made him. She, the doctor, and his mother, all spoke in the same tone—as if he, Rex, had pig-headedly chosen to be ill, in spite of their best advice to the contrary. He grew discouraged.

One day, while he stayed in bed—for he could see the ceiling all the time—he and the bed and the ceiling went to an awful place, full of bad sounds and wild beasts. The nurse was very much of a brick that time. She put her arms around him and kept the things away.

Then came the day that he was dying. He talked all the time. He could hear it himself. The doctor seemed to be there every moment. Catherine came in too, and begged that Father Jennings be sent for because Father Jennings had the way with him. Regina was brought in and was lifted up to kiss him. His father and mother were both there—holding on to each other.

He had a great deal of trouble with the ceiling. Sometimes it was bright and glaring and far off, like the sky, and other times it was black and used to fall on him. The falling part was dreadful, but afterwards it was quiet and peaceful, and it was generally night.

Right in the middle of the dying business the ceiling fell—on top of everybody, the nurse, the doctor, Catherine, Regina, and his father and mother. Then the usual calm followed and he went to sleep.

The hall clock woke him. It struck "one"—midnight. The room was dark, except in one corner, where there was a shaded lamp. All the world was asleep. The world was solemn—and cold, too. Only he, of all the world, was awake. No, there was his mother.

She was close beside the bed, in a rocking-chair, but she did not rock. She had on a blue wrapper. It looked very nice around the neck, because it had no collar. He thought no collar must feel much nicer than the stiff, high white one that she always wore. She looked very tired. Her hair was plaited like Regina's. She was like some one else's mother. He remembered that he had not spoken to her, oh, for years and years. He spoke, and his voice boomed like the clock yet it was a tiny voice, too.

"Mamma."

"Yes, my baby."

Her baby! Then Wismer had been at his old trick.

No—wonderful—he, Rex, was her baby, for she was leaning over him, her hand on his.

The world was still asleep, still quiet and dark, but it did not seem cold or lonely any more. To have a hand to hold—that makes the difference.

"Does my boy want something?"

Truly, nothing, but to wonder at the She did not appear to worry at all that self-reliance was on its last legs.

His mind wandered irresistibly to thoughts of Molly Coddle. Was Molly Coddle dead too? He would soon see.

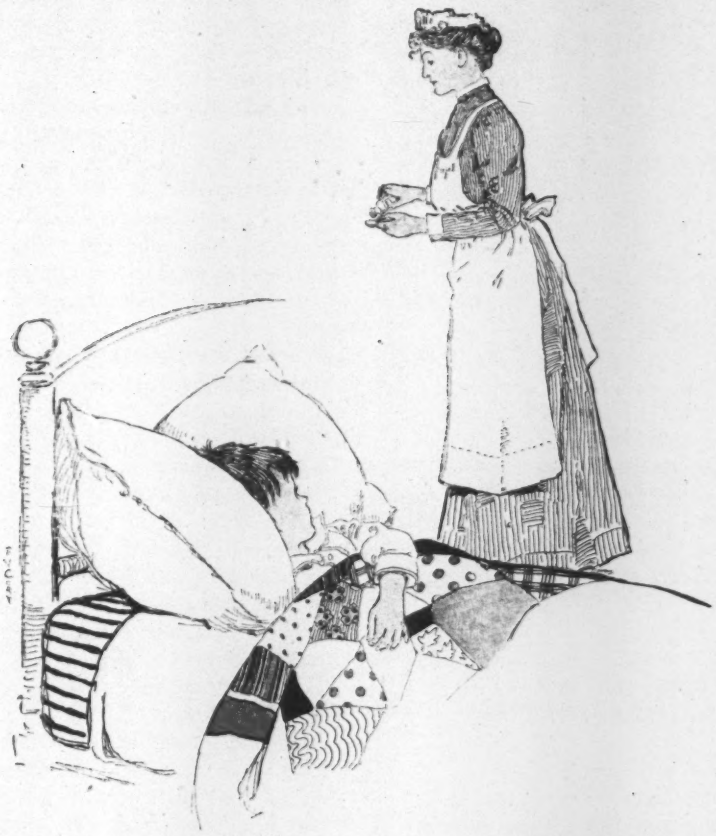
"Mamma."

"Yes, my dearest."

"The bed hurts."

"My poor baby."

"Won't you rock me—just this once?"



"People called them trained nurses—why, he did not know"

queerness and niceness of having conversation in the middle of the night.

"Does my little one want a drink?"

"Yes," said Rex, experimentally, curious of what might follow.

What *did* was the total smashing of self-reliance. She brought the drink, she held the glass, she raised his head, she put it back on the pillow, she replaced the glass. He had only to swallow.

Oh, the bliss of lying there in bed and being cared for without being scolded! She seemed shining with happiness to think that there was something she could do for him.

Molly Coddle was everlastingly squelched.

His mother made a cooing sound, the way a cat does when she comes back to her basket of kittens, and cuddled him in her arms. She put him inside the blue wrapper and tucked the ends around his feet. He lay in a warm, dark nest. It was soft and lacy. When he put up his hand there was a locket to play with. And all the time he was rocked. It was lovely. He was happy.

Was he happy? Surely; yet why did tears slip from his eyes and wet his cheek? Why did he feel as if he had been spanked—and had not done anything at all?

"he flung them tightly around her neck and clung there"

"Mamma."

"Yes, sonny."

"I am glad I came back."

"From where, dear?"

"I don't know—but haven't I been away?"

"Once I was afraid so, my darling."

"Well, I'm glad I came back."

"And I, my own."

"Mamma."

"Yes, baby."

"Tell me a story."

"Once upon a time—" she began, and stopped.

"That's the way. Go on."

"Once upon a time—" again she stopped.

He waited, wondering. How was he to know certain things? That Jack the Giant Killer had not been told to him on account of its persistent goriness; that Cinderella was false and foolish; that Blue Beard was immoral; that the White Cat inculcated cruelty to animals; that, briefly, all the golden tales of fairyland were held to be menacing to the teachings of modern education? The lips that were pressed regretfully against his curly head were barren of tales and helplessly ignorant of their sweet witchery.

How dim the light was! How cool the stillness! And the house—he never dreamed a house could be so silent.

And at night one seems to be truly, truly one's self—not the self that other people want one to be—as in the day time. One dares say anything.

"Mamma."

"Yes, Rex."

"You are crying."

"Yes, my baby."

"Why?"

"Because I cannot tell my little sick boy a story."

She kissed him, actually *kissed*—without stopping to consider that she might give him germs of some sort, diphtheria, maybe, or that lovely long word that makes one think of potatoes—tuberculosis.

The kiss put miraculous strength into his weak arms, and he flung them tightly around her neck and clung there. He was not afraid of germs. He liked them. He liked his mother, too—now. She had turned into the kind that other boys have—the kind that tags around after one, and tickles one in the ribs, and picks things up—the proper sort.

"Never mind about that story, mamma; never mind. I'd like——"

"What, dear?"

"Something to eat."

Eating between meals was usually never to be mentioned, never to be thought of. The middle of the night was, from its very nature, between meals. Rex knew it, but he took chances that this third bugaboo was weeping over the tomb of Molly Coddle and therefore inoperative so far as he was concerned. He was right.

"You are hungry? Oh, Rex, I am so glad."

She really said it. She seemed actually excited over it. She put him gently back into his bed, and then she flew into the next room and awakened the nurse. Together they set to work and prepared him something. He got it. It was hot—rather thin, perhaps, but fairly comforting.

"Mamma, I want to go to sleep."

"Good-night, precious."

"But, mamma——"

"Yes, boy."

"The bed hurts."

"Then come to mother's arms, Rexie."

She took him—she did. To and fro, in a drowsy nest, he was rocked into Sleepytown. The rapture of it was almost enough to keep him awake. But it did not.

When morning came he was in his bed, and the nurse alone was on guard.

"Where is my mamma?"

"Sleeping."

"Sleeping? The sun is shining."

"But she is tired. She held you until daybreak."

"*Break.* I always wonder *what* it breaks."

"The darkness!" said the nurse, smiling. "Look!"

She raised the curtain. For the first time in many days he saw the outside world. It was too glaring to look at for long. The trees were so green that they hurt his eyes. The leaves flashed like the sun. The green seemed to flame and burn. Had the trees always been so blazing and beautiful? If so, why had he wished for anything more exciting than just to be allowed to go out and get closer to the glory? And, oh, the grass—it was no longer *one* object, commonplace and inevitable, but it was millions and millions of single, separate blades, each tipped with dew. The nurse drew down the curtain.

"Here is your breakfast," she said. "You have solid food this morning, you see. You are much better. You will soon be well."

The dab of milk toast looked anything but solid—positively airy—to one who could have made away with a saddle of mutton.

"How nice that was," he sighed, finishing it. The word "nice" annoyed him. It was so short. Being the pith of the sentence, it ought to be longer.

"Please get me my dictionary."

That much the nurse did; but she was adamant about letting him look into it. She compromised by reading him a few things that he felt the need of. What he wanted worse than the dictionary was that new mother of his. He longed and ached for some comfort.

"Where is my mamma?" was his constant question. He had bethought himself of several thousand indulgences which he intended to hint for.

Finally she appeared. One would never guess she had been up all night, so trim and fresh was she, so snug as to belt and so high as to collar.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, rapturously holding out his arms, "I have had a squeamish breakfast, and I think I'd like some squeamish pie for dinner."

"Squeamish?" said Mrs. Pettison, hurling a haughty look at the nurse.

"Squeamish?" said the nurse, casting an appealing look at Rex.

"It is in the dictionary," he answered. "You read it yourself. It says, squeamish means particular, nice. That's what the milk toast was. That's what I'd like the pie to be."

"Little boys should use words that they understand," advised his mother, quite in the old way. "And you will catch cold if you hold out your arms. Put them under the quilt."

"But I'd like you to rock me."

"Rock?" queried the mother with eye-brows drawn very high. "A big boy like you does not require rocking. It would be ridiculous."

"It wasn't ridiculous last night, was it?" asked Rex. He really wanted to know.

His mother austerely laid her finger across her lips.

"Hush," she said, "even a sick little boy must not be impertinent to his mother."

"The water was harder to swallow than marbles"

Impertinent! Rex's chin quivered. He wildly cast about for something to say.

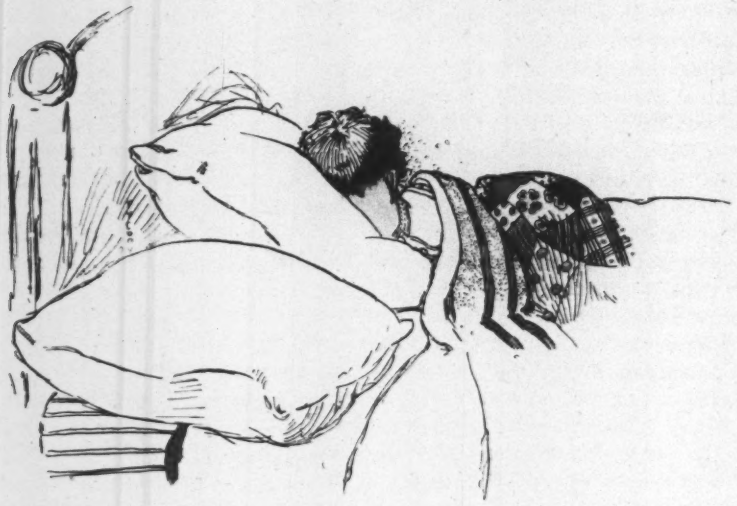
The glass of water at his hand gave him an idea.

"I—I—want a drink," he murmured. Heavy tears were in his eyes, but the disappointment in his heart was heavier still. "I want a drink! I want a drink!"

"Well, why don't you take it?" asked his mother, in tones of critical exasperation.

With utter despair he brought the glass to his lips and took a gulp. The water was harder to swallow than marbles. His task done, he turned his face to the wall and lay silent. He—miserable he—was better; and, horror of horrors, he would soon be *well*.

"he turned his face to the wall and lay silent"



GOD REST YOU, MERRY CHRISTIANS

BY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "EMMY LOU," "THE HOUSE OF FULFILMENT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VINCENT DUMOND

IT was the night before Christmas. Any Christian must have known it, apart from the calendar, by reason of a driving, haunting sense of things yet undone, and a goaded gathering together of exhausted faculties for a final sprint towards the accomplishing of all before the dawning of The Day.

Because we long have associated certain things with Christmas we have come to believe them integrant. The blended odor of orange peel, lighted tapers, and evergreens rushing upon us as the Church door opens means Christmas, even as much as the murmuring voices of the children within, each pew a variegated flower-bed of faces up-lifted to the light and tinsel of a giant tree.

Aromatic odors, other than frankincense and myrrh, mean Christmas, cedar, spices; and certain flavors, an almond kernel laid against a raisin and crushed between molars

to the enravishment of the palate, seem to belong to Christmas; the translucent olive of preserved citron, exuding sugared richness, suggests Christmas, together with the crinkled layers of the myriad-seeded, luscious-hearted fig; blazing brandy means Christmas, and the velvet smoothness of egg, cream and Old Bourbon blended, seems part of Christmas too.

But because the average Christian is an unreasoning creature, and, like the ox, bending his neck to the yoke because the yoke offers, plods the way along unquestioning beneath it, the preceding mad rush means Christmas too, and the feverish dream wherein, for instance, the long strand of embroidery silk forever pulls through, unknotted. And it is expected that the bones should ache at Christmas, and the flesh cry out for weariness, and the brain be fagged to the excluding of more than a blurred impression of The Day when it is come.

In the Rumsey household the celebration of the festival began on Christmas Eve with a family gathering of children and grandchildren. There is a certain wild, last hour, preceding the moment of gracious and joyous bestowal, made up of frenzied haste and exhaustion. It was that hour now.

"Anne Rumsey calls it the tears and tissue-paper stage," was told as evidence of Anne's singular attitude towards the ways of the Christian world about her.

"And I am sure I don't know what I've done to have any one as queer as Anne for my child," Mrs. Rumsey, handsome, imposing, on her knees by the bed tying parcels, was saying to her married daughter Florrie, come home with her babies for Christmas. "There's no one prides themselves more on the conventional than I do, and I am sure you never did an unconventional thing in your life. But I suppose every family has to have its black sheep, not"—hastily at Florrie's horrified disclaimer—"not that I mean that, of course—Florrie, how you take one up!—nor ugly duckling exactly, either, for Anne is the handsomest of you all—what did I tie in this package, do you know? I'm sure I don't—but that a child of mine should thus deliberately each year stand apart, outside the Christmas spirit, while others—it almost looks as if I had not brought my children up with a proper regard for sacred things."

Down-stairs, in the big, circular hallway, Anne Rumsey, outstretched in a long wicker chair, lay gazing into the fire. It was nice to lie there and watch the flames and listen to the crackle of the logs. Hickory logs seem to belong to Christmas. Anne's grandfather, years ago, in the country, used to bring in hickory logs for Christmas. Anne had provided these for to-night herself. She had gone to a place in the country she knew of, and walked over to a farm and negotiated for them. She had waited a week for some member of her family to find time from shopping to make the jaunt with her, and then had gone alone. It was ideal December weather; the snow crunched under foot, the sky was brilliant, a top-knotted cardinal bird and a jay on a thorn-hedge against the blue looked at her as she passed along the road. It was good to be alive.

Her mother was testy that night at dinner. Her handsome face was flushed to floridness beneath her gray pompadour. "I'm sure I haven't time to know whether the weather is perfect or not, if I half do my duty for my family at Christmas. For Heaven's sake, Anne, don't be so aggressively high-spirited; it gets on my nerves."

And to-night, Christmas Eve, Anne lay looking into the fire. It was nice to know it was snowing outside those drawn curtains, it made one love their warmth and crimson more, and snow seems part of Christmas. That morning she had put holly about, idling over the pleasure of trying it here, there. Now she reveled in the color and cheer about her. She had dressed for the evening with a sort of childlike and smiling gaiety, slowly and pleasurably, because the dress seemed part of the season and the joy, and in the scarlet gown looked some dryad of the holly-tree herself, or some Elizabethan's concept of the Twelfth Night spirit.

The outer door behind her opened to a latch-key and closed.

"Is that you, Daddy?" called Anne. "Come to the blaze and warm."

"I can't," confessed the big-headed, square little man, struggling out of his overcoat; "I'm a disheveled wreck and I've got to dress for dinner, I suppose. What time do you look for 'em all around? God bless my soul, Anne, it's good to see somebody composed and enjoying themselves. I've been looking for something for the grandchildren."

"You said you were too busy, didn't really have time——"

"Yes, yes, I did, I know I did, but——"

"— at the eleventh hour you rushed out; what did you buy, Daddy?"

"Just a trifle, a trifle around," confessed John Rumsey hastily, moving towards the stairway; "just a trifle—been putting greenery around, Anne? It looks nice—but I'm worried by a sort of after-recollection. Didn't I give Florrie's boy a silver cup before, some time or other?"

Anne laughed, a teasing, yet a provoking laugh, too, it was. "Sort of mile-stones on the road to Dover, little John's mugs will be, won't they, father? This will make the——"

John Rumsey, with a plunge up the steps, sent back a sort of frenzied snort.

"Change your shoes," called Anne after him; "it's slushy down street, I know. I laid your clothes out; the buttons are in."

"Thank the Lord!" John Rumsey's voice came back. "I've been fighting my way through mobs. I'm exhausted."

The dear, blessed, grizzle-headed little Daddy! It was he who, after the long pull, had made hickory fires and crimson hangings and silver mugs possible. The girl's eyes softened to almost maternal tenderness. The dear, square-set, grizzled little Daddy!

Anne stretched her strong, young length in the chair and consciously luxuriated in the warmth, the richness, the beauty around her.

"It is like a hymn, the colors," she was thinking.

Again a door opened, somewhere above this time, and protesting childish voices came down the stairway, the voices of sister Florrie's babies come for Christmas. Anne's eyes deepened as she listened, laughingly, yet broodingly.

It was sister Florrie answering:

"Now go on down to Norah, John Rumsey, and take your little sister. Go on! I'll lose my mind if you say another word about Santy Claus; go on, I've got all that bed full of things to tie up yet——"

"But you said—" expostulated a small voice, the voice of little John Rumsey.

"I don't care what I said—" a door closed violently.

A wail arose on the silence, the injured cry of Mary Wingate, the baby.

"Shut up, can't you," the fraternal tones of small John were heard requesting, "and come on." Feet pattered along the hall as towards a rear stairway. "But she said afore we came to Grandpa's, she did," the voice of little John was reiterating as it grew fainter, "when she got time she'd tell me what Santy Claus looked like when she was little, afore his whiskers got white."

Anne down-stairs laughed through merry yet fierce eyes. Babies belong to Christmas. Yet they could not come down here to her because of the decorations and the preparations which Florrie would not permit them to see beforehand.

Anne waxed hot in her soul, for babies belong to Christmas, or, rather, Christmas belongs to babies, and she loved babies. They are so honest, so unconquered, they look at the adult and its inconsistencies so uncompromisingly. So do boys, and she loved boys too. Babies and boys are the honestest things in life. Had Anne but known it, there was much of baby and of boy in her own nature; she attacked nobody's convictions, only stood to her own. It gives one large liberty if one will be honest to self.

The footsteps of the babies, sent to some nether world, died away.

"Yet Christmas is meant for babies, or, rather, Christmas means A Baby."

The girl rose. There were rooms opening around the hallway. It was at times such as this, with married sisters and brothers arriving with their families and laughter and jollity, that one loved it so, the space, and the beauty, and the means. At times such as Christmas one paused and thought about it all. The dear Daddy who had given it to them!

Anne crossed to one of the arched spaces and, pulling a curtain aside, went in. She left the hangings apart. The tree, glittering with scarlet and gold, and hung with delightful woolly lambs and Noah's Arks and such like toys, would show joyously through the opening. And why not? Since it was her tree, for the tree had come to be her part and she had pottered around the whole happy, uninterrupted morning adorning it, since it was her tree it should stand unconcealed from first to last for its purpose—beauty, revel, festivity.

On salvers upon a table near the tree were bowls of glass and silver heaped with dates, figs, tamarinds, sweet pastes, nougats—luscious things that seemed to bring close, far-away Orient climes.

There seemed, too, in the colors and the appointments of the room, an Oriental sumptuousness pervading. Anne loved it, and laving in it, lent herself to it and stood with half-closed lids and parted lips, hands straight

at sides, letting fancy be ravished, until she seemed to see——

Against an indigo sky wherein a star burned clear, three swift-footed, shadowy creatures swinging across sandy wastes, each uncouth back bearing in silhouette against the blue, a turbaned rider, eyes shielded by hand, gazing ahead——

Her eyes opened. It was lavish, the richness about her. There came a distaste. It was a simple and a pastoral life those Orient Jewish people led. She had been there, she and Daddy, one delightful runaway journey together. Afterward her father had marked passages in a book and brought it to her, wherein it was put as neither he nor she could put it.

Now she walked to a bookcase, and taking out a slim volume, hunted passages, and finding them, read blissfully:

"A total indifference to . . . the vain appanage of the comfortable which our drearier countries make necessary to us, was the consequence of the sweet and simple life lived in Galilee. . . . The countries which awaken few desires are the countries of idealism and poesy. The accessories of life are there insignificant compared with the pleasure of living. . . . The embellishment of the house is superfluous, for it is frequented as little as possible. . . . This contempt, when it is not caused by idleness, contributes greatly to the elevation of the soul."

Anne, hunting passages, drew a long breath. She could love it too, the simple life of certain poverties:

"We see the streets where Jesus played when a child in the stony paths or little crossways which separate the dwellings. The house of Joseph doubtless much resembled those poor shops lighted by the door, serving at once for shop, kitchen and bedroom, having for furniture a mat, some cushions on the ground, one or two clay pots, and a painted chest."

Where the little Jesus played! The eyes of Anne, lifting from the page, sought a niche where, in a golden frame, hung a picture, royal in indigo, purple and scarlet. It was a copy, but it was an honest one. The Baby's head seemed verily to rest, to press, into the curve of Mary's arm. The little head! And the brooding, jealous ecstasy in Mary's face, and the little hand Mary was playfully uplifting! Was she dreaming great, beautiful dreams for the little son's life to come? Does every woman dream mighty deeds for her man-child's doing? And this Baby's hand, uplifted there by Mary's finger, the hand of the little Galilean peasant whose carpenter-father's house boasted a few mats, one or two clay pots, and a painted chest; this little hand was to lift the human ideal out of materialism and set it above earthly things, and behold! nineteen hundred years are gone, and still that ideal shines high, clear, a star against the dome of Time, and wise men, following its leading, still are journeying, eyes shielded by hand, as they gaze ahead——

Mary's little son, the peasant baby!

There was an opened piano in the room. Anne crossed to it. On her lips was a smile, an exultant, a jealous smile. She could feel the little head pressing into the curve of Mary's arm.

Her fingers sought the keys. The notes were rich and deep and full; they filled the room and poured out into the hallway and rose——

Above stairs, from his own doorway, John Rumsey, struggling with the last details of a toilet, stood looking into his wife's room. He was a big-headed, even a belligerent little man, but he stood as though hesitating once, twice, before speaking what was on his mind to say.

"Mary," he had begun.

Mrs. Rumsey scarcely turned from the melee of jeweler's boxes, ribbons, packages, surrounding her. "I can't listen now; I've forgotten whom I could have meant this for——"

"But, Mary——"

"Heavens, John, don't distract me; I have to dress yet——"

"Call Anne to help you."

"Not at all," with some asperity; "if Anne can so separate herself from the Christmas spirit as to abjure the preparing of any gifts herself, she'll not be called on——"

"Mamma"—it was Florrie speaking from her room across the hall—"did you ever order the flowers for the dinner table?" appearing as she ended.

Mrs. Rumsey arose the picture of imposing and tragic despair. A small figure turned from between the curtains, where he was drawing figures on the moisture gathering on the pane. It was little John Rumsey.

"Aunt Anne went out and got them," he said; "they are roses, they're red."

Now there were certain things destined to swell the portion of little John, as yet unwrapped.

"How did that child get in here?" demanded John's grandmamma testily, even sharply; "now go on out. Didn't your mother send you to Norah?"

"She put us out the kitchen, she's helping 'em down there. She said we weren't to see till everything was done."

"Florrie," besought Mrs. Rumsey, "please take him out. Gracious, child!" as the light fell upon the slender person of Florrie, "how ghastly tired you look! I told you that you were overdoing. There, there, don't go to crying. Pour her some aromatic ammonia, Papa, it won't hurt her; I've taken two doses myself since I got home. Sometimes I think it is a mistake to have them all here for Christmas Eve. Next year we'll send the presents around and get the business over with and Christmas Day have them here in peace and quiet."

"Mary," the voice of Mr. Rumsey was insistent, "Donald Page is in town; got in this afternoon. I asked him to dinner to-night."

There was silence. Some silences are ominous. Then from Florrie, looking from father to mother, timidly, perhaps, for Florrie loved peace:

"Does Anne know?"

"She wrote him. She brought her answer to me for sanction."

"And you?" it was his wife asking.

"I sent it. She has waited a long time on you, Mary."

Mrs. Rumsey had risen again, her lapful of ribbons and papers strewing the floor. "You sent it, and you asked him to dinner, Donald Page, absolutely come up out of the ranks——"

"I am out of the ranks," said her husband.

"—and self-made, that is, if he ever is made at all."

"I am self-made," said John Rumsey.

Mary Rumsey, imposing in her maturity, handsome, surveyed him. She was a Wingate and they are an arrogant blood.

"I am self-made," repeated John Rumsey, looking at her steadily.

"I have never forgotten it," said Mary, his wife, her eyes measuring him.

The little boy at the window was gazing at these older people. His eyes were big.

"Oh," Florrie was saying, "Mamma."

They were looking at each other, the man and the woman, long married. Her eyes were hard, and his were sorrowful.

A few chords from the piano reached them. It was Anne; they knew her touch, and it was Anne's voice now arising, sweet, strong, trembling with the passion of it.

For it was Christmas Eve. Else why this room strewn with holly and gifts and scarlet ribbons, else why this spiciness of cedar pervading the house, else why Anne's noël arising?

The words came up to them, words that had belonged to Christmas at the small, old-fashioned church where the Rumseys once had been wont to go.

The little boy slipped out into the hall. They heard him pattering down to Anne.

Mary Rumsey, with a gesture of contrition like any girl's, went to her husband, and the next moment was crying on the little man's shoulder and his hand was patting her soothingly, gently.

For it was Christmas Eve, eve of the night when Christ was born, and Anne was singing of it:

"For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn,
Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born,
O night, O night divine!"

And down-stairs Anne, turning from the piano to the little nephew standing there, drew him to her with a kind of rapture, for children belong to Christmas, children and simple joys and memories and loves.

And then, a servant opening the door, Donald Page came in out of the night, big, steadfast-looking Donald, with something somewhere of the grimness of the fight in his eyes, and Anne went from the room out to the hall to meet him.

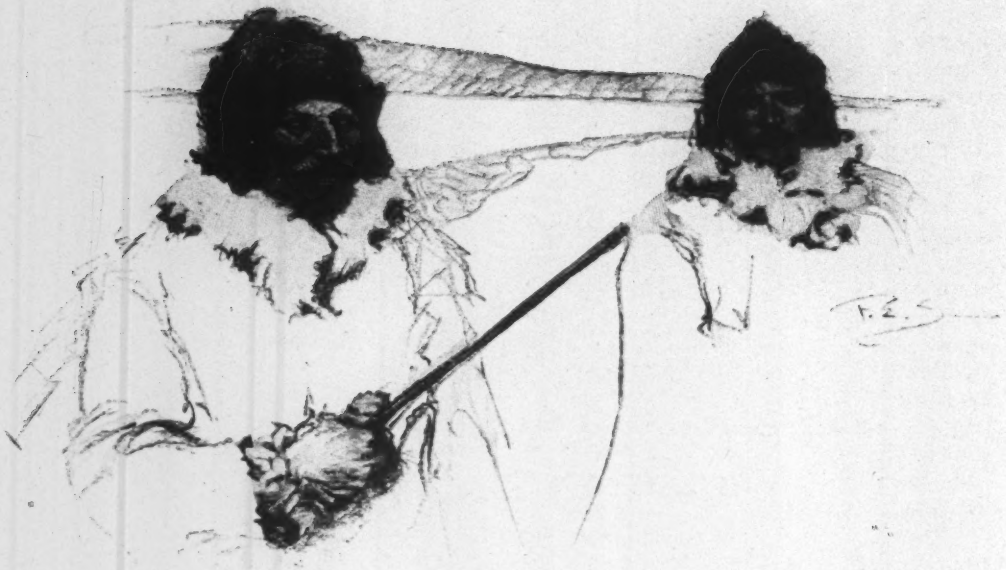
It was very big and simple, the gesture of her hands, as with one who gives all.

And then little John Rumsey gasped, for his Aunty Anne was lifting her face even as baby sister might, to a tall and strange man to be kissed.

Gifts had been given and the evening was almost over. Anne Rumsey's sister-in-law was speaking, under cover of voices and merriment and confusion, to Anne's sister:

"It saves Anne trouble, of course, but to put one's self outside it all, and give nothing at Christmas, I don't see how Anne can."

"Her fingers sought the keys. The notes were rich and deep and full; they filled the room and poured out into the hallway and rose"



THE TEST

BY

REX E. BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE THAW AT SLISCO'S," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

PIERRE "FÉROCE" showed disapproval in his every attitude as plainly as disgust peered from the seams in his dark face; it lurked in his scowl and in the curl of his long rawhide that bit among the sled dogs. So at least thought Willard, as he clung to the swinging sledge.

They were skirting the coast, keeping to the glare ice, wind-swept and clean, that lay outside the jumbled shore pack. The team ran silently in the free gait of the gray wolf, romping in harness from pure joy of motion and the intoxication of perfect life, making the sled runners whine like the song of a cutlass.

This route is dangerous, of course, from hidden cracks in the floes, and most travelers hug the bluffs, but he who rides with Pierre "Féroce" takes chances. It was this that had won him the name of "Wild" Pierre —the most reckless, tireless man of the trails, a scoffer at peril, bolting through danger with rush and frenzy, overcoming sheerly by vigor those obstacles which destroy strong men in the North.

The power that pulsed within him

gleamed from his eyes, rang in his song, showed in the aggressive thrust of his sensual face.

This particular morning, however, Pierre's distemper had crystallized into a great contempt for his companion. Of all trials, the most detestable is to hit the trail with half a man, a pale, anemic weakling like this stranger.

Though modest in the extent of his learning, Pierre gloated in a freedom of speech, the which no man dared deny him. He turned to eye his companion cynically for a second time, and contempt was patent in his gaze. Willard appeared slender and pallid in his furs, though his clear-cut features spoke a certain strength and much refinement.

"Bah! I t'ink you dam poor feller," he said finally. "'Ow you 'goin' stan' thees trip, eh? She's need beeg mans, not leetle runt like you."

Amusement at this frankness glimmered in Willard's eyes.

"You're like all ignorant people. You think in order to stand hardship a man should be able to toss a sack of flour in his teeth or juggle a cask of salt-horse."

"Sure t'ing," grinned Pierre. "That's right. Look at me. Mebbe you hear 'bout Pierre 'Fèroce' sometime, eh?"

"Oh, yes; everybody knows you; knows you're a big bully. I've seen you drink a quart of this wood alcohol they call whisky up here, and then jump the bar from a stand, but you're all animal—you haven't the refinement and the culture that makes real strength. It's the mind that makes us stand punishment."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Canadian. "W'at a fonny talk. She'll take the heducate man for stan' the col', eh? Mon Dieu!" He roared again till the sled dogs turned fearful glances backward and bushy tails drooped under the weight of their fright. Great noise came oftenest with great rage from Pierre, and they had too frequently felt the both to forget.

"Yes, you haven't the mentality. Sometime you'll use up your physical resources and go to pieces like a burned wick."

Pierre was greatly amused. His yellow teeth shone, and he gave vent to violent mirth as, following the thought, he pictured a naked mind wandering over the hills with the quicksilver at sixty degrees.

"Did you ever see a six-day race? Of course not; you barbarians haven't sunk to the level of our dissolute East, where we joy in Roman spectacles, but if you had you'd see it's will that wins; it's the man that eats his soul by inches. The educated soldier stands the campaign best. You run too much to muscle—you're not balanced."

"I t'ink mebbe you'll 'ave chance for show 'im, thees stout will of yours. She's goin' be long 'mush' troo the mountains, plentee snow, plentee cold."

Although Pierre's ridicule was galling, Willard felt the charm of the morning too strongly to admit of anger or to argue his pet theory.

The sun, brilliant and cold, lent a paradoxical cheerfulness to the desolation, and, though never a sign of life broke the stillness around them, the beauty of the scintillant, gleaming mountains, distinct as cameos, that guarded the bay, appealed to him with the strange attraction of the Arctics; that attraction that calls and calls insistently, till men forsake God's country for its mystery.

He breathed the biting air cleaned by leagues of lifeless barrens and voids of crackling frost till he ached with the exhilaration of a perfect morning on the Circle.

Also before him undulated the grandest string of dogs the Coast had known. Seven there were, tall and gray, with tails like plumes, whom none but Pierre could lay hand upon, fierce and fearless as their master. He drove with the killing cruelty of a stampeder, and they loved him.

"You say you have grub cachèd at the old Indian hut on the Good Hope?" questioned Willard.

"Sure! Five poun' bacon, leetle flour and rice. I cachè one gum-boot too, ha! Good thing for make fire queeck, eh?"

"You bet; an old rubber boot comes handy when it's too cold to make shavings."

Leaving the coast, they ascended a deep and tortuous river where the snow lay deep and soft. One man on snow-shoes broke trail for the dogs till they reached the foothills. It was hard work, but infinitely preferable to that which followed, for now they came into a dangerous stretch of overflows. The stream, frozen to its bed, clogged the passage of the spring water beneath, forcing it up through cracks till it spread over the solid ice, forming pools and sheets covered with treacherous ice-skins. Wet feet are fatal to man and beast, and they made laborious detours, wallowing trails through

tangled willows waist deep in the snow smother, or clinging precariously to the overhanging bluffs. As they reached the river's source the sky blackened suddenly, and great clouds of snow rushed over the bleak hills, boiling down into the valley with a furious draught. They flung up their flimsy tent, only to have it flattened by the force of the gale that cut like well-honed steel. Frozen spots leaped out white on their faces, while their hands stiffened ere they could fasten the guy strings.

Finally, having lashed the tent bottom to the protruding willow tops, by grace of heavy lifting they strained their flapping shelter up sufficiently to crawl within.

"By Gar! She's blow hup ver' queeck," yelled Pierre, as he set the ten-pound sheet-iron stove, its pipe swaying drunkenly with the heaving tent.

"Good t'ing she hit us in the brush." He spoke as calmly as though danger was distant, and a moment later the little box was roaring with its oil-soaked kindlings.

"Will this stove burn green willow tops?" cried Willard.

"Sure! She's good stove. She'll burn hicicles eef you get 'im start one times. See 'im get red!"

They rubbed the stiff spots from their cheeks, then, seizing the axe, Willard crawled forth into the storm and dug at the base of the gnarled bushes. Occasionally a shrub assumed the proportions of a man's wrist—but rarely. Gathering an armful, he bore them inside, and twisting the tips into withes, he fed the fire. The frozen twigs sizzled and snapped, threatening to fail utterly, but with much blowing he sustained a blaze sufficient to melt a pot of snow. Boiling was out of the question, but the tea leaves became soaked and the bacon cauterized.

Pierre freed and fed the dogs. Each gulped its dried salmon, and, curling in the lee of the tent, was quickly drifted over. Next he cut blocks from the solid bottom snow and built a barricade to windward. Then he accumulated a mow of willow tops without the tent-fly. All the time the wind drew down the valley like the breath of a giant bellows.

"Supper," shouted Willard, and as Pierre crawled into the candle-light he found him squatted, fur-bundled, over the stove, which settled steadily into the snow, melting its way downward toward a firmer foundation.

The heat was insufficient to thaw the frozen sweat in his clothes; his eyes were bleary and wet from smoke, and his nose needed continuous blowing, but he spoke pleasantly, a fact which Pierre noted with approval.

"We'll need a habeas corpus for this stove if you don't get something to hold her up, and I might state, if it's worthy of mention, that your nose is frozen again."

Pierre brought an armful of stones from the creek edge, distributing them beneath the stove on a bed of twisted willows; then swallowing their scanty, half-cooked food, they crawled, shivering, into the deerskin sleeping bags, that animal heat might dry their clammy garments.

Four days the wind roared and the ice filings poured over their shelter while they huddled beneath. When one travels on rations delay is dangerous. Each morning, dragging themselves out into the maelstrom, they took sticks and poked into the drifts for dogs. Each animal as found was exhumed, given a fish, and became straightway reburied in the whirling white that seethed down from the mountains.

On the fifth, without warning, the storm died, and the air stilled to a perfect silence.

"These dog bad froze," said Pierre, swearing earnestly as he harnessed. "I don' like eet much. They goin' play hout I'm 'fraid." He knelt and chewed from between their toes the ice pellets that had accumulated. A malamoot is hard pressed to let his feet mass, and this added to the men's uneasiness.

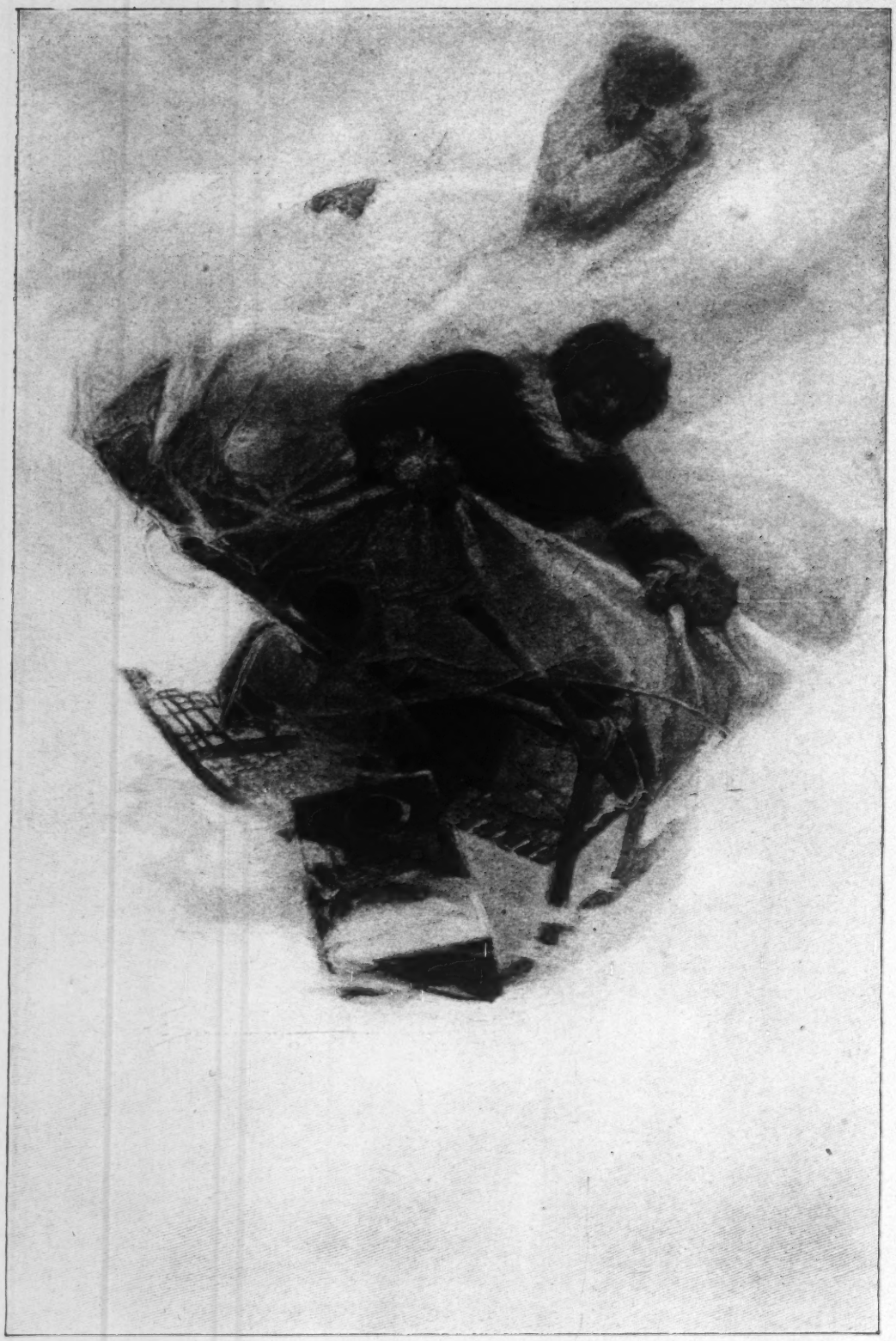
As they mounted the great divide, mountains rolled away on every hand, barren, desolate, marble-white; always the whiteness; always the listening silence that oppressed like weight. Myriads of creek valleys radiated below in a bewildering maze of twisting seams.

"Those are the Ass's Ears, I suppose," said Willard, gazing at two great fangs that bit deep into the sky-line. "Is it true that no man has ever reached them?"

"Yes. The hinjun say that's w'ere hall the storm come from, biccause w'en the win' blow troo the Ass's Ear, look out! Somebody goin' ketch 'ell."

Dogs' feet wear quickly after freezing, for crusted snow cuts like a knife. Spots of blood showed in their tracks, growing more plentiful till every print was a crimson stain. They limped pitifully on their raw pads, and

"they labored up the steep slope, wallowing in the sliding snow"



"the storm was on them, roaring down from every side, swooping out of the boiling sky"

occasionally one whined. At every stop they sank in the track, licking their lacerated paws, rising only at the cost of much whipping.

On the second night, faint and starved, they reached the hut. Digging away the drifts, they crawled inside to find it half full of snow—snow which had sifted through the crevices. Pierre groped among the shadows and swore excitedly.

"What's up?" said Willard.

Vocal effort of the simplest is exhausting when spent with hunger, and these were the first words he had spoken for hours.

"By Gar! she's gone. Somebody stole my grub!"

Willard felt a terrible sinking, and his stomach cried for food.

"How far is it to the Crooked River Road House?"

"One long day drive—forty mile."

"We must make it to-morrow or go hungry, eh? Well this isn't the first dog fish I ever ate." Both men gnawed a moldy dried salmon from their precious store.

As Willard removed his footgear he groaned.

"W'at's the mattaire?"

"I froze my foot two days ago—snowshoe strap too tight." He exhibited a heel, from which, in removing his inner sock, the flesh and skin had come away.

"That's all right," grinned Pierre. "You got the beeg will lef' yet. It take the heducate man for stan' the col', you know."

Willard gritted his teeth.

They awoke to the whine of a gray windstorm that swept the cutting snow in swirling clouds and made travel a madness. The next day was worse.

Two days of hunger weigh heavy when the cold weakens, and they grew gaunt and fell away in their features.

"I'm glad we've got another feed for the dogs," remarked Willard. "We can't let *them* run hungry, even if *we* do."

"I t'ink she's be hall right to-mor'," ventured Pierre. "Thees ain't snow—jus' win'; bimeby all blow hout. Sacré! I'll can eat 'nuff for 'ole harmy."

For days both men had been cold, and the sensation of complete warmth had come to seem strange and unreal, while their faces cracked where the spots had been.

Willard felt himself on the verge of collapse. He recalled his words about strong men, gazing the while at Pierre. The Canadian evinced suffering only in the haggard droop of eye and mouth; otherwise he looked strong and dogged.

Willard felt his own features had shrunk to a mask of loose-jawed suffering, and he set his mental sinews, muttering to himself.

He was dizzy and faint as he stretched himself in the still morning air upon waking, and hobbled painfully, but as his companion emerged from the darkened shelter into the crystalline brightness he forgot his own misery at sight of him. The big man reeled as though struck when the dazzle from the hills reached him, and he moaned, shielding his sight. Snow blindness had found him in a night.

Slowly they plodded out of the valley, for hunger gnawed acutely, and they left a trail of blood tracks from the dogs. It took the combined efforts of both men to lash them to foot after each pause. Thus progress was slow and fraught with agony.

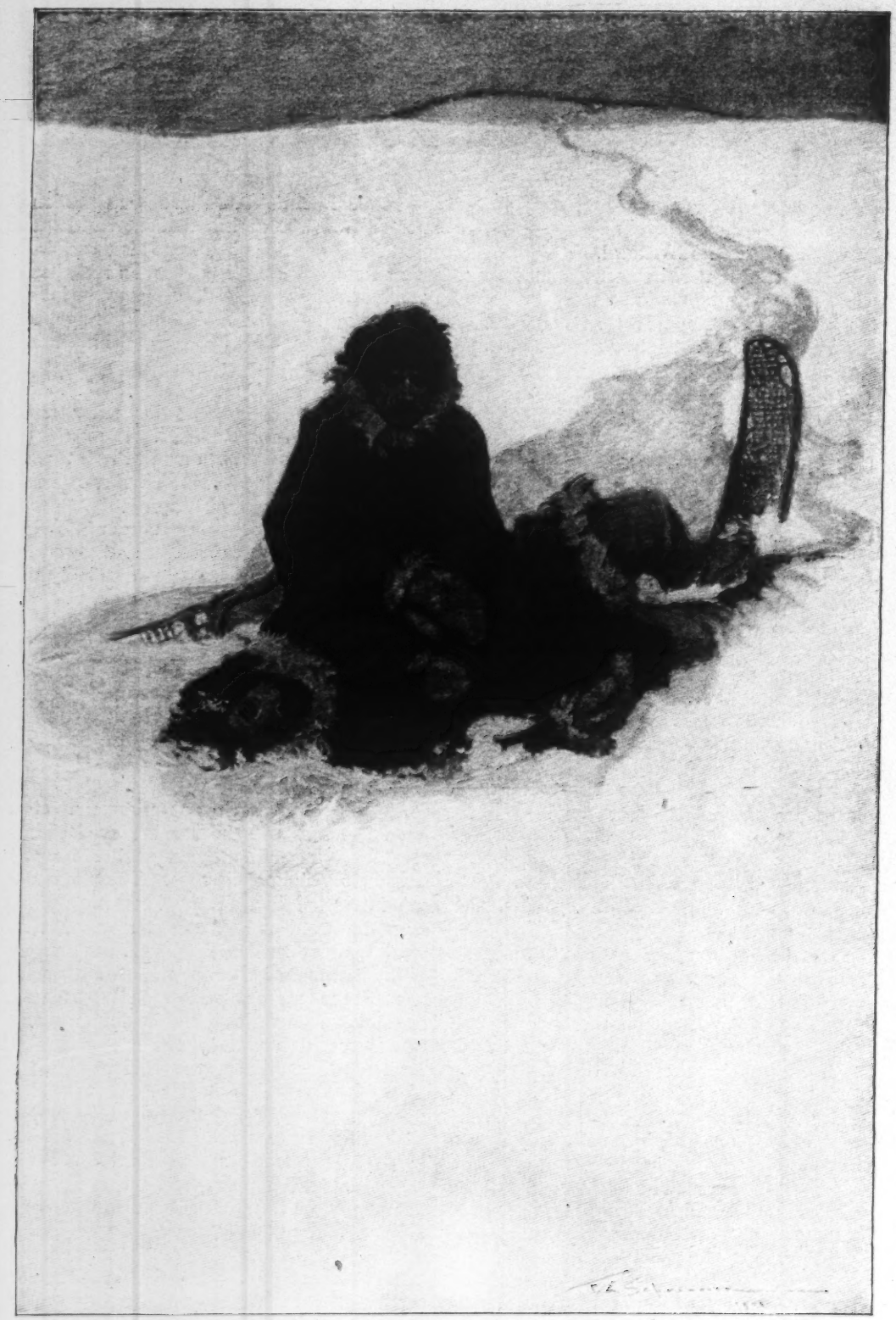
As they rose near the pass, miles of Arctic wastes bared themselves. All about towered bald domes, while everywhere stretched the monotonous white, the endless snow unbroken by tree or shrub, pallid and menacing, maddening to the eye.

"Thank God, the worst's over," sighed Willard, flinging himself onto the sled. "We'll make it to the summit next time; then she's down hill all the way to the road house."

Pierre said nothing.

Away to the northward glimmered the Ass's Ears, and as the speaker eyed them carelessly he noted gauzy shreds and streamers veiling their tops. The phenomena interested him, for he knew that here must be wind—wind, the terror of the bleak tundra; the hopeless, merciless master of the barrens! However, the distant range beneath the twin peaks showed clear-cut and distinct against the sky, and he did not mention the occurrence to the guide, although he recalled the words of the Indians: "Beware of the wind through the Ass's Ears."

Again they labored up the steep slope, wallowing in the sliding snow, straining silently at the load; again they threw themselves, exhausted, upon it. Now, as he eyed the panorama below, it seemed to have suffered a subtle change, indefinable and odd. Although but a few minutes had elapsed, the coast mountains no longer loomed clear against the horizon, and his visual range appeared foreshortened, as though the utter



"'Dat no good. I'm goin' freeze right 'ere—freeze stiff as 'ell. Au revoir.'"

distances had lengthened, bringing closer the edge of things. The twin peaks seemed endlessly distant and hazy, while the air had thickened as though congested with possibilities, lending a remoteness to the landscape.

"If it blows up on us here, we're gone," he thought, "for it's miles to shelter, and we're right in the saddle of the hills."

Pierre, half blinded as he was, arose uneasily and cast the air like a wild beast, his great head thrown back, his nostrils quivering.

"I smell the win'," he cried. "Mon Dieu! She's goin' blow!"

A volatile pennant floated out from a near-by peak, hanging about its crest like faint smoke. Then along the brow of the pass writhed a wisp of drifting, twisting flaklets, idling hither and yon, astatic and aimless, settling in a hollow. They sensed a thrill and rustle to the air, though never a breath had touched them; then, as they mounted higher, a draught fanned them, icy as interstellar space. The view from the summit was grotesquely distorted, and glancing upward they found the guardian peaks had gone asmoke with clouds of snow that whirled confusedly, while an increasing breath sucked over the summit, stronger each second. Dry snow began to rustle slothfully about their feet. So swiftly were the changes wrought, that before the mind had grasped their import the storm was on them, roaring down from every side, swooping out of the boiling sky, a raging blast from the voids of sunless space.

Pierre's shouts as he slashed at the sled lashings were snatched from his lips in scattered scraps. He dragged forth the whipping tent and threw himself upon it with the sleeping bags. Having cut loose the dogs, Willard crawled within his sack and they drew the flapping canvas over them. The air was twilight and heavy with efflorescent granules that hurtled past in a drone.

They removed their outer garments that the fur might fold closer against them, and lay exposed to the full hate of the gale. They hoped to be drifted over, but no snow could lodge in this hurricane, and it sifted past, dry and sharp, eddying out a bare place wherein they lay. Thus the wind drove the chill to their bones bitterly.

An unnourished human body responds but weakly, so, vitiated by their fast and labors, their suffering smote them with tenfold cruelty.

All night the north wind shouted, and, as the next day waned with its violence undiminished, the frost crept in upon them till they rolled and tossed, shivering. Twice they essayed to crawl out, but were driven back to cover for endless, hopeless hours.

It is in such black, aimless times that thought becomes distorted. Willard felt his mind wandering through bleak dreams and tortured fancies, always to find himself harping on his early argument with Pierre: "It's the mind that counts." Later he roused to the fact that his knees, where they pressed against the bag, were frozen; also his feet were numb and senseless. In his acquired consciousness he knew that along the course of his previous mental vagary lay madness, and the need of action bore upon him imperatively.

He shouted to his mate, but "Wild" Pierre seemed strangely apathetic.

"We've got to run for it at daylight. We're freezing. Here! Hold on! What are you doing? Wait for daylight!" Pierre had scrambled stiffly out of his cover and his gabblings reached Willard. He raised a clenched fist into the darkness of the streaming night, cursing horribly with words that appalled the other.

"Man! man! don't curse your God. This is bad enough as it is. Cover up. Quick!"

Although apparently unmindful of his presence, the other crawled back muttering.

As the dim morning grayed the smother they rose and fought their way downward toward the valley. Long since they had lost their griping hunger, and now held only an apathetic indifference to food, with a cringing dread of the cold and a stubborn sense of their extreme necessity.

They fell many times, but gradually drew themselves more under control, the exercise suscitating them, as they staggered downward, blinded and buffeted, their only hope the road house.

Willard marveled dully at the change in Pierre. His great face had shriveled to blackened freezes stretched upon a bony substructure, and lighted by feverish, glittering, black, black eyes. It seemed to him that his own lagging body had long since failed, and that his aching, naked soul wandered stiffly through the endless day. As night approached Pierre stopped frequently, propping himself with legs far apart; sometimes

he laughed. Invariably this horrible sound shocked Willard into a keener sense of the surroundings, and it grew to irritate him, for the Frenchman's mental wanderings increased with the darkness. What made him rouse one with his awful laughter? These spells of walking insensibility were pleasanter far. At last the big man fell. To Willard's mechanical endeavors to help he spoke sleepily, but with the sanity of a man under great stress.

"Dat no good. I'm goin' freeze right 'ere—freeze stiff as 'ell. Au revoir."

"Get up!" Willard kicked him weakly, then sat upon the prostrate man as his own faculties went wandering.

Eventually he roused, and digging into the snow buried the other, first covering his face with the ample parka hood. Then he struck down the valley. In one lucid spell he found he had followed a sled trail, which was blown clear and distinct by the wind that had now almost died away.

Occasionally his mind grew clear, and his pains beat in upon him till he grew furious at the life in him which refused to end, which forced him ever through this gauntlet of misery. More often he was conscious only of a vague and terrible extremity outside of himself that goaded him forever forward. Anon he strained to recollect his destination. His features had set in an implacable grimace of physical torture—like a runner in the fury of a finish—till the frost hardened them so. At times he fell heavily, face downward; and at length upon the trail, lying so till that omnipresent coercion that had frozen in his brain drove him forward.

He heard his own voice maundering through lifeless lips like that of a stranger: "The man that can eat his soul will win, Pierre."

Sometimes he cried like a child and slaver ran from his open mouth, freezing at his breast. One of his hands was going dead. He stripped the left mitten off and drew it laboriously over the right. One he would save at least, even though he lost the other. He looked at the bare member dully, and he could not tell that the cold had eased till the bitterness was nearly out of the air. He labored with the fitful spurts of a machine run down.

Ten men and many dogs lay together in the Crooked River Road House through the storm. At late bedtime of the last night came a scratching on the door.

"Somebody's left a dog outside," said a teamster, and rose to let him in. He opened the door only to retreat affrightedly.

"My God!" he said. "My God!" and the miners crowded forward.

A figure tottered over the portal, swaying drunkenly. They shuddered at the sight of its face as it crossed toward the fire. It did not walk; it shuffled, haltingly, with flexed knees and hanging shoulders, the strides measuring inches only—a grisly burlesque upon senility.

Pausing in the circle, it mumbled thickly, with great effort, as though gleaning words from infinite distance:

"Wild Pierre—frozen—buried—in—snow—hurry!" Then he straightened and spoke strongly, his voice flooding the room:

"It's the mind, Pierre. Ha! ha! ha! The mind."

He cackled hideously, and plunged forward into a miner's arms.

It was many days before his delirium broke. Gradually he felt the pressure of many bandages upon him, and the hunger of convalescence. As he lay in his bunk the past came to him hazy and horrible; then the hum of voices, one loud, insistent, and familiar.

He turned weakly, to behold Pierre propped in a chair by the stove, frost-scarred and pale, but aggressive even in recuperation. He gesticulated fiercely with a bandaged hand, hot in controversy with some big-limbed, bearded strangers.

"Bah! You fellers no good—too beeg in the ches', too leetle in the forehead. She'll tak' the heducate mans for stan' the 'ard-sheep—lak' me an' Meestaire Weelard."

The bronze of George William Curtis, which was reproduced as a frontispiece in the October number, was erroneously credited to Augustus St. Gaudens; it should have been credited to J. Q. A. Ward.—THE EDITOR.

THE INCREASE OF LAWLESSNESS IN THE UNITED STATES

BY

S. S. McCLURE

I PRINT herewith comments on the prevalence of crime and lawlessness in the United States, taken almost at random from representative and serious newspapers, and from the published statements of judges and citizens. I also print the statistics of murders and homicides in the United States which have been collected for twenty-three years by the *Chicago Tribune*. These statistics confirm the general impression regarding the rapid and alarming increase of lawlessness in our country. At present there are four and a half times as many murders and homicides for each million of people in the United States as there were in 1881.

PRESENT-DAY ANARCHY

(*Editorial from the Indianapolis News*)

"There is something very like civil, or, worse yet, social, war in Chicago. Men have been brutally beaten . . . the police have been quarreled with for trying to maintain order, and on Saturday a man was killed. Last week there was a shameful negro-burning in Georgia. There have recently been labor riots in New York City. We all know of the war on law and order in Colorado . . . And we have just had a touch of anarchy in the army. What does it all mean? Are our people losing, not merely their respect for law, but their very sense of what law means? . . . Corporations, aided and abetted by able lawyers . . . violate laws, or evade them. . . . The railroads in this city have hardly made a pretense of complying with the ordinances requiring flagmen and safety gates. . . . The water company gives us sometimes pure and sometimes river water. . . . Trades-unions trample on the law at will . . . .

"One cause for this deplorable condition is the dull indifference of the people. They do not insist that the laws be enforced. Almost a year ago sixteen people were killed in this city by a railroad in a so-called accident. No one was punished. The people did not care about having any one punished. . . .

"Another cause is to be found in our extremely low conception of the nature of the State. We look on it as an agency which, if not closely limited, will be used for preventing us from doing what we wish to do, and not as the embodiment of the law made by all and for all. So, when it intervenes to enforce the law, we hold the intervention to be against us, and not in behalf of the law. Is not this the mental attitude of most of us? . . . We try to use it, not for all of us, but for some of us. Matthew Arnold, in discussing this very question of anarchy, sought to 'make the State more and more the expression, as we say, of our best self, which is not manifold, and vulgar, and unstable, and contentious, and ever varying, but one, and noble, and secure, and peaceful, and the same for all mankind.' We certainly need education in this direction."

THE REIGN OF LAW IS INCOMPLETE

(*Editorial from the New York World*)

"In Rochester a woman who under admittedly grave provocation stabbed another woman dead was found, in a legal trial, 'not guilty.' She was lionized by the jurors and plainly made to feel herself a heroine in the

public estimation. That she should suffer the extreme penalty was not to be expected; neither was it meet to praise one who takes the law in her own hands and by killing avenges an offense for which no law provides the death penalty.

"In New York a labor leader, in an interview in the *World*, boldly stated that he had recruited in this city a powerful and pivotal labor union by the simple method of beating into subjection individual men who hesitated to join it, and that the union thus formed had discouraged non-union competition by 'some gorgeous fights.' Of 'twenty mix-ups in one day' he boasts.

"The reflection is that the reign of law is among us still discouragingly incomplete. The needed action is . . . that in Rochester public sentiment should make it clear that private vengeance is not held admirable; that in New York conservative labor leaders should in word and deed disavow the baleful notion that labor's cause is to be advanced by assault and battery."

CUNNING EVASIONS OF LAW

(*A Judge on Lawlessness*)

Chief Justice Charles B. Lore, of the Supreme Court of Delaware, said at the session of the Universal Peace Union:

"Lawlessness pervades the land, unrest and discontent breed over-apparent prosperity. We have become the money center of the world, but this has bred a feverish appetite for gold, with all its vulgar accompaniments. . . .

"We would call a halt upon our captains of industry who have brought our country to its present height of frenzied speculation. Plants worth only thousands of dollars are, by the magic of watered stocks and glittering advertisements, swollen into millions.

"Gigantic frauds are palmed upon the people as successful business enterprises. Our greatest financiers are racking their brains to circumvent the law and the people, and by lawlessness achieve wealth, being careful only to keep outside of actual violence and the common jail.

"When their cunning evasions of the law are crowned with success all men are tempted to lawlessness. Captains of industry, how much of the unrest, the mob violence, and the labor troubles of the time, have been bred and fostered by your methods? We ask for an answer!"

THE INCREASE OF HOMICIDE

(*A Judge's Charge to a Jury*)

In his charge to the grand jury at Montgomery, Ala., recently, Judge Thomas uttered strong warning against the increase in the number of homicides in this country and emphasized the necessity for stricter enforcement of the law, especially in the punishment of crimes of violence. He quoted figures to show that the number of homicides in the United States for three years was one-third larger than either the total number of persons killed upon the American railroads in the same period or the total losses of the British army in the war in South Africa. The exact figures given by Judge Thomas were: Killed on railroads, 21,847; British loss in Boer war, 22,000; homicides in the United States, 31,395.

THE LAW'S DELAYS

(*From the Chicago Record-Herald*)

"In his article in a recent number of the *Independent* Judge Brewer has elaborated his reasoning on broader grounds. 'Justice delayed,' he says, 'is often justice denied.' He aims to show that appeals on technicalities and the delays incident thereto tend to pervert justice, not to assure it, and that in consequence criminals become bolder and crime more frequent; while, in still further consequence, the people feel forced now and then to take the law into their own hands."

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT ON LAWLESSNESS

(*From the New York Evening Post*)

"In an address on 'Suggestion and Crime' delivered before the members of the Patria Club in the Hotel Savoy last evening, President Henry Hopkins, of Williams College, declared that the prevalence of crime in this country was greater at the present time than ever before, and that the foundations of the national life are threatened.

"'The heart of the American people,' said President Hopkins, 'is sound and its head is level. Nevertheless, the foundations of personal character and our national life are seriously threatened. There are some very ugly features in the present situation. There is abounding evidence of an alarming increase in crime, of crime of every sort, but especially of the kind that undermines honesty, chastity, and respect for law. We have

been discussing and revising penal codes, improving our houses of correction, and correcting our prison discipline, and in the meantime crime has been multiplying. In philanthropic work we have been seeking to rescue the fallen rather than to prevent a man from falling. It is a thousand times better to stand in the way of his fall and ten thousand times more hopeful than to raise him, broken, bruised, and defiled, after he is down.'"

ON EASTERN CONDITIONS — NEW YORK'S EPIDEMIC OF CRIME

(*Editorial from the Chicago Record-Herald*)

"New York has always regarded Chicago as the special home of crimes of violence. The street 'hold-up' has indeed been known throughout the country as a peculiarly Chicago crime—one which could not find equally favorable opportunities in any other city.

"Now, however, New York herself is gravely concerned over an epidemic of murders, robberies, and hold-ups. Her police seem utterly ineffective, and she is looking about to discover the cause and find a remedy.

"It is less than two decades since James Bryce wrote his 'American Commonwealth.' He was then able to give the highest praise to the law-abiding spirit of the American people. Should he rewrite his chapter as a result of his visit to this country this fall, he would have a different story to tell. The violence and the indifference to violence shown by our great cities, Chicago included, are symptomatic of a great and rapid change that is passing over the country. If the 'Anglo-Saxon' respect for law and order is leaving us, it is high time to start a revival of it."

UNPUNISHED CRIME IN PITTSBURG

(*Pittsburg Gazette, November* 12, 1903)

TWELVE MURDERS ARE UNAVENGED

BLACK RECORD FOR THE PITTSBURG POLICE IN A LITTLE OVER TEN MONTHS

ESCAPE OF THE ASSASSINS

IN MANY INSTANCES THE OFFICIALS DO NOT EVEN KNOW WHO COMMITTED THE CRIMES—IN OTHER CASES THE MURDERERS WERE ALLOWED TO GET AWAY

"Since the first of the year twenty-six murders have been committed within the city limits and the assassins of twelve of the victims have escaped the police and detectives. In some instances the officers know who the slayers are, and in others they have been unable to obtain the slightest clue to the murderers."

ON WESTERN CONDITIONS—THE ROOT OF THE EVIL

(*Editorial from the Chicago Daily News*)

"Not only are robberies increasing in number in Chicago, but the highwaymen are more bold and more desperate than formerly. There has been a marked and significant change in the character of these crimes during recent years. Formerly the footpad rarely resorted to violence save as a means of avoiding arrest. To-day the robber's weapon is used to injure, maim, and kill. . . .

"In seeking to account for this outbreak of criminality, Ald. Mavor makes some observations that deserve consideration. We are experiencing the results, he thinks, of a widespread contempt for law and authority. 'No one respects law,' he says. 'No one respects the courts. The courts don't respect themselves.' The generalizations may be too sweeping to be accurate, but undoubtedly they rest upon a basis of fact. If the people, through their constituted authorities, do not compel the enforcement of laws, do not demand prompt and efficient action from the lower courts, do not maintain the conditions which discourage crime, why expect the criminal classes to respect the law? The police force should be used to wipe out the saloon dives and other miserable rat-holes which are the hold-up man's headquarters and base of operations. The police courts should hold every man accused of a serious crime to the grand jury instead of sending him to the Bridewell on an inadequate fine.

"The responsibility for many of the failures to enforce law and administer justice is not hard to place. It is the 'political pull' that protects the dive-keeper, and it is the same villainous influence that hampers the administration of justice and secures light sentences and Bridewell pardons. So far as this perversion of political power is due to public apathy and indifference, Ald. Mavor is right. Crime is but the natural result of tolerating abuses that breed crime. Were every lawless saloon closed, were every vagrant promptly and properly dealt with

by the police magistrates, crime would be suppressed. These are reforms for which it is not necessary to wait. Proper action by responsible authorities would bring them about immediately."

CRIME IN SAN FRANCISCO

(*San Francisco despatch to the New York Sun*)

"On the same day one assault, two hold-ups, and two burglaries were committed here. The recent record of violent crimes here is remarkable. For a fortnight there has been one robbery in San Francisco for every day. Since October 14, 1898, 114 murders, exclusive of Chinese killings, have been committed in this city, but at this writing no one has been sent to the gallows.

"There have been forty-seven murders for which no one was arrested. In twenty-eight instances the accused have been acquitted. Four are awaiting sentence of death, fifteen have been sentenced to life imprisonment, and six for terms less than life, ten committed suicide, and four cases are pending."

CRIME IN CHICAGO

(*Chicago Record-Herald, September* 21, 1904)

SWEEP OF CRIME OVER WHOLE CITY AROUSES CITIZENS

NEED OF REMEDY FOR PRESENT REIGN OF LAWLESSNESS IS HELD BY ALL TO BE URGENT

SEVERAL PLANS SUGGESTED

PASTORS AND POLICE OFFICIALS TALK, PLACING BLAME ON SCHOOLS, STRIKES, AND ELSEWHERE

"With the city so held in the grasp of criminals that for neither life nor property is there security, the people are becoming aroused to one of the most serious problems that can confront a municipality.

"Full appreciation of the gravity of the situation was expressed yesterday by many men, and in the main it was held that an appeal to public sentiment was the only way in which the wave of crime now sweeping over Chicago could be checked. These same men declared conditions to be perilous, in that murders and robberies were startlingly on the increase, though the real season for the hold-up man and the burglar—early winter—had not yet arrived.

"It was pointed out that if the good name of the city was to be preserved and its people were to feel a reasonable measure of security, something must be done at once. Clergymen, police officers, city officials and famous thief-catchers expressed themselves with vehemence.

"Acting Mayor McGann declared that matters had come to such a pass that 'to-day crime and the criminal form the greatest question before the people of the nation.' "

ON SOUTHERN CONDITIONS — MAN-KILLING IN THE SOUTH

(*Editorial in the Charleston News and Courier*)

"The *Louisville Herald* printed some days ago 'a partial record' of the crimes of personal violence committed in Breathitt County in recent years. The 'partial' list shows that during the period named there were twenty-eight assassinations, or attempted assassinations, in that one county of the State of Kentucky, and that among the persons assassinated were three women. Last week one of the judges in Georgia declared from the bench that more homicides were committed in that State than in the whole British Empire. Here one person in a hundred is convicted and punished, while in England one in three is made to suffer.

"In South Carolina, as we have noted, the safest crime is the crime of taking human life. The conditions are the same in almost every Southern State. Murder and violence are the distinguishing marks of our present-day civilization. We do not enforce the law. We say by statute that murder must be punished by death, and murder is rarely punished by death, or rarely punished in any other way in this State, and in any of the Southern States, except where the murderer is colored, or is poor and without influence. Now, this state of affairs cannot last forever. We have grown so accustomed to the failure of justice in cases where human life is taken by violence that we excuse one failure and another until it will become a habit and the strong shall prevail over the weak, and the man who slays his brother shall be regarded as the incarnation of power."

STORY OF NEGRO KILLING

(*Editorial in the New York Evening Post*)

"How lightly the wanton killing of a negro has come to be regarded in some Southern communities is brought out by an incident

of the week at Memphis, which hardly needs comment. An inoffensive negro was hawking chickens about the street, when Patrolman Boyles, who was not in uniform at the time, jumped to the conclusion that the chickens had been stolen, and arrested the man. While he went to put on his uniform he left his prisoner in custody of a nearby grocer, rightly named Slaughter, to whom he handed his pistol, with the offhand injunction, 'If he tries to get away from you, kill him.' Slaughter's assertion that the negro made a break for liberty is disputed by the testimony of bystanders, but at all events he fired on the negro, wounding him so severely that he died the next morning. 'Well, you got him, didn't you?' said Boyles on his return. 'If I didn't, I almost,' answered Slaughter with a smile. The policeman's only statement in palliation of the unprovoked killing was that the deputy to whom he delegated his authority had 'taken his instructions literally.' The most shocking feature of the affair is that Slaughter has not been arrested, and the policeman is apparently to continue on his beat. The *Commercial-Appeal* may well exclaim in bitterness, 'Life in this community is cheap; the life of a negro is so valueless that it is freely taken without fear of future punishment in this world.' "

CRIME IN SOUTH CAROLINA

(*From the New York Sun*)

"The fact that 222 homicides were committed in South Carolina during the year 1903 has been published. Captain Charles Petty, of Spartanburg, S. C., was asked the other day what in his opinion were the causes leading to such a record. He replied:

"'Our own citizens were less shocked by the bloody record than those of other States, *for we had by degrees got accustomed to homicide*. It did not appear to be a phenomenal record, even to our law-abiding, conservative citizens. They understood how it was brought about. It would be well for people outside of the State to learn that this record is only the logical result of many years' infraction of law.

"'Some of the jurors are always in sympathy with this sentiment which has led to the reckless taking of life, and it is impossible to find twelve men who will convict for murder. Especially is this the case when the accused belongs to the party in control, and which has had much to do in the election of judges. Men who are good and true under ordinary circumstances cannot stand the pressure of the church and partizan politics when brought to bear in trials for murder.'"

CHICAGO COMPARED WITH LONDON AND PARIS IN CRIME

(*Editorial from the Chicago Daily News*)

"There is less crime in English cities as a rule than in American cities, because of the more efficient police systems abroad, and the absence of political considerations in the administration of police forces. London, with an area of 688 square miles and a population of 6,500,000, had twenty-four murders last year. There was no 'undiscovered crime,' as the murderers were all arrested, except in four cases, where they committed suicide. Chicago, with less than one-third of the population and area covered by the London or metropolitan police, had 128 homicides reported. In eighteen cases the murderers were killed at the time of the crime or committed suicide; four other cases were those of officers who did the killing in the performance of their duties, leaving 106 cases for the police to work upon. Out of that number, thirty-four convictions were secured, while in nineteen cases no arrests were made, and in fifty-three cases the arrests did not result in convictions. London has proportionately a larger police force, and the London judges sentenced nine prisoners to be hung and sent four to an insane asylum. Only one man was hung in Chicago. Clearly, the London police and the London judges are much above those of Chicago in the performance of their duty."

(*Editorial from the Chicago Journal*)

"In Chicago during the past year there were 118 homicides, besides a large number of deadly assaults, in which the victims recovered or partially recovered.

"In Paris, according to statistics just completed by the police in that city, only fifteen murders or attempted murders occurred in the same period. In London, three or four times the size of Chicago in population, there were twenty murders.

"These figures illustrate the situation in Chicago. More than eight times as many murders in Chicago as in Paris! Six times as many as in London!

STATISTICS OF MURDERS AND HOMICIDES IN THE UNITED STATES

Below are summaries of the statistics of murders and homicides collected by the *Chicago Tribune* since 1881, to which I have already referred. The statement of the number of murders and homicides includes all deaths by violence reported in the newspapers of the various states and territories. These deaths were the results of quarrels, liquor, jealousy, love affairs, domestic troubles, robberies, resisting arrest, infanticide, insanity, self-defense, riots, strikes, outrages, and unknown causes.

To more graphically convey the meaning of these figures for each year, I have had them compared for Table I with the estimated population of the United States for each year since 1881. These comparisons reveal some interesting and important facts. For example, in 1881 the ratio of murders and homicides to population is one to 40,534 inhabitants, while in 1902 it was one murder or homicide to 8,955 inhabitants. It will be seen that during the years of financial depression immediately following the year of the panic, 1893, murders and homicides were more common than at any time before or since. In 1895 the ratio was one murder or homicide to 6,575 inhabitants. That year's record is the worst in the history of the country. In 1899 the record was better, but since that time it has been gradually growing worse.

TABLE I—NUMBER OF MURDERS AND HOMICIDES IN THE UNITED STATES EACH YEAR SINCE 1881, COMPARED WITH THE POPULATION

(From statistics compiled by the *Chicago Tribune*)

Year	Number of Murders and Homicides in the United States	Number of Murders and Homicides that would have been Committed if Rate per Million People had continued as it was in 1881	Estimated Population of the United States	Number of People for each Murder or Homicide	Number of Murders and Homicides for each Million of People	Number of Suicides in the United States	Number of Hangings in the United States
1881	1,266	1266	51,316,000	40,534	24.7	605	90
1882	1,467	1295	52,495,000	35,784	27.9	734	121
1883	1,697	1324	53,693,000	31,640	31.6	727	107
1884	1,465	1354	54,911,000	37,478	26.7	842	123
1885	1,808	1384	56,148,000	31,055	32.2	978	108
1886	1,499	1411	57,404,000	38,295	26.1	914	83
1887	2,335	1447	58,680,000	25,130	39.8	1387	79
1888	2,184	1479	59,972,000	27,460	36.4	1487	87
1889	3,567	1512	61,289,000	17,123	58.2	2224	98
1890	4,290	1545	62,622,250	14,597	68.5	2640	102
1891	5,906	1577	63,947,000	10,826	92.4	3331	123
1892	6,791	1608	65,191,000	9,599	104.2	3860	107
1893	6,615	1639	66,456,000	10,046	99.5	4436	126
1894	9,800	1671	67,740,000	6,912	144.7	4912	132
1895	10,500	1703	69,043,000	6,575	152.2	5759	132
1896	10,652	1736	70,365,000	6,658	151.3	6530	122
1897	9,520	1768	71,704,000	7,532	132.8	6600	128
1898	7,840	1802	73,060,000	9,319	107.2	5920	109
1899	6,225	1836	74,433,000	11,957	83.6	5340	131
1900	8,275	1882	76,295,000	9,219	108.4	6755	117
1901	7,852	1918	77,754,000	9,902	100.9	7845	118
1902	8,834	1952	79,117,000	8,955	111.7	8132	144
1903	8,976				112	8597	124
TOTAL	129,464	35,109				82,555	2611

Table II presents the causes of murders and homicides in the United States for the years 1894-1900. These figures are all taken from statistics compiled by the *Chicago Tribune*. One fact of great importance developed by this table is that half of the murders and homicides in this country result from quarrels and brawls. This fact should be kept in mind when reference is made below to the general failure of the police to preserve order and to prevent crime.

TABLE II—CAUSES OF MURDERS AND HOMICIDES IN THE UNITED STATES, 1894–1900

(From statistics compiled by the *Chicago Tribune*)

Year	Quarrels	Unknown Causes	Jealousy	Liquor	By Highwaymen	Infanticide	Resisting Arrest	Highwaymen Killed	Strikes	Self Defense	Outrage	Riots	Insanity	TOTAL
1894	4536	1856	812	776	525	340	273	204	179	99	49	25	126	9,800
1895	4813	2466	1136	684	441	269	232	159	18	104	49	28	101	10,500
1896	5530	3561	401	159	200	300	52	100	10	48	28	10	253	10,652
1897	4638	2654	376	518	387	321	195	128	49	97	43	21	93	9,520
1898	3867	2697	205	207	222	248	147	82	22	33	5	25	80	7,840
1899	3309	1699	173	212	296	182	114	83	29	31	6	10	81	6,225
1900	4823	2187	210	289	239	159	83	85	58	28	8	13	93	8,275
TOTAL	31,516	17,120	3313	2845	2310	1819	1096	841	365	440	188	132	827	62,812

THE CAUSES OF THIS APPALLING INCREASE IN CRIME

I was led to consider the prevalence of crime by the results of the investigations made by this Magazine. It seemed to me incredible that legislators, mayors, aldermen, policemen—even justices of the peace and sometimes police judges—selected by the methods described in Mr. Steffens's articles, could fully protect life and property.

Governments are established and maintained chiefly for the purpose of protecting life and property.

Is it possible for officials to prevent ordinary crimes who are selected and elected generally for reasons other than special fitness for their tasks, and frequently for the definite purpose of robbing the people who elect them?

Can a body of policemen engaged in blackmail, persecution, and in shielding lawbreakers make a community law-abiding? Can a body of policemen engaged in criminal practices prevent others from committing crimes? Can a board of aldermen who for private gain combine to loot a city govern a city well?

We have described time and again the oligarchy which consists of these three classes:

1st. Saloon-keepers, gamblers, and others who engage in businesses that degrade.

2d. Contractors, capitalists, bankers, and others who can make money by getting franchises and other property of the community cheaper by bribery than by paying the community.

3d. Politicians who are willing to seek and accept office with the aid and endorsement of the classes already mentioned.

These three classes combine and get control of the party machine. They nominate and elect men who will agree to help them rob the city or state for the benefit of themselves and who will agree also not to enforce the laws in regard to the various businesses that degrade a community.

We find under various modifications this criminal oligarchy in control of many communities in the United States. We find representatives of this combination in the United

States Senate, among governors of states, state legislators, mayors, aldermen, police officials. We find them among men in business life—captains of industry, bankers, street-railway magnates. In short, wherever franchises or contracts of any kind are to be secured from a community, we find leading citizens in the ring to rob their own neighbors, managers of corporations bribing law-makers, lawyers for pay helping their clients to bribe safely, jurors refusing to render just verdicts.

These men—bribers of voters, voters who are bribed, bribers of aldermen and legislators, and aldermen and legislators who are bribed, men who secure control of law-making bodies and have laws passed which enable them to steal from their neighbors, men who have laws non-enforced and break laws regulating saloons, gambling houses, and, in short, all men who pervert and befoul the sources of law—these men we have called Enemies of the Republic.

They are worse—they are enemies of the human race. They are destroyers of a people. *They are murderers of a civilization.*

They constitute a class of criminals very different from ordinary criminals who break laws; these men destroy law.

The institutions of a self-governing people rise no higher than the people. And if these institutions are continued and perpetuated by such self-constituted oligarchies, our legislatures, boards of aldermen, governors, mayors, police, and to a less extent our courts, must become inefficient and corrupt.

When officials are bribed by an asphalt company, or school-book company, or street-railway company, or baking-powder company, or steam railway company, they suffer serious moral deterioration that renders them less honest and less fit to prevent crimes which they themselves might still deplore. And bribers also suffer degradation of character and destruction of conscience that make for more bribing and destruction of law.

When we shall point out in coming articles men who are engaged in securing such private gain—*which they really steal from their neighbors*—we shall all understand that their greatest crime is not the theft—for which they should be in the penitentiary—but the pollution of the law at its source—the destruction of the institutions not merely of the Republic, but of civilization itself.

It is easy to generalize and to turn your back and say, "I am an optimist," or, "after all, this is the best country in the world." But a man is not necessarily an optimist who, if his house is on fire refuses to look, and says, "I am an optimist, I don't believe it's on fire after all." Nor should we take all the credit for the enormous natural wealth of this great new continent—this wealth of soil and forest and mine that this people inherited in a day. We have the great task of digesting this enormous wealth, of making a great and law-abiding people.

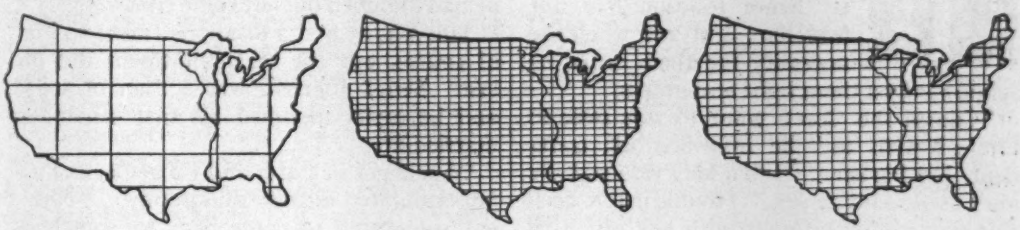
Some thoughtless people say "It's the foreigner." It is often carelessly said that these foreigners come to us from countries where murders and homicides are more common than here, that they have less inherent respect for the observance of law than we as a people have. Let us examine the facts. In 1900, according to the United States census, we had 10,356, 644 foreign born population in our country. These people came from the following countries, and in 1900 were among us in numbers as follows:

England	842,078	Germany	2,666,990
Wales	93,682	Canada and Newfoundland	1,181,255
Scotland	233,977	Sweden	573,040
Ireland	1,618,567	Norway	336,985
		Russia	424,096
Total United Kingdom	2,788,304	Italy	484,207

Poland	383,510	Cuba and West Indies*	25,586
Denmark	154,284	Hungary	145,802
Austria	276,249	Belgium	29,804
Bohemia	156,991	Portugal	30,618
France	104,341	Spain	7,072
China	81,827	South America	4,761
Switzerland	115,851	Other foreign countries	176,612
Holland	105,049	Total	10,356,644
Mexico	103,410		

*Except Porto Rico.

Of these 10,356,644 people only those from Russia (424,096) came from a country where there are more murders and homicides than there are here, and even in Russia the percentage but slightly exceeds ours. The other 9,932,548 came from countries no one of which has half as many murders and homicides per million of population as we do. And 2,788,304 of them (those from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales), came from countries where murders and homicides are less than one-tenth as common as they are here. Furthermore, American states in which American blood is purest, Kentucky for instance, have their full share of crime. So the records of murders and homicides in the various countries seem to show that foreigners in the United States acquire most of their disrespect for law after they come among us.



1881 1895 1903

DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE INCREASE OF MURDERS AND HOMICIDES IN THE UNITED STATES:

In each drawing there is both a perpendicular and a horizontal line for every five murders and homicides per million of population that year. For example, in 1881 there were about twenty-five murders and homicides per million of population. In the drawing for that year, therefore, there are five horizontal and five perpendicular lines—one for every five murders and homicides per million of population. It will be seen that murders and homicides were more prevalent in 1895 than now.

Our governments—city, county, and state—are inefficient and sometimes criminal. Under inefficient government the strong individual oppresses the weak. Take, for example, the extraordinary story of the Standard Oil Company, with its years of successfully crushing competition, that practically deprived men of their property and their business, with its control and selfish use of railroads that were given their franchise by the state for the good and equal use of all. A despotic government could do no worse.

WHAT WE ARE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT

There are men and groups of men in every community who realize these truths and who are at work, sometimes winning success like Folk of Missouri, sometimes working half a life-time with discouragement like Blankenburgh and others in Philadelphia, sometimes making slow and sure progress—which will be crowned with brilliant success—like the Municipal Voters' League in Chicago.

These and thousands of others are the pioneers of a new righteousness which shall become a new passion—*the Love of Country*. We shall see that new passion develop in the American people until we have obedience to the law, *because it is the law*, and the will of the state will be sufficient. And the briber, and the grafter, and the traitor who steals from his neighbors and pollutes the law will be unable to endure the scorn of his fellows.

THE RAWHIDE

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE SILENT PLACES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED (FRONTISPIECE) BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

CHAPTER VII

ESTRELLA

THE honeymoon developed and the necessary adjustments took place. The latter Señor Johnson had not foreseen; and yet, when the necessity for them arose, he acknowledged them right and proper.

"Course she don't want to ride over to Circle I with us," he informed his confident, Jed Parker. "It's a long ride and she ain't used to riding yet. Trouble is I've been thinking of doing things with her just as if she was a man. Women are different. They likes different things."

This second ideal gradually overlaid the first in Señor Johnson's mind. Estrella showed little aptitude or interest in the rougher side of life. Her husband's statement as to her being still unused to riding was distinctly a euphemism. Estrella never arrived at the point of feeling safe on a horse. In time she gave up trying and the sorrel drifted back to cow-punching. The range work she never understood. As a spectacle it imposed itself on her interest for a week; but since she could discover no real and vital concern in the welfare of cows, soon the mere outward show became an old story. Estrella's sleek nature avoided instinctively all that interfered with bodily well-being. When she was cool and well-fed and not thirsty, and surrounded by a proper degree of feminine daintiness, then she was ready to amuse herself. But she could not understand the desirability of those pleasures for which a certain price in discomfort must be paid. As for firearms, she confessed herself frankly afraid of them. That was the point at which her intimacy with them stopped.

The natural level to which these waters fell is easily seen. Quite simply, the Señor found that a wife does not enter fully into her husband's workaday life. The dreams he had dreamed did not come true.

This was at first a disappointment to him, of course, but the disappointment did not last. Señor Johnson was a man of sense, and he easily modified his first scheme of married life.

"She'd get sick of it and I'd get sick of it," he formulated his new philosophy. "Now I got something to come back to, somebody to look forward to. And it's a *woman*; it ain't one of these darn gangle-leg cow-girls. The great thing is to feel you *belong* to someone; and that some one nice and cool, and fresh and purty is waitin' for you when you come in tired. It beats that other little old idee of mine slick as a gun barrel."

So during this, the busy season of the range riding, immediately before the great fall round-ups, Señor Johnson rode abroad all day, and returned to his own hearth as many evenings of the week as he could. Estrella always saw him coming and stood in the doorway to greet him. He kicked off his spurs, washed and dusted himself, and spent the evening with his wife. He liked the sound of exactly that phrase, and was fond of repeating it to himself in a variety of connections. "When I get in I'll spend the evening with my wife." "If I don't have to ride over to Circle I, I'll spend the evening with my wife," and so on. He had a good deal to tell her of the day's discoveries, the state of the range, and the condition of the cattle. To all of this she listened at least with patience. Señor Johnson, like most men who have long delayed marriage, was self-centered without knowing it. His interest in his mate had to

do with her personality rather than with her doings.

"What you do with yourself all day to-day?" he occasionally inquired.

"Oh, there's lots to do," she would answer a trifle listlessly; and this reply always seemed quite to satisfy his interest in the subject.

Señor Johnson, with a curiously instant transformation often to be observed among the adventurous, settled luxuriously into the state of being a married man. Its smallest details gave him distinct and separate sensations of pleasure.

"I plumb likes it all," he said. "I likes havin' interest in some fool geranium plant, and I likes worryin' about the screen doors and all the rest of the plumb foolishness. It does me good. It feels like stretchin' your legs in front of a good warm fire."

The center, the compelling influence of this new state of affairs, was undoubtedly Estrella, and yet it is equally to be doubted whether she stood for more than the suggestion. Señor Johnson conducted his entire life with reference to his wife. His waking hours were concerned only with the thought of her, his every act revolved in its orbit controlled by her influence. Nevertheless she, as an individual human being, had little to do with it. Señor Johnson referred his life to a state of affairs he had himself invented and which he called the married state, and to a woman whose attitude he had himself determined upon and whom he designated as his wife. The actual state of affairs—whatever it might be—he did not see; and the actual woman supplied merely the material medium necessary to the reality of his idea. Whether Estrella's eyes were interested or bored, bright or dull, alert or abstracted, contented or afraid, Señor Johnson could not have told you. He might have replied promptly enough—that they were happy and loving. That is the way Señor Johnson conceived a wife's eyes.

The routine of life, then, soon settled. After breakfast the Señor insisted on his wife accompanying him on a short tour of inspection. "A little *pasear*," he called it, "just to get set for the day." Then his horse was brought, and he rode away on whatever business called him. Like a true son of the alkali he took no lunch with him, nor expected his horse to feed until his return. This was an hour before sunset. The evening passed as has been described. It was all very simple.

When the business hung close to the ranch house—as in the bronco busting, the rebranding of bought cattle, and the like—he was able to share his wife's day. Estrella conducted herself dreamily, with a slow smile for him when his actual presence insisted on her attention. She seemed much given to staring out over the desert. Señor Johnson, appreciatively, thought he could understand this. Again, she gave much leisure to rocking back and forth on the low, wide veranda, her hands idle, her eyes vacant, her lips dumb. Susie O'Toole had early proved incompatible and had gone.

"A nice contented home sort of a woman," said Señor Johnson.

One thing alone besides the desert, on which she never seemed tired of looking, fascinated her. Whenever a beef was killed for the uses of the ranch, she commanded strips of the green skin. Then, like a child, she bound them and sewed them and nailed them to substances particularly susceptible to their constricting power. She choked the necks of green gourds, she indented the tender bark of cottonwood shoots, she expended an apparently exhaustless ingenuity on the fabrication of mechanical devices whose principle answered to the pulling of the drying rawhide. And always along the adobe fence could be seen a long row of potatoes bound in skin, some of them fresh and smooth and round; some sweating in the agony of squeezing; some wrinkled and dry and little, the last drops of life tortured out of them. Señor Johnson laughed good humoredly at these toys; puzzled to explain their fascination for his wife.

"They's sure an amusing enough contraption, honey," said he, "but what makes you stand out there in the hot sun staring at them that way? It's cooler on the porch."

"I don't know," said Estrella, helplessly, turning her slow vacant gaze on him. Suddenly she shivered in a strong physical revulsion. "I don't know!" she cried with passion.

After they had been married about a month, Señor Johnson found it necessary to drive into Frog Flat.

"How would you like to go too, and buy some duds?" he asked Estrella.

"Oh!" she cried strangely. "When?"

"Day after to-morrow."

The trip decided, her entire attitude changed. The vacancy of her gaze lifted; her movements quickened; she left off staring at the desert, and her rawhide toys were neglected. Before starting, Señor Johnson gave

her a check-book. He explained that there were no banks in Frog Flat, but that Goodrich, the storekeeper, would honor her signature.

"Buy what you want to, honey," said he. "Tear her wide open. I'm good for it."

"How much can I draw?" she asked, smiling.

"As much as you want to," he replied with emphasis.

"Take care"—she poised before him with the check-book extended—"I may draw—I might draw fifty thousand dollars."

"Not out of Goodrich," he grinned; "you'd bust the game. But hold him up for the limit, anyway."

He chuckled aloud, pleased at the rare, bird-like coquetry of the woman. They drove to Frog Flat. It took them two days to go and two days to return. Estrella went through the town in a cyclone burst of enthusiasm, saw everything, bought everything, exhausted everything in two hours. Frog Flat was not a large place. On her return to the ranch she sat down at once in the rocking-chair on the veranda. Her hands fell in her lap. She stared out over the desert.

Señor Johnson stole up behind her, clumsy as a playful bear. His eyes followed the direction of hers to where a cloud shadow lay across the slope, heavy, palpable, untransparent, like a blotch of ink

"Pretty, isn't it, honey?" said he. "Glad to get back?"

She smiled at him her vacant slow smile.

"Here's my check-book," she said; "put it away for me. I'm through with it."

"I'll put it in my desk," said he. "It's in the left-hand cubby hole," he called from inside.

"Very well," she replied.

He stood in the doorway, looking fondly at her unconscious back and the pose of her blonde head thrown back against the high rocking-chair.

"That's the sort of a woman, after all," said Señor Johnson. "No blame fuss about her."

CHAPTER VIII

THE ROUND-UP

This, as you well may gather, was in the summer routine. Now the time of the great fall round-up drew near. The home ranch began to bustle in preparation.

All through Cochise County were short mountain ranges set down, apparently at random, like a child's blocks. In and out between them flowed the broad, plain-like valleys. On the valleys were the various ranges, great or small, controlled by the different individuals of the Cattlemen's Association. During the year an unimportant but certain shifting of stock took place. A few cattle of Señor Johnson's Lazy Y eluded the vigilance of his riders to drift over through the Grant Pass and into the ranges of his neighbor; equally, many of the neighbor's steers watered daily at Señor Johnson's troughs. It was a matter of courtesy to permit this; but one of the reasons for the fall round-up was a redistribution to the proper ranges. Each cattle-owner sent an outfit to the scene of labor. The combined outfits moved slowly from one valley to another, cutting out the strays, branding the late calves, collecting for the owner of that particular range all his stock that he might select his marketable beef. In turn each cattleman was host to his neighbors and their men.

This year it had been decided to begin the circle of the round-up at the C O Bar, near the banks of the San Pedro. Thence it would work eastward, wandering slowly in north and south deviation, to include all the country, until the final break-up would occur at the Lazy Y.

The Lazy Y crew was to consist of four men, thirty riding-horses, a "chuck wagon" and cook. These, helping others and receiving help in turn, would suffice; for in the round-up labor was pooled to a common end. With them would ride Jed Parker, to safeguard his master's interests.

For a week the punchers, in their daily rides, gathered in the range ponies. Señor Johnson owned fifty horses which he maintained at the home ranch for every-day riding; two hundred broken saddle animals, allowed the freedom of the range except when special occasion demanded their use; and perhaps half a thousand quite unbroken—brood mares, stallions, young horses, broncos, and the like. At this time of year it was his habit to corral all those saddlewise in order to select horses for the round-ups and to replace the ranch animals. The latter he turned loose for their turn at the freedom of the range.

The horses selected, next the men turned their attention to outfit. Each had, of course, his saddle, spurs, and "rope." Of the latter the "chuck wagon" carried many extra. That vehicle, furthermore, transported such articles as the blankets, the tarpaulins

under which to sleep, the running irons for branding, the cooking layout, and the men's personal effects. All was in readiness to move for the six weeks' circle when a complication arose. Jed Parker, while nimbly escaping an irritated steer, twisted the high heel of his boot on the corral fence. He insisted the injury amounted to nothing. Señor Johnson, however, disagreed.

"It don't amount to nothing, Jed," he pronounced, after manipulation, "but she might make a good able-bodied injury with a little coaxing. Rest her a week and then you'll be all right."

"Rest her, the devil!" growled Jed; "who's going to San Pedro?"

"I will, of course," replied the Señor promptly. "Didje think we'd send the Chink?"

"I was first cousin to a Yaqui jackass for sendin' young Billy Ellis out. He'll be back in a week. He'd do."

"So'd the President," the Señor pointed out; "I hear he's had some experience."

"I hate to have you to go," objected Jed. "There's the missis." He shot a glance sideways at his chief.

"I guess she and I can stand it for a week," scoffed the latter. "Why, we're old married folks by now. Besides, you can take care of her."

"I'll try," said Jed Parker, a little grimly.

CHAPTER IX

THE LONG TRAIL

The round-up crew started early the next morning, just about sun-up. Señor Johnson rode first, merely to keep out of the dust. Then followed Tom Rich, jogging along easily in the cow-puncher's "Spanish trot," whistling soothingly to quiet the horses, giving a lead to the band of saddle animals strung out loosely behind him. These moved on gracefully and lightly in the manner of the unburdened plains horse, half decided to follow Tom's guidance, half inclined to break to right or left. Homer Smith and Jim Lester flanked them, also riding in a slouch of apparent laziness, but every once in a while darting forward like bullets to turn back into the main herd certain individuals whom the early morning of the unwearied day had inspired to make a dash for liberty. The rear was brought up by Jerky Jones, the fourth cow-puncher, and the four-mule "chuck wagon," lost in its own dust.

The sun mounted; the desert went silently through its changes. Wind devils raised straight, true columns of dust six, eight hundred, even a thousand feet into the air. The billows of dust from the horses and men crept and crawled with them like a living creature. Glorious color, magnificent distance, astonishing illusion filled the world.

Señor Johnson rode ahead, looking at these things. The separation from his wife, brief as it would be, left room in his soul for the heart-hunger which beauty arouses in men. He loved the charm of the desert, yet it hurt him.

Behind him the punchers relieved the tedium of the march each after his own manner. In an hour the bunch of loose horses lost its early morning good spirits and settled down to a steady plodding that needed no supervision. Tom Rich led them now in silence, his time fully occupied in rolling Mexican cigarettes with one hand. The other three dropped back together and exchanged desultory remarks. Occasionally Jim Lester sang. It was always the same song of uncounted verses, but Jim had a strange fashion of singing a single verse at a time. After a long interval he would sing another.

"My Love is a rider
And broncos he breaks,
But he's given up riding
And all for my sake,
For he found him a horse
And it suited him so
That he vowed he'd ne'er ride
Any other bronco!"

He warbled, and then in the same breath:

"Say, boys, did you get onto the *pisano*-looking short horn at Frog Flat last week?"

"Nope."

"He sifted in wearin' one of these hard-boiled hats and carryin' a brogue thick enough to skate on. Says he wants a job drivin' team—that he drives a truck plenty back to St. Louis, where he comes from. Goodrich sets him behind them little pinto *caballos* he has. Say! that son of a gun a driver! He couldn't drive nails in a snow bank." An expressive free-hand gesture told all there was to tell of the runaway. "Th' short horn landed head first in Goldfish Charlie's horse trough. Charlie fishes him out. 'How the deuce, stranger,' says Charlie, 'did you come to fall in here?' 'You blamed fool,' says the short horn, just cryin' mad, 'I didn't come to fall in here, I come to drive horses.'"

And then, without a transitory pause:

"Oh, my love has a gun
And that gun he can use,
But he's quit his gun fighting
As well as his booze.
And he's sold him his saddle,
His spurs, and his rope,
And there's no more cow-punching
And that's what I hope."

The alkali dust, swirled back by a little breeze, billowed up and choked him. Behind the mules coughed, their coats whitening with the powder. Far ahead in the distance lay the westerly mountains. They looked an hour away, and yet every man and beast in the outfit knew that hour after hour they were doomed, by the enchantment of the land, to plod ahead without apparently getting an inch nearer. The only salvation was to forget the mountains and to fill the present moment full of little things.

But Señor Johnson to-day found himself unable to do this. In spite of his best efforts he caught himself straining toward the distant goal, becoming impatient, trying to measure progress by land marks—in short, acting like a tenderfoot on the desert who wears himself down and dies, not from the hardship, but from the nervous strain which he does not know how to avoid. Señor Johnson knew this as well as you and I. He cursed himself vigorously, and began with great resolution to think of something else.

He was aroused from this by Tom Rich, riding alongside. "Somebody coming, Señor," said he.

Señor Johnson raised his eyes to the approaching cloud of dust. Silently the two watched it until it resolved into a rider loping easily along. In fifteen minutes he drew rein, his pony dropped immediately from a gallop to immobility, he swung into a graceful at-ease attitude across his saddle, grinned amiably, and began to roll a cigarette.

"Billy Ellis," cried Rich.

"That's me," replied the new comer.

"Thought you were down to Tucson?"

"I was."

"Thought you wasn't comin' back for a week yet?"

"Tommy," proffered Billy Ellis dreamily, "when you go to Tucson next you watch out until you sees a little, squint-eyed Britisher. Take a look at him. Then come away. He says he don't know nothin' about poker. Mebbe he don't; but he'll outhold a warehouse."

But here Señor Johnson broke in: "Billy, you're just in time. Jed has hurt his foot and can't get on for a week yet. I want you to take charge. I got a lot to do at the ranch."

"Ain't got my war-bag," objected Billy.

"Take my stuff. I'll send yours on when Parker goes."

"All right."

"Well, so long."

"So long, Señor."

They moved. The erratic Arizona breezes twisted the dust of their going. Señor Johnson watched them dwindle. With them seemed to go the joy in the old life. No longer did the long trail possess for him its ancient fascination. He had become a domestic man.

"And I'm glad of it," commented Señor Johnson.

The dust eddied aside. Plainly could be seen the swaying wagon, the loose-riding cowboys, the gleaming, naked backs of the herd. Then the veil closed over them again. But down the wind faintly, in snatches, came the words of Jim Lester's song:

"Oh, Sam has a gun
That has gone to the bad,
Which makes poor old Sammy
Feel pretty damn sad,
For that gun it shoots high,
And that gun it shoots low,
And it wabbles about
Like a bucking bronco!"

Señor Johnson turned and struck spurs to his willing pony.

CHAPTER X

THE DISCOVERY

Señor Buck Johnson loped quickly back toward the home ranch, his heart glad at this fortunate solution of his annoyance. The home ranch lay in plain sight not ten miles away. As Señor Johnson idly watched it shimmering in the heat, a tiny figure detached itself from the mass and launched itself in his direction.

"Wonder what's eating *him!*" marveled Señor Johnson, "—and who is it?"

The figure drew steadily nearer. In half an hour it had approached near enough to be recognized.

"Why, it's Jed!" cried the Señor, and spurred his horse. "What do you mean riding out with that foot?" he demanded, sternly, when within hailing distance.

"Foot, hell!" gasped Parker, whirling his horse alongside. "Your wife's run away with Brent Palmer."

For fully ten seconds not the faintest indication proved that the husband had heard, except that he lifted his bridle-hand and the well-trained pony stopped.

"What did you say?" he asked finally.

"Your wife's run away with Brent Palmer," repeated Jed, almost with impatience.

Again the long pause.

"How do you know?" asked Señor Johnson, then.

"Know, hell! It's been going on for a month. Sang saw them drive off. They took the buckboard. He heard 'em planning it. He was too scairt to tell till they'd gone. I just found it out. They've been gone two hours. Must be going to make the Limited." Parker fidgeted, impatient to be off. "You're wasting time," he snapped at the motionless figure.

Suddenly Johnson's face flamed. He reached from his saddle to clutch Jed's shoulder, nearly pulling the foreman from his pony.

"You lie!" he cried. "You're lying to me! It ain't *so!*"

Parker made no effort to extricate himself from the painful grasp. His cool eyes met the blazing eyes of his chief.

"I wisht I did lie, Buck," he said sadly. "I wisht it wasn't so. But it is."

Johnson's head snapped back to the front with a groan. The pony snorted as the steel bit his flanks, leaped forward, and with head outstretched, nostrils wide, the wicked white of the bronco flickering in the corner of his eye, struck the bee line for the home ranch. Jed followed as fast as he was able.

On his arrival he found his chief raging about the house like a wild beast. Sang trembled from a quick and stormy interrogatory in the kitchen. Chairs had been upset and let lie. Estrella's belongings had been tumbled over. Señor Johnson there found only too sure proof in the various lacks of a premeditated and permanent flight. Still he hoped; and as long as he hoped, he doubted, and the demons of doubt tore him to a frenzy. Jed stood near the door, his arms folded, his weight shifted to his sound foot, waiting and wondering what the next move was to be.

Finally, Señor Johnson, struck with a new idea, ran to his desk to rummage in a pigeonhole. But he found no need to do so, for lying on the desk was what he sought—the check-book from which Estrella was to draw on Goodrich for the money she might need. He fairly snatched it open. Two of the checks had been torn out, stub and all. And then his eye caught a crumpled bit of blue paper under the edge of the desk.

He smoothed it out. The check was made out to bearer and signed Estrella Johnson. It called for fifteen thousand dollars. Across the middle was a great ink blot, reason for its rejection.

At once Señor Johnson became singularly and dangerously cool.

"I reckon you're right, Jed," he cried in his natural voice. "She's gone with him. She's got all her traps with her, and she's drawn on Goodrich for fifteen thousand. And *she* never thought of going just this time of month when the miners are in with their dust and Goodrich would be sure to have that much. That's friend Palmer. Been going on a month, you say?"

"I couldn't say anything, Buck," said Parker anxiously. "A man's never sure enough about them things till afterwards."

"I know," agreed Buck Johnson; "give me a light for my cigarette."

He puffed for a moment, then rose, stretching his legs. In a moment he returned from the other room, the old, shiny Colt's forty-five strapped loosely on his hip. Jed looked him in the face with some anxiety. The foreman was not deceived by the man's easy manner; in fact, he knew it to be symptomatic of one of the dangerous phases of Señor Johnson's character.

"What's up, Buck?" he inquired.

"Just going out for a *pasear* with the little horse, Jed."

"I suppose I better come along?"

"Not with your lame foot, Jed."

The tone of voice was conclusive. Jed cleared his throat.

"She left this for you," said he, proffering an envelope. "Them kind always writes."

"Sure," agreed Señor Johnson, stuffing the letter carelessly into his side pocket. He half drew the Colt's from its holster and slipped it back again. "Makes you feel plumb like a man to feel one of these things rubbin' against you again," he observed irrelevantly. Then he went out, leaving the foreman leaning, chair tilted, against the wall.

(To be concluded)

THE MONEY METER

BY

HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELE

AUTHOR OF "MYRA OF THE PINES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN B. CHILD

HIRAM CLATFIELD, upon the threshold of his office, peered out into the counting-room in a manner difficult to associate with the inscriptions on the plate-glass door half open at his back. "Private" was printed there in gilded letters and "President," but the tone of the president was almost that of one who asks a favor as he said:

"Mr. Wattles, if you should happen to be disengaged, I should like to speak with you a moment."

The cashier, wheeling on his lofty-legged stool, gave one regretful glance toward a regiment of figures, a marching column six abreast from which he had been casting out the nines, and replied resignedly:

"I'm disengaged at present."

"Then please come in," said Mr. Clatfield, accepting the untruth, with gratitude. "Come in and shut the door."

The room marked "President," paneled in quartered oak much like the state apartment of a private car, contained a polished desk, six chairs with red morocco seats, a Turkish rug, and the portrait of a former president done in oil. Beneath the picture, upon a pedestal and protected by a dome of glass, stood a small machine which, from time to time, emitted jerky, nervous clicks, and printed mystic characters upon an endless paper tape.

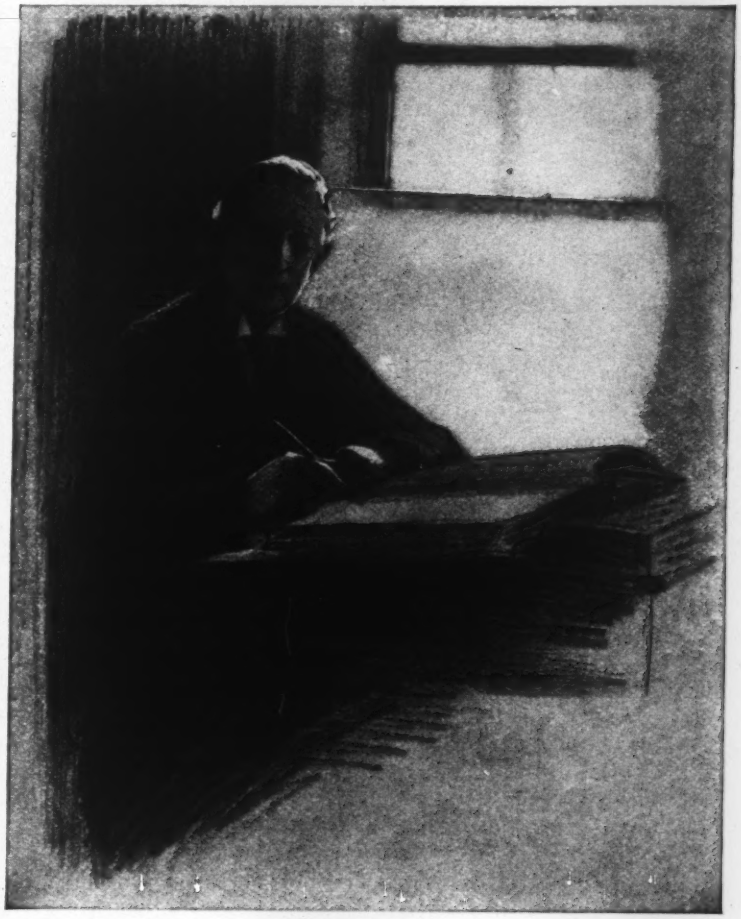
The former president upon the wall smiled perpetually with eyes directed to the plate-glass door, as though it pleased him to observe through it the double row of neat young men on lofty stools so well employed.

Perhaps it pleased him better still to watch the little, brass-barred windows farther on, where countless faces came and went all day from ten till three — thin faces and fat, and old and young, and hands, innumerable hands, some to carry and some to fetch, but all to leave a tribute for whomever might be sitting at the polished desk.

ed to repeat deliberately as for dictation, and stopped.

"S.e.v.e.n.m.i.l.l.i.o.n.d.o.l.l.a.r.s," concluded a typewriter in the counting-room beyond the plate-glass doors, and the sentence ended in the tinkle of the little bell which gives warning that a line is nearly finished.

Mr. Wattles, having laid the paper on the



Mr. Wattles

"Please read this item, Mr. Wattles," said the president, indicating with a well-kept finger nail a paragraph in the *Morning Mercury*, and, putting on his glasses, Mr. Wattles read:

"Conservative estimates place the fortune of Hiram Clatfield at seven million dollars."

At the same moment the small machine appeared to rouse itself.

"Con-ser-vat-ive - est-i-ma-tes - place-the for-tune-of-Hi-ram-Clat-field-at—" it seemtable, wiped his glasses with a pocket-handkerchief and held them to the light.

"Do you propose to take action in the matter?" he inquired. "Is there anything I can do?"

Mr. Clatfield moved to the center of the rug and thrust both hands into his trousers pockets.

"Wattles," he said, "is that thing true?"

"Not altogether," said the other, betraying nothing in his tone beyond a wish for

accuracy. "I think it would be safe to say at least—allowing for fluctuations—ten million dollars."

"Al-low-ing-for-fluc-tua-tions—" repeated the ticker.

"T.e.n.m.i.l.l.i.o.n.d.o.l.l.a.r.s." the typewriter concluded.

Between the two men on the Turkish rug there was so little to choose that, with straw cylinders to protect his cuffs and a left coat sleeve somewhat marred by wiping pens, either might have been cashier, and without these tokens either might very well have been president. The banker was a trifle bald and gray about the temples. The other's hair was still erect and of a hue which had suggested "Chipmunk" as a fitting nickname in his school days.

"Wattles," said the banker slowly, "what is ten million dollars?"

"Why, it's—it's a heap of money," faltered the cashier.

The other took a turn towards the margin of the rug and back.

"That doesn't help me," he protested. "That doesn't give me an idea. You used to be so full of fancies," he went on, somewhat pettishly; "you used to bring a book of poetry to read at lunch when we were kids outside there"—he nodded toward the counting-room. "You used to laugh at me for puzzling over discounts, and say I went about with blinders, like a horse, to shut out everything that was not right ahead. I never could imagine anything—I can't imagine ten millions now. How long would it be if it were all in dollar bills placed end to end? How big would it be if it were in two-cent postage stamps?"

"It would take a little time to work that out," replied the other man respectfully, though not without a twinkle in his eye. "I can let you have a statement in half an hour."

"Don't do it, then" rejoined the banker. "I'm sick of figures, and you never needed them when you used to make up fairy tales as we went roaming through the streets after the bank had closed."

"I often make up fairy stories still," said Mr. Wattles, "after the bank has closed."

"Do you?" demanded the other. "Do you still? And do you still take walks before going home to supper?"

"Yes, when it does not rain."

"And do you think it will be clear to-night?"

Mr. Wattles laughed.

"To-night I shall be late in getting off," he said, "because to-morrow is a holiday."

"What holiday?" inquired Mr. Clatfield.

"Christmas," said Mr. Wattles.

"I don't pretend to keep track of all the holidays," said Mr. Clatfield.

"No," said Mr. Wattles, "I suppose not."

It was a busy day at the bank, and the city clocks had sounded six before the cashier set the time-locks in the vault and bade good-night to the watchman at the door. But if he was surprised to find an old companion waiting on the steps, his face did not betray the fact.

"I thought I'd walk a little way with you," explained the banker, with an attempt at carelessness that overshot the mark.

"All right," said Mr. Wattles, buttoning up his serviceable coat and bestowing a quick, chipmunk glance upon the weather. "You won't mind if I stop to get my collars?"

A misty rain was falling, and the streets were filled with people hurrying home from work. As the two men fell in with the procession the banker gave an awkward little hop to catch the step.

"I don't suppose you take your laundry to the same place still?" he speculated.

"Oh, yes, the same old place," replied the other. "Mrs. Brennan's dead, of course, but Mary Ann still carries on the business."

"You don't mean little Mary Ann?"

"Yes, she's big Mary Ann now, and has five children of her own. Her husband was a switchman in the yards until he got run over by an engine two years ago."

Connected talk was difficult in the jostling crowd, and often the two men proceeded for half a block in silence. Once Mr. Wattles dived into a little shop to buy tobacco for his pipe. On his return he found the banker occupied with landmarks.

"Didn't there use to be a grocery over there?" asked Mr. Clatfield.

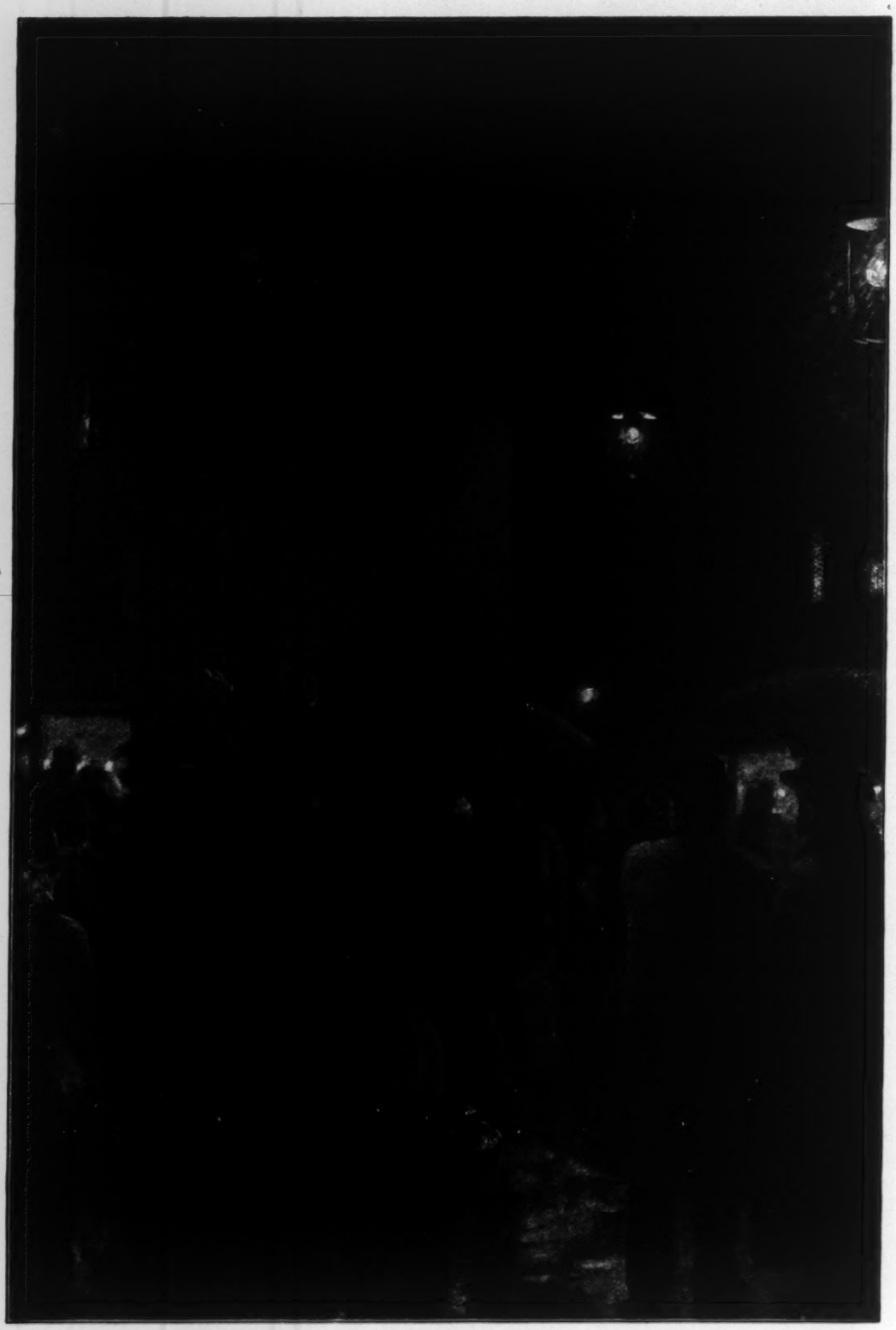
"Yes, where the tall building now stands," replied the other. "Do you remember the fat groceryman who used to sell us apples?"

"Oh, yes," the banker rejoined, "and they were first rate apples too. Strange, but I can't eat apples now; they don't agree with me."

"No," said Mr. Wattles, "I suppose not."

The lighted windows of a great department store made an arcade of radiance in the murky night, creating an illusion of protection so strong that one might well believe

"'Me Teddy, is it?' cried the mother, catching up the lump and depositing it for safety in an empty tub"



'He was a young man, and his face, in the full glare of the electric light, was radiant with enthusiasm for his theme"

oneself indoors. The rain was changing into snow, which melted under foot but hung about the hair and beards and shoulders of the passers-by. Along the curb a row of barrows displayed cheap toys and Christmas greens for sale.

"Do you remember how we used to linger at the shops, and pick out presents and imagine we had lots of money?" Mr. Wattles asked.

"That was your game," answered Mr. Clatfield. "I never could imagine anything. I could see only the things you pointed out."

It seemed to the banker that in the place of his middle-aged cashier there walked beside him an odd, alert little boy, with bristling hair and beady eyes, and he caught himself looking about him in an old, vain hope of being able first to catch sight of something interesting. As they turned into a less frequented street he asked:

"What became of the old woman who made butterscotch?"

"She made the last in '81," replied the other. "The penny-in-the-slot machines broke up her business."

"Really?" the banker commented. "It seems a pity."

The air was growing colder and the dancing motes of snow made halos about every street-lamp.

"Don't they look like swarms of Mayflies?" remarked Mr. Wattles. "One might almost believe it was summer."

"Yes, so one might," assented Mr. Clatfield, "now that you speak of it."

A few steps up a slippery alley they stopped before a shabby little house, the shabbiest of a row of little houses, each one of which displayed the legend "Washing Done."

"Come in," said the cashier, as he pushed open the door.

Within, a tall spare woman stood with bare red arms before a washtub on a backless wooden chair. Upon the floor, amid the heaps of linen waiting for the tub, a litter of small children rolled and tumbled like so many puppies. Festoons of drying shirts and handkerchiefs hung in an atmosphere of steam and suds.

At sight of Mr. Wattles the woman broke into a flood of explanation and excuse. The water had been frozen all the week, the sun had refused to shine, the baby had been sick. There were a dozen reasons why he could not have his collars, as the speaker called on Heaven to bear witness.

"You'd have 'em on your neck this minute," she declared, "if work could put them there, for it's meself that needs the money for me rint."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Wattles, "I fancied that your claim against the railway had left you pretty comfortably off."

"Claim, is it?" cried the laundress. "Claim against the railway? Faith, after

She was a plain girl"

keeping me waiting for two years they threw me out of court. They said that Mike contributed his negligence and that it served him right."

"That seems a little hard," commented Mr. Clatfield guardedly, for he was a director in the railway.

"Small blame to you, but you're a gentleman!" exclaimed the washerwoman.

"At least your husband left you quite a little family," the banker ventured to suggest.

"As the car went on its way the young man ran for cover to the awning beneath which stood the banker and the cashier"

"Contributory negligence again!" said Mr. Wattles under his breath.

"It's all a body has to do to keep them fed," lamented Mary Ann, "as maybe you know well yourself, sir, if you've childer of your own."

"I have none," said the other.

"God pity you!" returned big Mary Ann.

"Ah, that reminds me," put in Mr. Wattles, and coming nearer to the laundress, he explained: "My friend here is the banker, Mr. Clatfield."

"It's proud I am this day," she answered, with a courtesy.

"He has no children," went on Mr. Wattles, "but he is very anxious to adopt one, and knowing that you have more than you really need——"

"What are you saying?" began Mr. Clatfield, but his voice was drowned in an outbreak from the woman.

"Is it daft ye are?" she cried. Mr. Wattles continued, unheeding:

"He is willing to give you ten thousand dollars for such a one as this"—indicating with his cane an animated lump upon the floor.

"Me Teddy, is it?" cried the mother, catching up the lump and depositing it for safety in an empty tub.

"Or what would you say to twenty thousand for this one here?" persisted Mr. Wattles, again making use of his cane.

"Sure that's me Dan," the woman almost shrieked, and another lump went into the tub.

"Well, we are not disposed to quarrel over trifles," went on Mr. Wattles cheerfully. "You select the child and name the price—twenty, thirty, forty thousand—all in cash."

"Gwan out of this, and take your dirty money wid yez!" cried Mrs. Murphy, ominously rolling a wet sock into a ball.

"Of course, if you feel that way we shall not urge the matter," said Mr. Wattles coldly. "Good evening, Mrs. Murphy."

"Bad luck to yez for a pair of thavin' vipers!" she called after their retreating figures. "If I had me strength ye'd not get far."

"I am astonished at you, Wattles," said Mr. Clatfield when they were safe beyond the alley. "I would not have given a dollar for the lot."

"No," said Mr. Wattles, "I suppose not."

The two men walked along in silence for a time, while Mr. Clatfield occupied himself with efforts to divine the point of Mr. Wattles's ill-timed jest. More than once he would have cut short the expedition could he have thought of an excuse, and though the course was somewhat devious, they were headed in a general way toward his own front door, with its broad marble steps and iron lions. The people in the street were few and uninteresting, the houses dull and monotonous, each with its drawn yellow shades and dimly lighted transom, and the banker welcomed the sight of what appeared to be a gathering of some sort up ahead.

They had come out upon a dreary square, surrounded by tall warehouses and wholesale stores, now tightly closed and barred with iron shutters. A line of vans and drays without their horses occupied an open space in violation of the law. From one of these a man addressed a little group of inattentive loiterers.

The audience changed constantly as those whose passing curiosity was satisfied moved off to be replaced by others, but the man did not appear to care how few or many stayed to listen. He was a young man, and his face, in the full glare of the electric light, was radiant with enthusiasm for his theme, whatever it might be. The cashier pushed his way into the crowd and Mr. Clatfield followed.

"I should think he would prefer to speak indoors a night like this," remarked the banker.

The speaker's subject was an old one, old as the tree of Eden, but never had the two new comers heard a more effective speech. Perhaps the setting of the bleak, deserted market-place created an illusion.

"That man is getting rich," he cried, "who can every day add a little to the surplus in his heart——"

"What interest do you pay?" called out a bystander facetiously.

"None," replied the young man. "Ours is a profit-sharing enterprise."

"That don't mean anything," commented Mr. Wattles; "but it was a first-rate answer all the same. It made the people laugh."

"I wonder why?" demanded Mr. Clatfield.

The discourse ended presently and the audience dispersed, some with swinging dinner-pails and some with thin coats buttoned tightly at the neck.

"It does a fellow good to hear the world ain't going to the dogs," remarked a burly

laborer, "even if it is just a crank who says it."

"Good evening," said the young man, jumping from his dray and landing within speaking distance of the two adventurers. "I'm glad to see you here."

"And we are glad to be here," answered Mr. Wattles. "We have been greatly interested, especially my friend Mr. Clatfield, the banker."

Mr. Clatfield drew himself erect, for he considered such an introduction unnecessary.

"I have heard of Mr. Clatfield often," said the other simply, "and I am happy now to make his acquaintance. Good evening, gentlemen, I hope you'll come again."

"One moment, please," the cashier interposed. "We will not detain you long, but my friend here has a proposition to make you. He is about to build a large church on the Heights, and he is anxious to secure a preacher who entertains the views you have expressed so well. May I ask, sir, if you are free to undertake such a charge?"

The young man's face blushed red with gratified amazement.

"A church? — and on the Heights?" he stammered.

"Yes," went on Mr. Wattles, "a large church — very large. I don't suppose you would be sorry to give up this sort of thing." He made a motion of his head toward the dray.

"Would that be necessary?" the young man asked.

"Naturally," rejoined the other. "The two could scarcely be combined."

"In that case," said the preacher, "I am not free."

"The salary, I should have told you, will be twenty thousand dollars."

"You ought to get a first-rate man for that amount," replied the preacher. "I should advise you to consult the Bishop."

"Thank you," said Mr. Wattles, "and good-night."

"Wattles," cried Mr. Clatfield, who had heard the conversation with stupefied astonishment which deprived him of the power of speech; "Wattles, I have not the slightest idea of building a church either on the Heights or anywhere else."

"No," said Mr. Wattles, "I suppose not."

"I'm going home," announced the banker.

"All right," agreed the other. "We'll strike through here to Main Street."

At Main Street they were detained for several minutes at the corner where the trolleys cross, by the crowds waiting for the cars or flocking about the transfer agent like so many sheep for salt. They seemed a dull, bedraggled lot to Mr. Clatfield, just like every other lot who waited every night there for blue or red or yellow trolley cars. But the cashier's eyes went wandering from face to face, more in selection than in search, and presently he nudged his companion to call attention to a couple who stood apart a little from the rest under the shelter of a small, inadequate umbrella.

"What of them?" asked the banker, crossly. "You need not look far to see a fellow and a girl."

The fellow in this case was tall and stoutly built, and the fact that he wore no overcoat might have been set down to strenuous habits. But as Mr. Wattles noted, he was the only man without an evening paper, and he wore his derby hat reversed in order that a worn place on the rim might be less conspicuous.

"I'll bet that young man is terribly hard up," remarked Mr. Wattles.

"You don't want me to adopt him, do you?" demanded Mr. Clatfield.

"Oh, no, but just see how his shoulder is getting soaked with drippings from the wet umbrella."

"That's the girl's fault," said Mr. Clatfield. "I guess he wishes she were home."

She was a plain girl with freckles on her nose; she carried a lunch basket and her gloves were white about the seams, but as the young man whispered something in her ear even Mr. Clatfield thought that he had never seen a more attractive smile. When a blue car came along the young man helped her carefully to mount the step, and in shaking hands they laughed and made a little secret of the act. As the car went on its way the young man ran for cover to the awning beneath which stood the banker and the cashier.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Wattles. "I have seen you often at the bank."

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied the other, highly gratified to be recognized by one so great as Mr. Wattles. "I am there every day for my employers, Pullman & Pushings."

"An excellent firm," commented Mr. Wattles. "I understand they pay their people handsomely."

"Oh, as to that," responded the other, laughing, "it's rather handsome to pay at all in times like these."

"That's true," assented Mr. Wattles. "Times are dull, and more than likely to get worse."

"Oh, do you think so, really?" the young man asked rather wistfully.

"Sure of it," answered the cashier, "and if you've any thought of asking for a raise of salary, I should advise you not to do so."

"I'm very much obliged for the advice," rejoined the other, "because I have been thinking——"

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Wattles, interrupting. "I want to introduce you to our president, Mr. Clatfield."

The junior clerk took off his hat and put it on again the right way by mistake. In his confusion he had not observed that Hiram Clatfield looked frigidly above his head; he only heard the cashier's voice continuing like enchanted music:

"Mr. Clatfield has for some time been looking for a private secretary. The salary would be commensurate with the responsibility from the first, and should you prove the right man—but of course we would make no promises. Do you think you would be disposed to consider such an opening?"

"Would I?" gasped the junior clerk.

"And, by the way, you are not married, are you?"

"No," said the young man, "I'm not, but——"

"That's good," continued the cashier. "That's very fortunate, for Mr. Clatfield prefers that his confidential secretaries should be single men. In fact, he makes that an absolute condition."

"The deuce he does!" replied the junior clerk. "Then he can give the place to any one but me. There comes my yellow car. Good night, and much obliged."

"Wattles," cried Mr. Clatfield, "have you gone crazy? I do not want a private secretary on any terms!"

"No," answered Mr. Wattles, "I suppose not."

The lighted trolley cars went shooting past. The wind had risen till the big umbrella of the transfer agent threatened to go sailing skyward like a yellow parachute. Already at the corners the ground was getting white. A muffled clock somewhere struck seven.

"Wattles," said Mr. Clatfield, "come home and dine with me. I'd like to talk about our walk."

"I can't to-night," replied the cashier. "I'm going to take dinner with a man named Briggs."

Mr. Clatfield tried to fancy what this Mr. Briggs was like and what his dinner would be like, but in either case failed to make a picture because he never could imagine anything.

"At least come with me to the door," he said.

It was not far to where the iron lions crouched, and presently the two men stood before them shaking hands.

"Good night," said Mr. Clatfield. "This has been like old times. I suppose you'll not be at the bank to-morrow?"

"I shall be there for an hour perhaps to finish up some work," replied the cashier. "Is there anything I can do?"

He drew a memorandum book from his pocket. Holding the page in the light of a street-lamp, his eyes fell on some small, neatly penciled figures.

"By the way," he said, "I have figured out your problem. Ten million one-dollar bills placed end to end would reach one hundred and ten miles, forty-eight hundredths and a fraction."

"Thank you," said Mr. Clatfield.

"In two-cent stamps—" continued the cashier, but his employer interfered.

"Never mind the stamps," he said. "To-morrow, if you have time, I should like you to draw three checks upon my private account."

"Three checks—" repeated Mr. Wattles, preparing to make a note.

"For twenty thousand each— No, make it fifty thousand each."

"For fifty thousand dollars each—and payable to——"

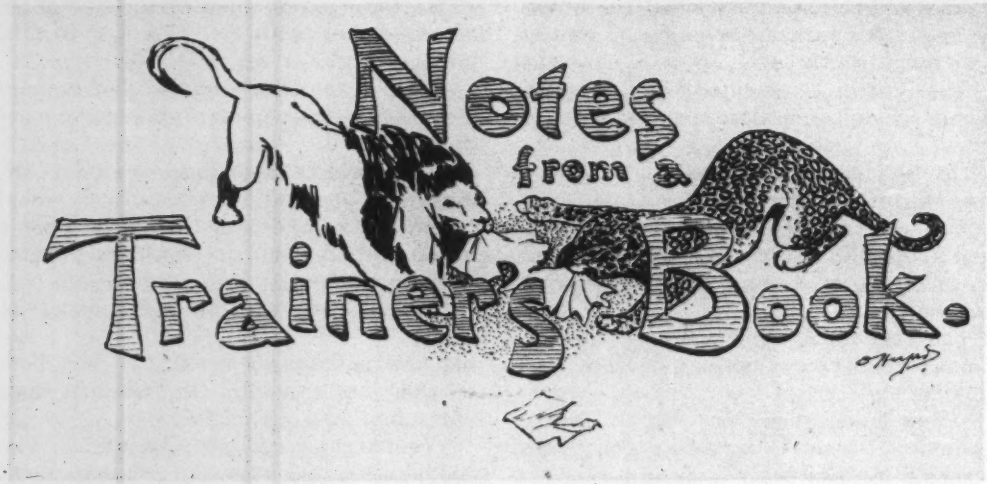
Mr. Clatfield hesitated an instant, then went on desperately:

"One payable to big Mary Ann; one to the preaching fellow, and one—make it out to the girl with the freckles on her nose."

The cashier paused, and for the first time in his long service ventured to dispute instructions.

"Hiram," he said, "what harm have they done you?"

Mr. Clatfield did not answer, but stood in silence, poking his cane into the iron lion's open mouth.



EDITED BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER HERFORD

ALL my life I have been the master or the slave of caged animals. Therefore, say you, I know all about them. I make no such foolish claim. No man living knows all about animals, or more than a very little about them. Some who are dead thought they knew. That is the reason they are dead. Only those who realize their ignorance and supplement it with untiring watchfulness last long at this queer business that I'm in.

So I am not exploiting any wisdom about wild beasts. All that I try to do here is to tell of a few of the more curious or adventurous happenings in a career more adventurous than most, undoubtedly, yet with long stretches of monotony. Monotony is the blessing of the man who deals with pent animals. When it is broken, it is usually by some terrible and tragic circumstance.

Sooner or later, most animals of the cat-kind become utterly intractable and remain so. "Going bad" is the professional term for this. Rarely do they return to their old, amenable ways. Henceforth they are of on use as performers and are relegated to the exhibition cages, for any man entering the cage of a lion or tiger that has gone bad is instantly attacked. This is one of the terrors of the trade. Symptoms of the change of heart are apparent enough sometimes, particularly in animals who are growing old. Occasionally, however, some young beast, formerly as obedient as you could wish, will turn murderous without cause or warning. If her trainer gets out alive he is lucky. If he ever enters her cage again he's a fool.

Sterrett (the names used are all fictitious) was the only man I ever knew who could foresee this mysterious madness. Otherwise he would hardly have been kept around the show, for he drank a good deal; and if there is one place outside of a Prohibitionist convention where drinking men are at a discount, it is in the menagerie part of a circus. But, drunk or sober, Sterrett knew things about animals that all my years of experience and study never taught me. It wasn't that he got on better with them than most, for his own lions hated him, which is unusual. But he had some method of interpreting their signs that was beyond me. When the Tiger Princess was going to give up one of her old performers because he was getting sulky and peevish, Sterrett looked over the troupe and said:

"That one is all right, but the one over in the corner will bear watching."

"Why, the man talks like a fool," said the Princess. "That's Zulka. She's the best actor I've got."

Sterrett laughed. "Train an understudy," he advised. "I'll give Zulka three weeks to retire from the stage. She's going bad."

Zulka was a very beautiful young lioness; one of the best trick beasts I've ever known, and one of the very few that seemed to have a

genuine affection for the trainer. As a rule, the felines don't exhibit the softer emotions. They feel for man either indifference or distaste. But this lioness used to show signs of pleasure when her mistress entered the cage, and I've seen her put her muzzle up against the bars to fawn on the queen. Two weeks after Sterrett's advice, to which we paid little heed (that was when I knew less about him than I subsequently learned), I saw the lioness caressing the woman at the close of the performance. As the Tiger Princess entered the cage the next day, there was a snarl and a scream and she was down. Zulka had her. Fortunately, some of us were near. We beat the animals off—of course, some of the other beasts had to pitch on, seeing their tyrant down—and got the woman out with no worse injury than a broken arm and a badly clawed back.

After that Sterrett's opinion on animals was rated high.

Sterrett's own troupe were pretty easy to handle, but not very proficient as performers. They did only the common sensational tricks, which are the easiest to teach, such as leaping through hoops of fire and the like. He was too lazy to educate them very high. If for any cause he was absent, a young man whom I will call Aston took his place. This Aston was a hard-working fellow, and did his best to teach the lions new capers. As they responded readily he became proud of them, and that made him really fond of them. One day Sterrett got drunk, went into the cage, and pitched into the lions with an elephant prod that he'd picked up. He was using them pretty rough, and they were howling bloody murder when Aston came up on the run, prodded Sterrett out of the cage, and was giving him a lively licking until I pried him loose and stopped the row. Sterrett swore thickly that he'd kill the other, but when he woke the next morning he seemed to have forgotten all about it. It wasn't long after, that I noticed Sterrett's particular attention to one of his troupe, a four-year-old African lion. So far as I could see, the African acted the same as the rest. But it was plain to me from my study of Sterrett—for I was then trying to fathom his comprehension of animals—that while he was in the cage he never took his eyes off the African. I spoke to him about it, but he answered me evasively. Once in particular I saw him back into a corner, as the beast came near him, as if he expected a spring. Not a sign of attack could I see—not even the stiffened tail that shows anger.

This went on for several weeks. Then one afternoon Sterrett goes to the Boss and says he's sick; can't go on that evening.

"Put Aston's turn with the leopards early," said he, "and he can go on in my place."

It was arranged that way. As I expected, Sterrett was far gone in drink when he returned, while the performance was on.

"I've fixed that pup, Aston," he mumbled to me, as I was persuading him to bed. "This night I'll be square with him."

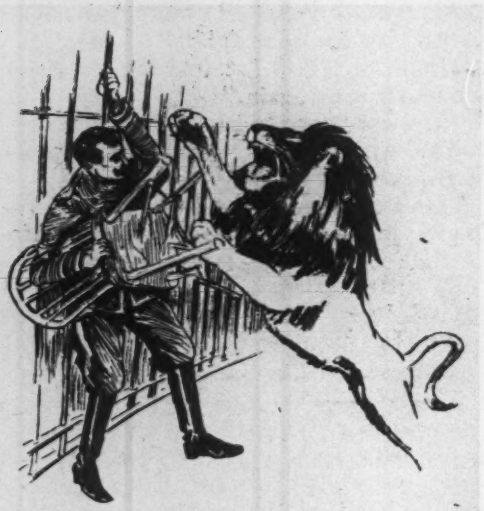
"Don't be a fool," I told him. "Aston will beat you up again."

"Yes, but I got a friend he won't beat up," said he, with a grin. "The beating up will be the other way."

I ran for the arena, but I was too late. Aston was in the corner of the cage. The African lion had beaten down the chair, which is the attacked trainer's best defense, and was trying to get to the man's throat. Aston's right arm was broken at the shoulder, but he was still on his feet and clinging desperately to the bars. Afoot, a man still has a good fighting chance for his life. Once down, his helplessness is apparent to his charges, and they rush him. The lion clawed his breast

"there was a snarl and a scream and she was down. Zulka had her"

open, and bore him to the floor by sheer weight. Two of the others joined the attack. The attendants prodded them off and held back the rest. Some one thrust an iron bar into the African's mouth. I heard the splintering of the teeth as the jaws closed on it. Other weapons were jabbing and stabbing him, but he had only one object—to tear in pieces the man beneath him. Then came the firearms and the lion, bleeding in a dozen places, toppled over. It was the worst case



"It was the worst case of 'going bad' I ever saw"

of "going bad" I ever saw; yet, the day before, there was no sign of it to an eye as practised as mine. But Sterrett knew. He pleaded ignorance, and declared that his talk of getting square with Aston was drunken chatter; but I told him that unless he quit the show right away, I'd tell the whole story. Show people are as law-abiding a class as you'll find; but if I'd told my story, Sterrett would have been lynched that night.

We thought Aston was finished. When we got him out he was hardly like a human being; but he got well, though he was a cripple for life.

In show talk, the lion is always the King of Beasts. It sounds well, and makes a fine line on the posters. But if he had to defend the championship in the ring, I think almost any of the larger bears could give him weight and beat him easily. The lion looks like a fighter; all his muscles show out good and strong, and he has a kind of swagger to his walk, while any bear is a clumsy creature and has a rather clownish appearance. But for sheer strength I've never known the living thing that could compare, pound for pound, with Bruin in muscular power. While the circus was showing in Ohio, the trick-bear broke loose. Whatever set him to it, I don't know. He was never vicious. Probably he just wanted to play hookey. There was nothing to prevent him but a chain and a tolerably stout shed-wall. He broke the chain, tore down the wall, and went out to see the place.

In a field across the way was a cow with her calf. The bear went over to look at them. I don't suppose he meant any harm. But the calf got frightened, and the poor cow bravely put her head down and threatened the intruder. Beasts are just as quick as men in resenting a threat of harm, unless fear prevents. Rearing up, the bear struck the cow a blow on the side of the head. It was what the prize-ring calls a half-arm jolt. Down went the cow, as if hit with an ax. She might as well have been, for her head was stove in like that much cardboard. Leaving the calf to mourn over its mother, the bear set off across country. He knew he'd been up to mischief. Besides, there were a dozen of us after him by this time. After heading him off from open country, we got him in a barnyard and put a rope around his neck. He wouldn't budge. Not that there was any fight in him. It was rather the obstinacy of fear. Perhaps he knew that there was a sound beating awaiting him. He dug his claws into the ground and stuck. As many as could lay hold of the rope, put all their endeavor upon it. No use. It was anchored.

A second rope was spliced to the first, and an additional corps of volunteers for the tug of war tailed onto that. Then the bear began to move. He moved in the direction opposite to that in which we were pulling. We moved after him. Some of us slid along the ground in disorganized heaps; others dropped the rope and gave up; half a dozen of the most persevering were scraped off on a pile of old lumber. The bear strolled away with the rope, and was finally captured by persuasion and food. I figured up thirty-two men on that rope, and that didn't include several who went away before I could complete my roster. So the bear had been hauling about 5,000 pounds of dead weight, not reckoning the resistant strength. He did it apparently without any effort, and he was only a medium-sized cinnamon bear, too.

Bears are very finicky, especially trained ones. The higher they are educated the harder they are to get along with, just like some people you meet. Trained bears get crazy if their master is away any length of time. Then they'll attack any one. In attack the bear hits out or bites. He doesn't hug. He may grab a man and hold him while biting into his skull, but it isn't his clasp that is dangerous. I've seen a man held by a muzzled bear for nearly twenty minutes. He was almost suffocated when we got him away, but his only injury was a broken rib. Yet people talk as if a bear's hug was like that of a boa-constrictor. It is as a boxer that Bruin is dangerous. If one of his swings lands square, it is all over with the man.

No other animal is so crazy as a young elephant. The old ones of the herd are steady enough, barring viciousness, but a young elephant wants only the slightest excuse to run amuck like a drunken sailor. It may be a mouse, or it may be the flutter of a snatch of cloth in the wind, or it may be because he doesn't like the looks of the sky—your elephant is weather-keen beyond all others—and off he goes trumpeting and squealing, with the rest of the herd trailing him, as like as not.

In one show I was with, we had a coach-dog who always escorted the elephants to and from the train. There were a lot of half-growns—half-witted, too, like all young elephants—and we had had plenty of trouble with them. But the dog would herd them like sheep. At Troy, New York, the dog got into a fight with a bull pup while the elephants were embarking. If one of the old ones had been in reach, he'd have snaked the bull out and heaved him into the river. But the trouble took place among the youngsters.

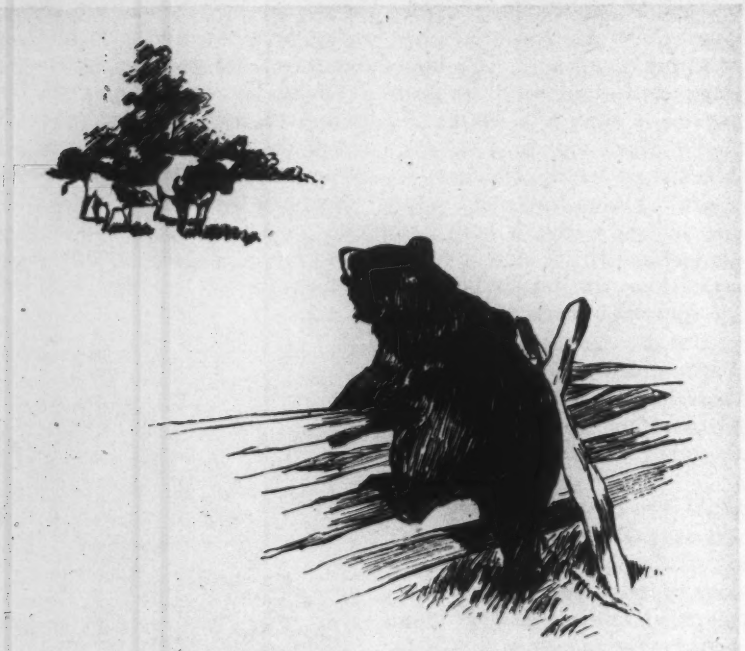
It was a case of panic at once—squeal and bellow, and then stampede. All we could do was to hold the old ones steady, for they were beginning to sweat and shake. As soon as we got them safely stowed aboard, we set out to round up the stragglers. One had been chased nearly a mile by a black-and-tan cur not so big as his ear. Two others got jammed between a couple of trains standing on a V switch. They got down and scrambled under a sleeper to escape. If you ask me how an elephant could squeeze under a sleeper, I don't know; but I saw the two coming out on the other side, and I know they didn't go through. Maybe they tipped the car up a little; at any rate, a colored porter came out a minute later, gave a yell, and struck off into the darkness.

Young Tip, one of this pair, bolted into a rolling-mill and surprised the night shift. It was one of those mills where a great pillar of fire shoots up every now and then. With the customary luck of the elephant (any showman will tell you that elephants always play in hard luck), Young Tip got wedged tight in, near the flame. Up would go a spirt of fire.

"while he was in the cage he never took his eyes off the African"

"Brr-rr-rr-aa-aa-aa!" would go Young Tip. The way the Micks scattered was a caution. I suppose they thought the devil was after them. No more work in the mill that night, except our labor in getting the poor brute out. He was badly burned, worse angered, and more frightened than either. Of course, he wrecked the place as soon as we pried him loose. That was one of the worst night's work in my recollection. It cost us $4,000 in damages.

People are generally fools about escaped animals That they should be, is the bane of the showman's life; for they either injure the valuable live-stock, to the loss of the show, or come to some harm themselves, for which the owner is mulcted in damages by the local courts. The first impulse is to run away from a loose wild animal. It is a wise and harmless one. Unfortunately it is often succeeded by an ambition to capture or kill, as the outsider realizes that the fugitive is more frightened than he is himself.



"The bear went over to look at them"

In our big fire at Winter Quarters, one of the best lions got free and took refuge in a barn. The inhabiting cow said something to him that he didn't like, and the lion killed her. Out came the woman of the house with a balestick and sailed into the lion. Being the King of Beasts, the intruder was scared almost to death because his assailant was not afraid at all. At the first blow he retreated, snarling, into the dimmest corner. The woman's husband arrived with a gun and fired several shots into the darkness. Result—he destroyed a piece of property worth hundreds of dollars, when by merely shutting the barn door he would have kept the animal perfectly harmless until we could have got him. Presently the trainer came hurrying up.

"Have you seen anything of a lion in your barn?"

"Lion!" screeched the woman. "I thought it was a dog."

Over she went in a dead faint and cut her head open. What does the husband do but want damages for her injuries, and that after killing our high-priced animal. Well, he didn't get any damages.

I have spoken of elephants being weather-wise. It is characteristic of the whole breed, though some have it more highly developed than others. When a big storm hits a traveling show all the elephants are taken outside, double tethered and fed. They stand a storm better in the open. I knew an old tusker who could foretell rain as long ahead as the official forecaster, and a great deal truer. When he began to wiggle his ears and mutter to himself in a peculiar way, we knew that there was poor business ahead for the show.

Nearly all kinds of beasts are sensitive to weather changes. Wind makes them nervous, particularly an east wind. Many of the best trainers will not take the risk of entering the cages when a gale is blowing. Although it is hardly true of any particular species, many individuals are terrified by thunder and lightning, or even by rain if it be very violent. It would be interesting to know whether they exhibit the same sensitiveness in their native wilds. My theory is that they do not; it seems abnormal.

I was once made to look very foolish by the weather-cowardice of a lion. It was in parade at Trenton, New Jersey. As the procession started, a fierce thunder storm came up. I was in the cage with George, advertised as a savage man-eater, and in fact a pretty ugly old lion. My costume as Lion King was tights and a sort of kilt, supposed to be a Roman skirt. At the first good crack of thunder, George made a dive for me and stuck

his head under my kilts. Every endeavor to get him out was useless. I pounded him with my stool; he shut his eyes and took it like a lamb. I sat on his head. He whined and nestled. So there we were, the man-eater shaking all over, I mad as a hornet, but a little cooled by the thought that George might recover from his alarm and help himself to one of my legs at any moment; the crowd standing out in the drenching rain and greeting our "act" with roars of laughter. This business has put me in many ticklish places, but in none so embarrassing. George got a good thumping when we came in. He was less ugly during his remaining career, and he never repeated that performance, for I took good care not to wear kilts again in his sight.

Years after I saw two fighting tigers separated by the baldest of stage thunder and lightning. They were chewing each other up with little regard for the feelings or interference of the Boss, when he had a brilliant notion. One of the lady riders was a camera fiend. He sent for her flash-light, hustled

"half a dozen of the most persevering were scraped off on a pile of old lumber"

the bass-drum out from the band, and turned out an article of thunderstorm that would have been hooted out of a Bowery melodrama. It did the business. At the first flash-boom the tigers began to tremble; the second sent them to their corners, thoroughly subdued.

In the matter of public repute I suppose the elephant stands first as a kindly and dependable creature. That shows how little the public knows about animals. The elephant is a murderer. Without having at hand any statistics, I will venture the statement that more men are killed each year by elephants than by all other captured animals put together. Good and reliable elephants there are. Jumbo was one of them; his character needs no encomiums from me. But the average elephant-handler knows that among his charges there are several who will kill if they get the chance. Much is said and written of the elephant's memory in avenging wrongs done him; much that is nonsensical. Whenever a man is killed by one of the animals, you hear this same explanation:

"The man was once cruel to the beast; now he's got his deserts."

This is one of the oldest fakes in the business, and it is the most vicious. It is the excuse made by the show-folk to save their dangerous property from paying the penalty of murder. When an elephant is finally condemned, it is only after he has killed several men. Why does he kill? In my experience I don't recall a single case of revenge for a wrong. Usually the elephant takes a hatred for a man for some utterly inexplicable reason. It may be some one whom the beast has been fond of. Lucky is the man who finds out in time, for this hate is relentless; sooner or later the brute will get the man. Out of many cases that I have known, here is one:

Casey was a quiet, kindly young Irishman, part of whose duty it was to water the elephants. Not only was he always gentle with them, but he would often bring them

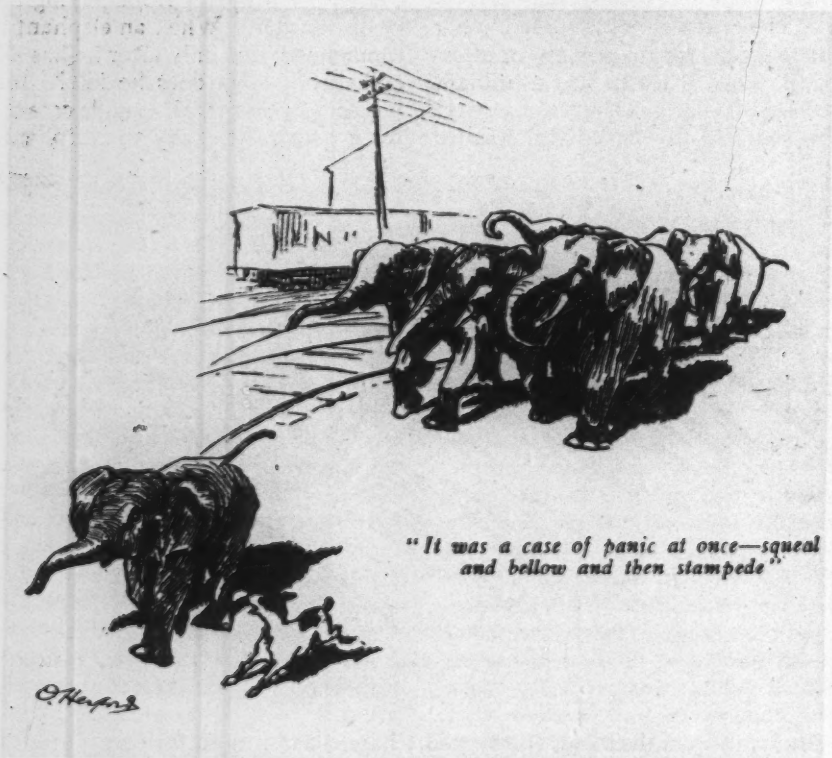
peanuts and apples. With Truko he was on the same amicable terms as with the rest. One day, as Casey was going past, swinging a pail, Truko reached for him; but the Irishman was too quick. To hear that brute trumpet and rage was to know what elephant fury can be. It took the trainer fifteen minutes with the pitchfork to subdue his pet.

"You had better get a job somewhere else," was his friendly advice to Casey. "Truko will never rest till he gets you."

Casey exchanged to another branch of the show. It was months afterward that, traveling a country road, he started by Truko on a horse. The great trunk shot out, and in a second the man was under the massive hoofs. Almost as instantly he was mercifully dead. The local papers gave the usual explanation—ill-treatment revenged. Truko's trainer it was that maltreated the slayer, and never more severely and rightly than that night. But the animal never attacked the trainer. Fear withheld him. Before the prodding fork, the murderer was a cringing coward.

If any animal may be rightly called treacherous, it is the elephant.

Hyenas are also misjudged by the public. Sneaking, savage-looking beasts they are, and their incessant, restless pacing to and fro gives them a deceptive appearance of ferocity. For your hyena is a craven. Moreover—although I hesitate to use the word in reference to any caged animal—I am almost ready to say that hyenas exhibit a kind of cringing affection. Certainly I have seen them show fawning pleasure at the entry of the trainer into the cage. One of my liveliest adventures happened in a cage of hyenas. They were gentle, timid brutes, and would come to me like dogs. The only difficulty was their nervousness, which made them all but worthless for finished performances. In Philadelphia the horses which drew the hyena cage with me and my charges inside around the hippodrome, became frightened at the smell of the elephants, broke the reins and galloped. As soon as the cage began to sway, my six hyenas started around it like a swarm of flying squirrels, all going the same way and all uttering their frightened, gurgling growl, which sounds like soup boiling. When a striped hyena bumped a spotted one, he would take a nip at him. In the language of the day, there was plenty doing, and I was right in it. To back into a



"It was a case of panic at once—squeal and bellow and then stampede"

"Out came the woman of the house with a balestick and sailed into the lion"

corner seemed the best thing to do. With my shoulders in the angle, I kicked out at the merry-go-round, one foot after the other, until I was tired out. Meantime we were whooping around the ring, crowd in an uproar, attendants trying to stop us, and the whole place in a riot. It ended by the horses bolting out at the exit, tipping the cage over in a crowd of squatting Zulus. The six hyenas tumbled in a heap in the corner, with me on top of them, and all of us yelling at the top of our voices. None of us was hurt beyond some scratches for the hyenas and a lame back for me, from my unaccustomed football practice.

Even these timid beasts may be dangerous if not handled right. I had a friend named Grayson, a cannon-ball performer and a first-rate all-around man, who used to ride with the hyenas in parade. One day he was a little late at the performance, and got into the cage without the hickory stick which was his badge of authority. Foolish act number one. One of the big striped fellows got impudent, and Grayson backed him into a corner. Foolish act number two. You should never corner an animal. Unless a chance is given for escape, even the cowardly rat will fight. True to his family's tactics, the hyena threw himself at Grayson's legs and tried to pull him down. The rest joined the attack. Grayson was strong as a bull. Seizing one of the pack by the neck he swung him as a club, knocking the rest right and left. But they kept pressing in, tearing at his knees and ankles, slowly dragging him down. Once he managed to haul himself up by the bars ; then he fell, burying his face in his arms. Outside we were frantically trying to get into the cage through the door, which had got jammed. To beat the maddened creatures off was a hard task, and it was five hours after we got Grayson from the cage that they quieted down. The poor fellow was in the hospital for months, fearfully lacerated, especially from his knees down.

One hyena is all a man can handle in a fight. Unlike a feline he does not rear up and spring for the throat, but tackles the legs to pull his prey down. When one attacks, the others either join or become panic-stricken and tear about the cage, snapping right and left, which is almost as bad.

Almost every kind of animal that is trainable I have had personal dealings with except

"in burst Dutch Pete and an enormous striped body, close-locked

the snake. I draw the line there. Yet accidents are comparatively few in the reptile cage. I have seen snake "charmers" bitten on hand and arm many times without much damage. They are bitten so often that they become proof against the poison, as vaccination makes one immune from smallpox. But a bite in the right place will do its work, no matter how accustomed the subject is to the venom, as I once saw, in the case of Mlle. Serpente. A bright, hot day had made her cobras lively. Usually they are very sluggish. Heat livens them up and liveliness means viciousness. Without warning, the cobra struck her full on the wrist. The poison entered the artery. I have seen men crushed by elephants and torn by tigers, but I have seen no other death so terrible as the ten minutes of spasmodic agony that the poor woman suffered.

Dutch Pete was a funny little German, who did odd jobs about Winter Quarters. He used to talk big about his power over animals. "I go into any off dem cages," he would say in his queer dialect, "and I look der tiger right by der eye, and if he say anyt'ing by me I hit him a bat." This he would make the introduction to wonderful tales of how he quelled troublesome animals when the regular trainers were afraid to go near them, and he would get many a drink in the corner bar room for his inventive powers. But there came a time when Pete was turned out for not paying his account. That was shortly before the large tiger died; Pete darkly hinted that he had frightened the beast to death in one of its fits of insubordination. It wasn't a week after that when the crowd in the bar room heard a great shouting and growling, mingled with cries of "Tiger loose!" The doors flew open and in burst Dutch Pete and an enormous striped body, close locked. The crowd scattered like chaff. Pete and the tiger broke away, and the tiger leaned against the bar while the Dutchman looted the place. It was the late lamented, whom Pete was bringing from the taxidermist. He had supplied the growling himself. The saloon keeper was guyed until he gave up his business and left town.

An article in McClure's Magazine, some years ago, states that the sex of the trainer is an important factor in the handling of certain individual animals. It is true that women successfully control some beasts that are unruly toward men. But I am inclined to explain this, not by any subtile susceptibility to sex, but rather by the fondness of many animals, particularly felines, for the soft sound of rustling silks. A skilful French trainer, Mlle. Perie, had a well-trained troupe of jaguars, who would perform for nobody but herself. One in particular would never endure a man in the cage, but would come fawning to rub against her skirts as soon as she appeared. With the instinct of her nation, the little Frenchwoman loved fine raiment and went clad in

silks, mostly. One night her large, well-filled trunk became involved in some railroad difficulty, and she found herself the next day with a rehearsal due and no show-garments. Without any thought of danger she entered the cage, wearing a rough cloth skirt, which she had borrowed. Pierrette, the affectionate jaguar, withdrew to a corner, snarling, and was so obviously working himself up to an attack that we persuaded Madamoiselle—who was almost in tears at the actions of her favorite—to leave the cage. None too soon, either; for the animal leaped at the closing door, and got a piece of the offending cloth as a souvenir. Immediately a shrewd little chap, who was a sort of utility man around the menagerie, offered to bet that he could get along all right in the cage, if some one would lend him a silk dress. The dress was produced; it was a poor fit, but the man said he didn't care, and he didn't suppose the jaguars would, either. They were very uneasy upon his entrance, because he was strange to them; all but one who came to rub against his skirts. That one was Pierrette, the woman-worshiper, the man-hater! It was not the woman that Pierrette cared anything about; it was the pleasant swish of the skirt.

Music has little effect upon our menagerie folk, except as it becomes a matter of habit with them. I never could see that the animals paid much attention to tunes of any kind when their particular "turn" was not on. But when they are performing, the band is part of their performance—a sort of steady cue; and they are ill at ease, if not actually at a loss, without it. For every trained animal is the creature of habit. Habit is the vital principle of his performance; he does his certain stunt in precisely the same way every time. Therefore, having become accustomed to the strains of the band, he balks without it. No performing troupe will do well without accompaniment. There are plenty of cases where animal performers have gone on strike and refused to show at all, because, for some reason or another, the band wasn't at hand.

One idea that I have held to throughout my career as a trainer, is that the caged animal is not the normal animal. All my relations with my pupils have been based on this proposition. Take a man and put him behind the bars for several years. At the end of his term of imprisonment, is he normal? I doubt whether any physician who has dealt with prisoners would say so. Certain of his faculties are dulled; others are unduly sharpened. Insane in any sense he may not be; but, for a time at least, he is unbalanced. His attitude toward life, until he has found his readjustment, will be different from that of the average man—as different as to his manner of walking and his way of speech. Very well; apply the parallel to an animal, but with this fundamental difference, that your caged man is still dealing with his own kind, while your caged animal is under the domination of an alien. He must measure his

"Pierrette, the affectionate jaguar"

altered faculties against the unfathomable mind of a superior being. So is generated the deep-seated terror, the smoldering rage, the treacherous uncertainty and changefulness that flash out in such deadly guise. Is it any wonder that the wisest and most experienced trainers must confess to a knowledge so slight, an ignorance so vast of those untamed and sullen minds which, for a time, they perilously control?

THE DREAM-CHILD

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

OH, the Dream-Child, the Dream-Child,
That never yet has been!
He creeps into her bosom
When winter nights are keen.

Her mouth upon his eyes, his hair:
"Sweet, how I worship thee!"
Oh, the Dream-Child, the Dream-Child,
God! that shall never be.

Last night she heard him wailing
Out in the sleety din,
"All little babes are warm in bed,
Dear mother, let me in!"

She opened wide her empty arms:
"Creep close into thy nest.
Look, I will warm thy hands, thy feet,
Thy lips upon my breast."

Yet still she hears him wailing,
"Dear mother, let me in.
All little babes are warm in bed—"
God, is it not thy sin

To let the Dream-Child wander
A poor forbidden guest,
And the wild mother wait and wait
With passion at her breast?

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "GREAT MASTERS"

ALLEGORIES—PART ONE

I HAVE chosen the title of Allegory more as a matter of convenience than as a skilful division of the classing of the subjects of our paintings. We shall find certain beautiful pictures, which are meant in the ordinary sense of the word, *allegory*, such as the beautiful representations of Strength and Justice, and so forth, in Venetian art, or the weaker but still beautiful tableaus in which Sir Joshua has posed English ladies or the French Prudhon has imitated, as he believed, Correggio, and in reality invented certain dreams of figures which have for motive of union some allegorical commonplace. In that he is not so far from Correggio himself, in his allegory of "Remorse," and so forth.

But, to a certain extent, allegory is everywhere in art. The expressions of art are symbols, and it is through these—over such a bridge as Delacroix called it—that we pass to get at the meaning we choose to make. So, in the section which I have called "Triumphs," where Rubens has painted scenes from the life of Mary of Medici, the representation of the realities is a means of expressing the idea of *success*.

(So have I heard in the South Seas, noble chiefs declaim and sing their own deeds as a beautiful groundwork for poetry, and song, and dance.)

Thus, in the early church we see the pursuit of allegory in the explanation and justification of the Scriptures, and of the many meanings that can be given to Holy Writ. We shall remember how the chronicler tells us that the Egyptian saint and anchorite read the Scriptures continually—"that he might find therein new allegories." For such as he, the words were a source of many rivers of truth, from each one of which one could draw for one's self something solid and something true, or again, "like some vast garden filled with trees bearing fruit, wherein such minds discover new and hidden fruits, and culling them with delight, fill the air with harmonious song." And the allegory is all the more beautiful when embodied with some reality, some existence of individuals. A Japanese critic—the most intelligent critic I have known—remarked to me how cold and disheartening a subject was that of my dear friend Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," a physical transcription of an abstraction already doubtfully uncertain. While, either in Buddhistic tradition or Christian story, or even in the ordinary story of man, there were saints and heroes to whom one could ascribe a real human action. And the truth of this will be evident as we consider our subject.

Let us take an allegory, of which we have many varieties and examples, many of them very beautiful, and which we could classify otherwise. This one will be chosen out of what is called Religious Art, and as far from a distinctly religious expression as I can select. It is Correggio's "Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine." This, of course, is the representation of an idea of the symbolical use of the word "marriage," used in all languages and in all mystical philosophy to represent an intimate union. In this case,

it is the devotion of body and soul to an idea, and a representation of the worship that belongs to it. And, of course, there is a legend of Catherine having had a dream, wherein she had received a ring from Christ himself, and "thereupon regarding herself as the betrothed of the Christ, she despised the world and the pomp of earthly sovereignty, thinking only of the day which should reunite her with her Celestial Lord." The legend came from the East, where was born the Song of Solomon, and where the image of earthly love and faith still represents in mystical poems the ineffable desire of union with the best good.

From far back the subject was chosen for religious pictures, and one of its most beautiful forms is that of Memlinc's painting in the middle of the fifteenth century, one of the early triumphs of the new method of painting in oil colours, that began the modern ways. Correggio's painting is, of course, later, and its form, its manner, indicate the close of the great period, and are as far away as they can well be from the reticent sentiment of the Flemish painter. The beauty of the painting has always been felt, and its merits, as pure art, are still what they were. The balance of light and shade, the arrangement of the pattern, of the lines, the sense of a complete creation, every part independent, is, of course, the method by which the artist has expressed himself. But one can perceive how the allegory becomes intensified through the human expression of these beautiful figures: the tender care of the Virgin, the Child's half-playful action, the tender absorption of St. Catherine in her receiving of the ring, and the half amused expression of the other saint, St. Sebastian, who smiles upon the scene as we do upon the innocent actions of children. The whole story is invested in a sweetness of sentiment that borders on the edge of over-expression. Later representations by lesser, but by famous men, become either too sentimental or too cold, except when the Spaniard infuses into the subject the strange passion and dignity which ennoble his most realistic representations. But they are right who admire this, and the other similar works by Correggio, from the very side of their sentiment. They are wrong who, in such a story as this, of family life, if we may so say, think that anything can be too sweetly expressed, because there, if ever, the feeling of mother or woman for the child, and the softening of older minds for childhood, is what we see at all times about us. And the sentiment, however pure, is almost physical from that of the mother to that of the looker-on.

In a certain sense, therefore, we can look upon many of the pictures representing legends of the saints as allegories. The charming picture of Memlinc, again, which represents St. Christopher wading the stream and carrying the weight, too heavy for him, of the little Christ on his shoulder, is, of course, an allegory, rather than a legend. And so are other pictures of lives of the saints or even the charming subject wherein the early painter represented our Lord coming back to earth to fetch His mother. In the same way as in Christian story, we could take the greater part of the stories of Greek mythology as allegory. There has been very little of success in pure representation of abstract ideas. As long as such ideas are invested in a person, either real or imaginary, the success of the impression, even as allegory, becomes more powerful, as I have attempted to show above. At certain moments of artificial thought and rhetorical habit, some expressions of these variations reach the art of painting.

The fondness for allegory at the end of the Middle Ages, which inflicted so much inferior poetry on the world, is echoed and continued for a time in Italian art, especially. But the results are not among the inspired ones. Sculpture allows a better chance; the single figure, whatever it means, has its own existence and has the beauty that belongs to realism. But painting requires more subtle expression, and its background of reality protests continuously against abstractions. The Italian sculptures, then, representing abstract ideas are more successful; until we come to the later forms of painting, where the subject is again treated in the idea of sculpture, and some beautiful pose of a beautiful figure is really the subject, and not the subtility or sentiment of the entire work.

It has required all the peculiar training and turn of mind of Botticelli to make his allegorical subjects alive. And it is the special charm of each figure, the refinement of the painter's sentiment and practice, which has made up for a certain poverty in the general notion. The mark and fashion of the time is the deficient side—the artist's personal feeling is the quality. At the same moment, also, symbolical representations

were the fashion. The artist saw tableaus and choruses elaborately arranged for public ceremonies. The wonder is that they made so little for the painter, and that their records are mostly in books and not on canvas. One wonders at the poverty of the paintings of that moment, which were inspired by the literature of allegory, or by the record of the processions and ceremonies. They are touched sometimes by the grace which a painter like Botticelli cannot absolutely escape, and the beautiful habit of the study of ornament gives to almost all work done before our day of specialties, a something which even our greater men of to-day obtain only by struggle. But again, and we must never forget it, the work of art has been usually a thing ordered to suit certain people who pay. And in many of the pictures that I speak of, I seem to detect the dictation of the grammarian or the learned man or the professor of literature, chosen to direct the painter.

When Botticelli paints, however, the picture of the *Spring*, in the disorder of a general intention, we begin to have the sense of an abundant poetic meaning. Of course, we feel the influence of those very sides of which I spoke—tableaus and the dances. This slightly fashionable posing, therefore, is not unnatural, and is merely extremely refined, and according to the manners which belong to the time. The ball-room was not then invented, or I might say that the singular and yet beautiful group of the Graces, who turn in the circle of the dance by their companion, Mercury, have been remembered from the group of some Florentine damsels, exhibiting their most refined graces at some great entertainment, devised by some Medici, with the help of scholars and artists. The Lady Venus, draped in the most exquisitely literary manner, with sleeves and cinctures of the day, gives her consent, and, as it were, blessing to the Happiness meant to be represented. The little blinded Cupid, discharging a fiery arrow from his bow, seems a little nude in the propriety of so much dress. But his movement of flight, and the line that he makes, is one of the most charming combinations and closing of circles ever arranged by a painter. Each line of foliage, apparently copied from Nature, helps to make a halo of verdure around the central figure, and helps the whirl and giddiness—a *giddiness* not unladylike—of all the other figures. The Goddess Flora steps out towards us, as she might in the ceremony of princely rejoicing. Her very smile has the delicate complexion of meaning that we might expect to find in a flower of intellectual Florence. Her dress, embroidered with flowers, is the ideal gown for the costumed ball, where great ladies might try their most exquisite taste in the costuming of some allegory. The beautiful blending of the real and the embroidered flowers is one of the most charming unrealities ever painted. The God of the Wind, who seizes the not too well favored girl, wrapped up in many folds of drapery, personifying Fertility, is less divine than the other figures. He is heavy for the wind, and his swollen cheek is not, perhaps, a refined indication of the breath of Spring. But again, the line and grouping that he makes add to the general turmoil and joy of the occasion. If these last figures are not so beautiful, we must remember that perhaps they were asked for; perhaps their meaning implied in the painter's mind some necessity of their being so represented. In this case, therefore, he would be faithful to the ideas of allegory.

How convention, at that date, represented allegory, we can see in the charming decorations by Pinturicchio in the Borgia Apartments of the Vatican. Perhaps it may be unfair to single out these special representations of allegory, when the entire work is merely decoration, with as little meaning as possible thrown in; in fact, if one can say so, almost avoided. It would have been out of order at the moment and the place, where any real allusions, anything but fashionable meanings might have been resented, and tripped up the painter's future success. And the scheme, which is a charming one of pattern and colour, might have interfered with a higher expression. An architect, however, might like such a scheme, which would be no more than the brocading of the ceiling of a room. The charming puppets representing divisions of intellectual thought or study, sit pleasantly on their decorated thrones, and have just enough reminiscence of the elegance and skill of other work, to avoid dexterously the question of the meaning. That, however, out of politeness, is written on tablets, which are also part of the scheme of decoration.

Far different are the little paintings that bear the name of *Bellini*, in Venice, where he has struggled to give the twists and turns

THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE

FROM THE PAINTING BY CORREGGIO

of allegorical meaning in enigmatic figures. But they, on the contrary, are full of a charm of a physical rendering of the suggestion of Nature. I mention them—"Opportunity," "Slander," "Truth," "Love, Mistress of the World," etc.—merely as a reminiscence, before we come to other Venetian painters. If we come to the full spread of the Venetian decorative art, which has influenced forever the decoration of modern times, we shall be at the furthest extreme from the delicate patterning of such work as Pinturicchio's, and, at the same time, we shall see that to continue in such a way can only be given to a large grasp of the art of painting, and that the problem so placed has deterred the average man. Here the allegory is used not only freely, but with delight. It animates all painting but that of portraits, and its feeling permeates the great religious pictures, giving them often the look which is abundantly in the right meaning of a martyrdom being a triumph, for instance; so that St. George, Veronese's patron saint (in the church of the same name at Venice), closes his career by a cruel death, as if this were the one great and glorious moment, and the chorus of judges, executioners, saints and angels, add so much of splendour for such a final occasion. But such use of realities, the rendering of many people in abundant gestures, implies, even in ordinary technique, a feeling and a knowledge for the arrangement of line, similar to that needed for the invention and orchestration of the musician. The great figures of

women, golden-haired and large-armed, toss through the pictures of allegorical subjects with such freedom that we can realize only by analysis and study that their gestures form a brocade and a pattern, as full as that of the little set ornamentation of an earlier date. Therefore, of course, only the stronger arm can bend the bow, and no imitation can be attempted by weaker brethren. Witness in the panel representing "Fortune," the magnificent spread of the arm of the lower figure and the use of the foreshortening, that is, our being made to look up, so that all the lines converge into the curves of a circle. And the painter has thrown in, moreover, the colour of a Venetian sky, the blondness of Venetian flesh, and the many colours of abundant drapery.

A lover of Italy, an artist too fond of Italy perhaps, the Frenchman Poussin, shall give us another variety of allegory, both in form and in invention. His character was of the kind which would easily have turned to the use of plastic forms for abstract ideas; and once or twice he has painted for decoration such subjects as "Time Rescuing Truth from Envy and Discord." But his sense of implied meaning (which is what we mean by allegory) is better felt in such a painting as this of the invented subject, in itself a creation of art, "The Shepherds of Arcadia." The creations of Italy, modifying by mere authority his love of Nature, have in this and most of his works so balanced his pictures as to cool what might easily have been a warmer statement. We can see the beginning of that tendency to a theatrical arrangement which, since then, has influenced French art, leaving only a few exceptions, and has limited more or less the habits and sympathies of painters from that date. "The Shepherds of Arcadia," of the Arcadia of literature, are grouped in great beauty of attitude around a tomb. One of them, evidently a descendant of one of Raphael's frescoes, beautifully balanced on his staff, points to the inscription "And I, too, lived in Arcadia"—"*Et in Arcadia Ego.*"

The shepherd looks up again with the Raphael eyes, to a female companion, long-skirted for a shepherdess, whose hand caresses his shoulder, as she drinks in the poetry of the meaning. Another shepherd follows the inscription on the stone, with pressed finger, and a fourth one leans upon the tomb, following the movement of the other's hand. It is a wise, beautiful, ponderated arrangement of the four figures whose circle of composition is continued by the branches of the trees above. Far down to the right drops the edge of the tomb, implying its being on a height, cutting it away from the possible landscape, and closing in still more the lines of the composition. Something monumental belongs to the painting—something like the Latin inscription which encloses so much meaning in abbreviated words. There is a beautiful but less finished work of the same subject in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. There the Shepherds have just discovered the tomb and rush to it hurriedly, in the first joy and emotion. If it so be, that this latter painting is the first, and that of the Louvre a later one, this would be within the logical unfolding of the character of the painter, his contained feeling, his sobriety, his withdrawal from the dangers of emotion. And the story of his life—a noble one—runs in the same direction.

Far back, with the importation of Italian artists into France, begins the bureaucratic tendency of French art, its relation to government, its becoming almost an administrative function. Like many of the French artists, Poussin, a type of true learning, of the ideal Academician, suffered, as others have done, from the pressure of the government institutions that regulated painting. He had left France as a young man, to study in Rome. There he pursued a long course of study in every department of art which could build up thorough knowledge. There he made friends, becoming almost a Roman, living happily on the *Monte Pincio*, absorbed in painting, in reading, in intercourse with various men of intellectual habits. When he was asked to leave his beloved Rome to come to Paris and direct the ornamentation of royal palaces, with full pay, and all privileges, he hesitated long, and at last accepted the offer of the King. But he met the pressure of official intrigue and pined for the solitary life which alone allows high thinking and doing. He determined to return to Rome, resolving never to leave it, a promise which he held, dying there, November, 1665, having spent in the Motherland of Art nearly half a century. He is, notwithstanding, one of the patrons of French art, whose name at least, if not his influence, has served to guide that Academic tendency which is a mark of French culture.

SPRING

FROM THE PAINTING BY BOTTICELLI

THE SHEPHERDS OF ARCADIA

FROM THE PAINTING BY POUSSIN

THE WAY WONDERFUL

BY

JANET REMINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT STERNER

"Pluck wins: it always wins, though days be slow,
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go,—
Still Pluck will win—its average is sure;
He wins the most who can most endure;
Who faces evils, he who never shirks,
Who waits and watches, and who always works."

SHE was freckled; her nose turned up a little; her hair, when the sun had its way with it, had a gleam of red; she was too tall for her weight; she had always been so occupied with attention to the wants of other people that her own garb, though not a matter of indifference to her, was one of minor interest. In spite of this, a stranger rarely passed her without a second glance. Her presence in a room was always felt. No one attempted to define her charm, for charm it was which belonged to plainly gowned, overworked, self-forgetful Margaret Hale.

"Old Kentucky" the hand-organ was playing; the sun was looking its last for the day on the basement dining-room windows of the popular boarding-house on Avery Street. When the sun shone in at night, the boarders, unconsciously, were more cheerful. Tonight the tall, slim young man at the middle table had grown sociable over his second cup of coffee, and was entering a spirited discussion upon the subject of expansion with the large man at his left. The woman whose chief occupation in life was taking her meals was giving concentrated attention to roast beef and potato. The other occupants of the long table were listening with varying degrees of interest to the discussion

of the thin man and the large man, and one or two had made unsuccessful attempts at joining in the conversation. Just a moment's shadow across the window—the passing of a woman, whose head, in the rays of the setting sun, was surrounded by a halo. That was the passing of Margaret; and all turned to watch her. The debaters stopped for a moment; the waiter paused on her way to renew supplies for the woman who had been giving undivided attention to her dinner, and who, it must be mentioned, also paused for a moment to look at the passer-by. Then a ripple of talk commenced at the table in the right-hand corner, where conversation had been languishing.

"She is late to-night," remarked the amiable lady to her opposite, a German. "By the way, I don't like the idea of calling that girl 'she'; there seems no way of finding who she is, and we should give her some more fitting appellation, since we discuss her so much. We all vary so greatly in our ideas as to what her occupation may be, that we cannot call her the artist, according to Mr. More's ideas, the school teacher, for Herr Fritz, or the stenographer, the proof-reader, or telephone girl, etc., to please the rest of the table."

"Why has no one thought of suggesting that she is a shop girl?" inquired the alert young man.

"Because she is not sufficiently stylish," replied the amiable lady. "Do you notice the few changes she makes in her dress during a season? Take this summer, for instance. If she had been a shop girl, every change of fashion would have been recorded in her attire; early in the season she would have worn a large tie; later, a gray felt hat with a feather, and now she would be wearing black velvet ribbon around her throat. No, she is not a shop girl."

"But about the name, Mrs. Brown; what do you suggest as appropriate and sufficiently respectful?" asked the alert young man.

The enthusiastic little teacher now spoke with earnestness: "Let us call her 'The Princess.' She holds her head and carries herself with a dignity worthy of any queen, and she is the kind of woman—and they are rare—who holds herself just as erect in a suit three summers old as in a Paris gown. She is superior to what she wears, and is not dependent upon being well dressed for poise and self-control."

"And have you discovered all that by simply seeing her pass our windows occasionally?" asked the alert young man.

"Little things tell volumes," continued the teacher. "I see her sometimes on the street; a number of times her companion has been far more fashionably dressed. Indeed, The Princess wore that brown gown we always see her in on cool days. She was carrying a large parcel; but her face was as bright, her bearing was as dignified, and the people noticed her as they would never notice a hundred others clothed in the height of fashion. She has a certain skill in the selection of her few clothes, and her unconsciousness of what she wears is absolutely fascinating."

"Well, is she to be 'The Princess'?" asked the German.

"Let's call her 'Princess Prue,'" said the little school teacher. "We all know she is prudent or she would have more new gowns. Prudence, though, doesn't suit her face; Prue is more piquant, and expresses her better."

"All who vote for 'Princess Prue,' signify it by drinking to her health a glass of Myles Standish Spring Water. It seems to be unanimous. Carried," said the alert young man, as they all left the dining-room.

In the meantime, Princess Prue, or Margaret Hale, more properly, was deeply considering financial problems, unconscious of the speculations regarding herself. There was coal to buy; Ruth must have a new gown; Grace had declared she would not wear the green gown which once served as Margaret's one more day. The boys needed new clothes, she was thinking as she absent-mindedly returned the bow of a passing acquaintance, who, not realizing that the look on Margaret's face was entirely impersonal to himself, and was simply a "left-over expression," wondered what he had done to merit such a cool greeting from one who usually put a radiance into it that always made the recipient feel that something pleasant had happened, and that life was worth living. Margaret always made it a point to avoid giving a "grudging greeting," as she called it. She had a theory that a bow should carry with it good-will, even if only to the most casual acquaintance, but there are times when preoccupation causes even the most deeply cherished theories to be lost sight of, and there can hardly be a

more intense form of preoccupation than that occasioned by the stern fact: liabilities greater than assets.

Margaret stopped herself suddenly in the list of wants that must be supplied, knowing that adding further would sink her into a slough of despond from which it would be difficult to rise. How should she satisfy the demands made upon her slender income? The only way possible, she reflected—since she could not leave her home, and the chickens and flowers would yield no more profit until spring, was to write. A number of titles suggested themselves during the remainder of her walk, and by the time she had reached her door one of these had been selected, and the opening sentence of her first story composed.

"grown sociable over his second cup of coffee"

Margaret's home was a small cottage, which had been painted many years ago, but all of the places exposed to view were now weather-beaten. A friendly vine covered all but a small portion, and the veranda on three sides of the house was beautiful with its graceful covering. In their season, hollyhocks and sunflowers, and many old-fashioned favorites flourished in abundance at the back of the house, but the large lawn stretched with unbroken green down to the row of elms near the sidewalk. When Allan Hale died, he had left to his children a most invaluable possession—the memory of an upright, noble, generous life. There were no debts; this little place—a house with one acre of land—and a small sum of money. Margaret for years had taken the place of a mother to the other children, all of whom were much younger. To keep the place, educate the children, and leave the money intact for the future needs of the brothers and sisters, was Margaret's aim. Happily, her ingenuity in turning and making over enabled her to keep at its lowest possible mark the expenditure for clothes. Many irons she had in the fire—though such an unpoetical expression should hardly be applied to Margaret's striving. Her home was an enthusiasm; and on its hearthstone she was strong to fight all the lions in the way of keeping it. The first summer after the death of her father she had many plans. She would raise hens and sell eggs to the neighbors; the garden should

supply them with vegetables; violets and other flowers should yield a golden harvest. Vicissitudes attended all these schemes. The hens that laid died or were stolen; the hens that did not lay wandered abroad, causing complaint from fault-finding neighbors. The flowers were frost-killed, or begged for children's day services and graduating exercises. She sent poems to the magazines only to have them returned with thanks. That was three years before. It would take long to tell of the ways and means devised for keeping the little family together during the years following. One would have thought, in those days, to see the intense look of interest in Margaret's face as she sat reading when the day's work was over, that she was perusing a thrilling tale of adventure, when in fact it would be an article on "A Woman's Strawberry Bed," "The Ease of Growing Bulbs," or a like subject. Success came with an experiment on bulbs, and she always felt an affectionate gratitude toward one writer on bulbs who made the statement that it was much more difficult to fail than to succeed in growing the more common ones, unless you plant them wrong end up. She did succeed, and her jonquils brought the golden harvest of her dreams. The poems did sometimes find acceptance. The failures and experience had at last resulted in success with the hens, thanks to peaceful Aunt Polly, who came over with encouragement and suggestions as to the care of them.

But with all this success, the expenditures had grown also—so fast, indeed, that the thought had been in Margaret's mind many times lately that it might be necessary to mortgage the place. Yes, the story must be written, Margaret said to herself, to-night as she came in sight of her home and heard Ruth singing as she set the supper table. Not that she felt that she had a gift in that direction, or that she had a story to tell; but she must try every possible means to avoid the mortgage. This was one of the things that could be done at home. She would write a story.

Accordingly, next morning, after the children had gone to school and the work was finished, the story was commenced. Seated by an open window overlooking the front lawn, Margaret wrote for ten minutes, when peaches came which must be canned at once. That done, there was luncheon to prepare. Luncheon out of the way, with flushed cheeks again Margaret continued that most difficult of all spinning—that from invisible material. "Oh, for an inspiration!" she thought as she looked wistfully into the hazy autumn sunshine, only to catch sight of Aunt Silence walking up the path. Margaret arose with a weary sigh, drawing down curtains on the way to the front door, for reasons gained from painful experience.

Aunt Silence was tall, thin, and an umpire in all the arts of housekeeping, holding that there was only one right way of doing things, and that her way. To-day she was more generous than usual with her criticisms and suggestions; and when about to depart, she said in a low tone, and with an air of having the most painful and important tidings—first looking about to see that no one was within hearing:

"Margaret, my dear, I really must tell you"—here Aunt Silence's voice lowered to a tragic whisper, awakening dire forebodings—"I saw, as I came in, that there is dust on your bottom doorstep."

Ordinarily Margaret received the numerous admonitions sweetly and cheerfully, but to-day Aunt Silence had even discovered dust on the curtain rods—she could see to such dizzy heights and to such awful depths—and while she kept her self-control and answered cheerfully that those things must certainly be looked after, it was with the greatest difficulty that she avoided making a different reply. The radiant smile which Aunt Silence received with these words sent that lady away—holding up her skirts as she went over the dusty bottom step—with a feeling of being a benefactor to the world at large, and to Margaret's domain in particular.

Though outwardly serene, Margaret went back to her work feeling that the time Aunt Silence had taken was really of less account than the peace of mind which she had disturbed. The lines written with enthusiasm in the morning now filled her with disgust; they were so tame; the ideas and plan of the morning now seemed impossible; she could never make a story of such material. Aunt Silence, she reflected, always did take her courage away. Margaret, usually philosophical, found herself unable now to fall back upon her sense of humor—her great resource in irritating episodes.

In her dreary discouragement the door bell this time was a welcome interruption to the task suddenly grown distasteful. "An antidote to Aunt Silence," she thought,

greeting Aunt Polly affectionately. Aunt Silence, Margaret often thought, gave the impression of glaring, uncompromising noon. No defects were hidden, but stood forth in bold relief. Aunt Polly—just as truthful—was the peaceful gloaming or the early dawn, bringing out all that is beautiful and restful. The difference was in the emphasis they gave to the facts of life. Aunt Silence selected the disagreeable, harsh truths, presenting them in a repellent, irritating way. Aunt Polly, ignoring the disagreeable, always, as Ruth expressed it, "set the music going." She had usually something new and charming to tell, in her original way, and when Aunt Polly left this afternoon, behind her was the impression of an indefinable gladness; the world had suddenly taken on its wonted glow of interest to Margaret. Although it was now four o'clock, and the household duties must soon be resumed, Margaret flew to her pencil and wrote for an hour with renewed zeal.

"The word in season to them that are weary"—that is what Aunt Polly never failed to bring; and Margaret, looking back in later years to these days of many cares and discouragements, when failure seemed almost inevitable, thought that but for Aunt Polly's occasional presence and the cheer it brought, she must have given up in despair.

What is the most priceless gift? If all are enumerated—from the meager gift bought with the hard-earned savings of the day laborer to the treasure bought with lavish wealth—can one compare with the simple gift of courage to one who is disheartened?

II

Another Autumn has come. Margaret, sitting on the veranda with Aunt Polly, suddenly begins to talk about herself. Most people found themselves doing this to Aunt Polly: she had a way of inspiring confidence, and unconsciously, the most reserved found it easy to confide in her; but Margaret had felt that her plans must not be talked of, even to Aunt Polly; all her strength should go to their carrying out—none of it should evaporate in words. So it was a surprise to sunny Aunt Polly when Margaret began:

"Aunt Polly, I just want to tell you about matters and things to-day, and about one day last summer in particular. That morning everything seemed to happen to make life look dark. Ben came home with his new coat torn; he had worked so hard to earn the money to buy it, and he was heartbroken. Mr. Brown's dog killed three of the hens that were the best layers; Mr. Hendrix called to say that he could not possibly pay the interest on his mortgage, for he had been out of work for weeks; and that was money I had been depending upon to pay insurance and taxes. Then Aunt Silence came and stayed to dinner; everything went wrong, and something happened—I think it was when Aunt Silence told me I ought to go to a cooking-school—to offend Ruth, who is usually so sweet, and she was very saucy, so that Aunt Silence went away angry. After she left the postman brought a story I thought would certainly be accepted. I found that I must order coal at once for the kitchen stove. A shower came up in the afternoon and the roof began to leak. The girls, I discovered, must have new dresses for the fall; there was nothing I could turn or possibly contrive a gown of. For myself, a new gown was a positive necessity. Do you ever have days like that when you are thankful to have bedtime come and think nothing more can happen that day? Well, I bought my gown the next morning, and you may be sure it was a carefully considered investment. Talk about the time wealthy society women devote to their clothes! No women think more about their clothes than those who make one gown do service for best, not only one year, but two or three. To see me ponder over this purchase, one would have thought I was vanity personified, when it was simply a financial problem: to invest the money where the largest possible return could be obtained. As I said, I bought the gown the next day—I shall never forget that morning: you know some days stand out in one's memory. I shall talk you to death, Aunt Polly, but since the girls went away to Alton you don't know how I suffer from suppressed sociability. It was a perfect day to begin with—one of those when you have an unreasoning sense of happiness, an indefinable feeling that something good is on its way. The air was so fine I decided to walk home instead of taking the car, so I stopped at the post-office. 'Another returned manuscript,' I thought, when the clerk handed out the mail. 'I won't spoil the morning and my peace of mind by opening it now;' then I thought: 'No, this is a day to bear

"The flowers were . . . begged for children's day services and graduating exercises"

Aunt Silence

anything,' and opened the envelope. What do you think, Aunt Polly? It was a story I had almost forgotten about sending, it had been so many months before—accepted, and returned for an addition to one of the chapters. A check was inclosed, and there was a request for a story for their Christmas number. From that time on everything prospered; the hens laid; the flowers flourished better than ever—it really was wonderful. The children called me lucky. If success had not come just then, it seems to me I must have given up; perhaps you never knew I thought I should be obliged to mortgage the place at one time; but fortune turned at just the right moment—and you know what a happiness it was to send the girls to the Alton school this fall."

Just then the washerwoman came up the path with the family laundry, and Margaret, coming back to Aunt Polly after the woman had gone, leaned back in her chair, and laughed merrily.

"Mrs. Tubbs—isn't it a charming example, Aunt Polly, of an appropriate name?—has been naming her last baby."

"Is that such an unusual and funny occurrence as to excite such mirth?" asked Aunt Polly, smiling in anticipation.

"Just listen—these are the family names: Citrine, Vitrine, Gasoline—and now that poor, helpless, unfortunate baby is made the scapegoat of its mother's erratic fancy, and must be known after this as Enameline. That isn't the worst of it, Aunt Polly. Her neighbors, far and wide, go to her for names, so it comes about that Benzine Briggs brings my groceries; Aniline Smith cleans house for me; Castoria Brown washes the windows; and in time, I suppose, Enameline Tubbs will bring the washing home." And Margaret went off into another peal of laughter, in which Aunt Polly joined heartily.

"Where does she get her names?" asked Polly. "Usually a preference is shown for names from dime novels—but these don't sound at all literary."

"From advertisements, of course," said Margaret. "The poor woman never has time to read except when she is going to and from the places where she gathers up the laundry. I can imagine just how that 'Enameline' in red letters, on the building by the bridge, appealed to Mrs. Tubbs's taste. They were painting that sign yesterday morning as I came by. She has just about exhausted the words with the final syllable rhyming with 'lean.' I am wondering what will be the next approved ending."

The two sit chatting in the hazy, afternoon sunshine, and little by little Aunt Polly again leads Margaret to tell her more about herself. Margaret finds a keen delight in talking to this sympathetic woman, even telling her of her school days, of which she rarely speaks.

But even to Aunt Polly she does not mention the friend—she calls him a friend still, though years of unexplained silence have passed since she saw him—whose influence has been one of the most uplifting of her life. And in feeling that life was richer for having known this friend, and would always be better and stronger for the time of their companionship, Margaret was not indulging in sentimentality. She had grasped and assimilated a truth which lifted the common-place

to a higher plane, and gave to her a courage and sweetness influencing all with whom she came in contact.

III

Will pleasanter recollections cluster around the school buildings of to-day, with all the modern improvements, than belong to the old-fashioned country schoolhouses of an earlier time? An old, frame building, at the end of a country road, the yard barren of trees, the wooden seats carved with the names of the mischievous boys and girls of many generations—strange that about such unattractive objects the thoughts and imagination may hover, sometimes with a passionate longing to see the old-time faces in the old, familiar places. What pageant would delight one like the row of faces in the spelling class, with their varying degrees of stupidity or intelligence? Close the eyes, and there they are—always the relative positions about the same—the same three near the head; the same three near the foot. David Irvin, standing on the deck of the "Paris," on his way home after an absence of several years abroad, is thinking of such an old, country schoolhouse and of the old-time spelling class; the face of the one at the head, with brightness radiating from it, is vividly in his mind. He had a misunderstanding with Margaret Hale while they were "away at school," where the frank friendship of their district school days had been continued through correspondence. The misunderstanding was very simple; David had written from college:

Friend Margaret:—

Father has just found that he must send me to London on business; his manager is unable to go just at the last minute—accordingly I shall have to stay in a musty office for I don't know how long. Unfortunately, I have shown signs of business ability Father seems to think, so that is how I am sent off in this fashion. The worst of it is that I have to go at once, and the only way I can plan to see you is this: I will run up to Alton on the six o'clock train, going back on the seven-thirty, then take the nine for New York. It will be pretty close work, but I've simply got to see you.

Your friend,

DAVID IRVIN.

When David Irvin reached the reception-room of Margaret's boarding-school that Friday night, passing through the hall he caught a glimpse of her face as she sat in earnest conversation with the one man in his college he most detested. In his surprise and excitement, and not pausing to reflect, he rushed off without another attempt to see her, saying to himself, in hot indignation, that Margaret had no right to receive a caller at the very time she was expecting him, when he had written for how short a time he could see her.

Aunt Polly

Much has been said about seemingly small things occasioning vast results. If the history of all the events of life could be written, would not a large proportion of them be seen to originate in an apparently trivial source?

Gordon Hill had wished to look up a word in an encyclopedia, and knowing that Irvin had one in his room, and finding his door standing open, went to the table where the book was kept. Irvin's letter to Margaret, not yet folded, caught his eye, and in a

moment he knew the contents. Hill had this peculiarity : the moment a man seemed to be attracted by a girl, she at once awakened an interest in his own mind. On the present occasion there was an added interest. He hated Irvin cordially, and in an instant his plan was made, as he withdrew quietly. On the Friday night of Irvin's appointment with Margaret, Hill took an earlier train for Alton than the one mentioned in the letter, and about fifteen minutes before Irvin's arrival, sent up his card to Margaret. His plan worked perfectly. Hill knew David Irvin so thoroughly that he believed the latter would not attempt to see Margaret if he saw them together, and had carefully arranged their positions, so that Irvin, on entering the building, could not fail to see them, while his entrance would be unobserved by Margaret.

The girl had great self-control, and Hill's admiration began to be something more than a second-hand one, when, as the time drew near and passed for her friend's arrival, she showed not a trace of expectancy or anxiety. He took care to stay until he had heard the whistle of the down-town train, and knew that David was safely out of town.

Then Margaret went up to her little room —years after she could recall just how it looked with the moonlight shining in. When she had left the room to go down, life had seemed so beautiful. Now, standing and looking down at the trees and the shadows, and the light shining on the roofs of the village, all was so changed ; she wondered how she could go on. She had cared so much to see David—but he certainly would write, explaining why he had not come.

But David never wrote, and what could have been explained in a moment loomed as a barrier between them. A tragedy might well be written on "The Letter that Never Came"—a formula condensing, within its five commonplace words, vast possibilities of weary waiting and hope deferred.

And Gordon Hill forgot to look up the word in the encyclopedia, which altered the course of two lives.

That was years before, but David Irvin, passing from the years of his boyhood and the memories of school days, now recalls again, with something of his old, unreasonable anger, the night of his visit to Alton. Strangely enough, he had had no news of Margaret during his absence. At first his anger had prevented his making inquiries ; later he could only find that her mother had died and that she had left school before completing her course. The family had moved from their former home, but no one could give any further information.

By the time his anger had cooled sufficiently to allow him to see how unreasonable

David Irvin

and boyish he had been, it was too late to find any trace of Margaret. Quick and passionate in his loves and friendships, his loyalty and constancy were unbounded. Through all the years he clung to the thought of Margaret—all the more persistently when it finally occurred to him that Margaret, too, might have suffered from that unceremonious leave-taking.

The Professor of Psychology, wrapped up in his steamer blanket and watching his neighbors with keen interest, happened to be looking at the stalwart occupant of the chair at his right, when that occupant had reached this point in his reflections, and the Professor wondered what he saw far out at sea to make him flush so furiously—yes—the Professor leaned forward in his interest—it was a blush, not an effort to suppress a cough or a sneeze—that man was blushing, and how the Professor wished he could analyze that blush.

IV

If Mrs. Tubbs had not been in such haste to carry home the Hale's laundry as to forget Ruth's muslin gown, hanging in dainty freshness over the pictures "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" in Mrs. Tubbs's parlor, she would not have been a factor in the happiness of two lives.

As it happened, Margaret had waited for a messenger, but being unable to obtain one, was obliged to go herself to the house of Tubbs, as Ruth wanted the dress on her arrival from Alton that evening. The afternoon was so beautiful that she left the car at Avery Street, thinking she had time to enjoy her favorite walk Her thoughts go back to the days of the perplexing struggle to make ends meet, and her face is radiant now as she recalls the ways in which perplexities have been solved, and the mortgage she so much dreaded averted. She thinks of life as a Way Wonderful, with surprises awaiting at every turn.

Again the hand organ is playing "Old Kentucky," although it is now some seasons old. The man makes a practice of playing it when he comes in this locality, for a certain boarder at the large house on the corner never fails to drop a quarter into his hat when this is played, while the newer favorites are unnoticed. The sun is again looking into the basement dining-room windows of the popular boarding-house on Avery Street.

The little teacher coming in, looking more enthusiastic than ever, the occupants of her table turn expectantly towards her before she is fairly seated.

"You are fairly bristling with news," said the alert young man. "What has happened?"

"I've met Princess Prue," said the little teacher impressively; "I've found out all about her, and she is lovelier even than she looks."

The reticent new boarder, sitting with his back to the window, showed a tinge of interest, and forgot for a moment the limited time he had in which to eat his dinner and get his steamer, which sailed at seven.

"You see, I couldn't get any violets anywhere; every place had been sold out; at the florist's I was told to go to a certain cottage in the suburbs, and who should meet me at the door but the Princess herself, and her little brother picked the violets for me. She is perfectly fascinating. You look at her one minute, and you think 'her hair is tawny with gold; her eyes with purple are dark.' The next minute you wonder you thought there was gold in her hair, and her eyes look gray. Her face is never twice alike."

The new boarder fell to thinking dreamily of a face answering that description—a face rarely absent from his thoughts during all his long absence from America—when the alert young man suddenly exclaimed:

"There she is now!" and David Irvin, looking up, sees Margaret Hale's face illumined by the setting sun as she passes the window.

In a moment Irvin was on the street. The hand-organ man holds out his hand expectantly, but Irvin does not see him. Margaret, hearing steps at her side, looks up.

A little word to be looked up in the encyclopedia had been the means of two paths diverging for years. A lapse of memory on the part of Mrs. Tubbs had caused those paths to join—never more to be separated.

An hour later, Irvin's steamer was leaving the port without him. Ruth's white gown still hung suspended over "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" in Mrs. Tubbs's parlor. Two happy people, walking through the falling leaves in Prospect Park, thought not of time or of past separation. The moonlight was shining now through the yellow leaves, casting a mellow radiance over their path. Life was, indeed, to them a Way Wonderful—for one of God's greatest compensations was theirs: only through the pain and deprivation of the past could the joy of the present have reached its perfection.

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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY

From a photograph made in the early fall of the present year. Mr. Rockefeller was 65 years old on July 8, 1904

MISS TARBELL'S HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY*

HOW THE RAILROAD MAKES THE TRUST

BY

GEORGE W. ALGER

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT

PRINCE METTERNICH once said to George Ticknor: "You Americans must first suffer from an evil before you can apply the remedy; you have no preventive legislation." Miss Tarbell, as she tells us the story of the birth, growth, and present power of the oil monopoly, is really giving the history of such an evil—one from which we are still suffering, and for which we are yet groping for a remedy. It is impossible for us to read this story and miss its meaning. It is not merely a study of, perhaps, the blackest page in the history of American commerce; it is not simply a study of what men of immense business capacity can do when actuated by an unscrupulous and almost incredible selfishness. The enormous evil which finds graphic illustration in her book is the power which the transportation companies have been given over the accumulation and distribution of wealth in this country, and how that power has been abused.

We have an Oil Monopoly Because we have Failed to Regulate the Railroads

As a business people, we are great believers in competition, and the demonstration of individual ability through competition. Whatever special advantages we may covet for ourselves in our business contests, we are, when unbiased by personal interest, generally willing and anxious that this competition should be both free and fair. When the railroads first came, our grandparents welcomed them as an aid to their vigorous industrialism, as a great means by which their keen, intense business powers could be given broader sway in the opening up of a continent. What legislation they enacted consisted mainly in benefits by law to railroad builders. They gave millions of acres of land. They bonded towns, cities, and counties, and they granted state aid in many forms. Our fathers stopped the state aid and the railroad relief bonds, though they continued to give away land. In the regulation of the railways they did little, and what they did was by way of state legislation rather than federal—"Granger" statutes, fixing freight charges which were ineffective, except on traffic entirely within the boundaries of the enacting state. If, by what they did or failed to do, there was to be a railroad problem, it would be for the next generation to solve. Ours is that next generation; we have that problem, and we must solve it. If our fathers had more fully recognized the transportation question as theirs instead of ours, this book might never have been written; for the existence of the Standard Oil Company was, in large measure, made possible by the shifting of responsibility for that problem from the generation which might have solved it to ours, which must.

From the very Beginning the Standard Fed on Railroad Wars

There was a transportation question at the very birth of the oil business. In 1859 a man named Drake, in a lumber camp called

* "The History of the Standard Oil Company," by Ida M. Tarbell. Two volumes; illustrated. Price $5.00. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Titusville, in the wilderness of Western Pennsylvania, bored in the ground for oil. Late in August of that year the oil came, the wells filled, the pumps started, and twenty-five barrels of oil were gathered. The romance of a great industry had begun—a romance as exciting and as full of incident as that of the gold-fields of '49.

The oil had to be transported by teamsters, for the railroads were from sixteen to forty miles away. Soon there was a continuous procession from the big wells along the narrow, rough highways to the railroads. Caravans of a hundred teams were a common sight. "The farmers for hundreds of miles," Miss Tarbell says, "gave up their boys, their horses and wagons to supply the need. It paid. There were times when three and even four dollars a barrel were given for hauling five or ten miles." For his day, the teamster was an autocrat. But his day was short. In three years the big teamsters, the railroads, had replaced him.

A tremendous freight business grew up. The railroads fought one another for control of it; they cut rates, they gave rebates.

In 1871, says the writer, "any big producer or refiner could bully a freight agent into a special rate." There was no railroad pool. Fisk and Gould on the Erie were fighting Commodore Vanderbilt on the Central, and Tom Scott was claiming for the Pennsylvania the sovereignty of the oil-carrying business. It was a three-cornered fight—a railroad war. "As competition grew between the roads, they grew more reckless about rebates, the refiners more insistent in demanding them. The big shippers got the biggest rebate."

No Laws to Protect Small Dealers or to Protect Railroads from Each Other

Not only was there little law that protected the small producer or refiner against the injustice of these special privileges, wrested from the railroads by his bigger and more successful rivals, but, still more important, there was no law whatever that protected the railroads against one another in the fierce competition in which they found themselves involved. There is no such law to-day; for our statutes still assume that the rate wars are right, as the competition reduces freight charges, and that rate combinations are wrong. Yet how can any reader who studies carefully the facts which this book gives, escape the conviction that it was the absence of a law regulating the railroads in their relation to one another which was the beginning of the Standard Oil Company. Why did the South Improvement Company, the first of the Rockefeller schemes for robbing the producers of the oil properties which they had developed, get the ready coöperation of the railroads? Because it meant higher freight rates and a relief from an intolerable competition. The South Improvement Company, a large, secret body of refiners, was to pay living oil rates to the railroads, the consideration from the railroads to be that the railroads should charge extortionate rates to the producers and divide with the refiners the fruits of the extortion.

The railroads in the beginning had no special desire to put an oil monopoly in the hands of Rockefeller and his associates. Miss Tarbell makes this quite clear in the story of the oil war of 1872, which she describes in the third chapter of her book—the independent producers against the South Improvement Company. As a narrative it is as thrilling in its interest as the story of any war in history. It was the struggle of the resourceful, enterprising pioneers of the oil industry to retain the property for which they had toiled in the wilderness, and which they had fairly won by their labors, from an enemy which was using against them strange, secret, and invisible weapons—weapons which were never intended for the hands of any commercial antagonists. The railroads constructed under the great powers of eminent domain granted to them under public law, so that they should be free arteries for the commerce of a people, had lent themselves to a conspiracy by which a small band of unprincipled oil monopolists were endeavoring to raid a vast industry. Without the railroads, the South Improvement Company scheme must fail. With the railroads, the scheme must succeed. With their aid, no gambler with loaded dice or marked cards could have been surer of success against an honest adversary, be the latter never so skilful and intelligent.

The freight rates were to be advanced enormously on all oil shipments. The refiners in the secret cabal of the South Improvement Company were to have great rebates on these rates for the oil which they shipped themselves, and drawbacks on the oil shipped by others. The "open rate," Miss Tarbell tells us, on crude oil to New York was put at $2.56. On this price the South Improvement Company was allowed a

rebate of one dollar for its shipments. But it got not only this rebate; it was given, in cash, a like amount on each barrel of crude oil shipped by parties outside the combination.

Is it any wonder that, armed with railroad contracts containing special privileges of which this is only a single example, Mr. Rockefeller could go back to Cleveland and, under threats of ruinous freight discriminations, "persuade" twenty-one out of twenty-six great refiners to sell their plants to him at fractions of their value?

Railroads Conspired with the Standard in Order to Save Themselves from Ruinous Competition

Miss Tarbell never lets us forget that the power of the Standard Oil monopoly from the first step, which was the South Improvement Company scheme, to the last has been based upon the ability of Mr. Rockefeller and his associates to induce the railroads to violate their charters and break faith with the people, who gave these roads their being. Why did the railroads do it? The importance of a clear and complete answer to this question cannot be overestimated. It is a question, moreover, which has puzzled many who are otherwise familiar with the history of the Oil Trust. One of the significant contributions which this book makes to the transportation problem, is the completeness of its answer to this query. It often gives this answer in the very words of the railroad officials themselves.

In the course of the oil war of 1872, for example, a committee of the producers who were then fighting so vigorously against the threatened destruction of their business by the South Improvement Company, called upon the president of the Pennsylvania road, and the report of that interview, sent back by one of the members of that committee, Miss Tarbell gives as follows:

"We saw Mr. Scott on the 18th of March, 1872, in Philadelphia, and he said to us that he was very much surprised to hear of this agitation in the Oil Regions. That the object of the railroads in making this contract with the South Improvement Company was to obtain an evener to pool the freight—to pool the oil freights among the different roads. *That they had been cutting each other on oil freights for a number of years, and had not made any money out of it, although it was a freight they should have made money from. That they had endeavored to make an arrangement among themselves, but had always failed. He said that they had supposed that the gentlemen representing the South Improvement Company represented the petroleum trade; but as he was now convinced that they did not, he would be glad to make an arrangement with the committee who, undoubtedly, did represent the petroleum trade!*"

The committee of producers refused. They had no power and no wish to enter into any such unjust contract.

They were fighting these enemies of the freedom of trade, because they thought, as any honest man would think, that the rebate is morally wrong; that the railroads had, neither legally nor morally, a right to discriminate in their facilities, but should charge uniform rates for transportation of freight and passengers. On the other hand, the railroads themselves were fighting for a right to live. They were interstate railroads, and there was no federal legislation of any kind governing them. They could not agree among themselves as to rates, and competition between them was ruinously intense. They needed control by law, and there was no law on the federal statute-books which governed them. Such state laws as there were did not apply to interstate commerce, were weak and insufficient.

They must do something. They had millions of dollars invested in their rights of way, in their tracks and rolling-stock. They had to do business, carry on this enormous oil traffic, even at a loss. Not one of them was willing to move its business out of the Oil Regions like a disappointed grocery or a discouraged saloon. But with cut-throat competition they could make no money. What should they do? The Oil Trust furnished the answer: For, while the South Improvement Company scheme apparently failed—the oil war of 1872 ended it temporarily—it succeeded later under a different name. It was sure to succeed eventually, because the conditions that favored its triumph remained the same. Where there is an economic condition which absolutely requires a law, and the state fails to provide it, somebody else will. The schemers for an oil monopoly furnished that law.

A significant illustration of how this principle works out, Miss Tarbell gives in chapter six. A large firm of New York refiners, Bush & Denslow, prior to 1878 had been shipping yearly a thousand barrels of crude oil a day over the Pennsylvania system. They had

a contract fixing their freight rate, and in May, 1878, that contract expired. The firm sought a renewal of the contract, and had a conference in New York with Mr. Cassatt, then third vice-president of the Pennsylvania road.

"We asked Mr. Cassatt what rate of freight we should have after the expiration of these contracts: whether we should have as low a rate of freight as the Standard Oil Company. He answered 'No.' We asked why. 'Well, in the first place, you can't ship as much oil as the Standard Oil Company.' 'Well, if we could ship as much oil'—I think Mr. Lombard put this question—'would we then have the same rate?' He said 'No.' 'Why?' 'Why, you could not keep the roads satisfied; it would make trouble.' And he remarked, in connection with that, that the Standard Oil Company was the only party that could keep the roads harmonized or satisfied.

The refiners, soon after this, found that they could not get cars for transporting their oil, and went to see Tom Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania.

"After trying to impress upon us that we were getting our proportion of the cars, we asked Mr. Scott substantially the same question we asked Mr. Cassatt in New York: whether we could have, if there was any means by which we could have, the same rate of freight as other shippers got, and he said flatly, 'No,' and gave the same reason Mr. Cassatt had in New York, *'that the Standard Oil Company were the only parties that could keep peace among the roads.'*"

What did the Pennsylvania pay as its share to this harmonizer and peace-keeper? In an action in the Supreme Court, Commonwealth *vs.* Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. Cassatt has testified that at the time this conversation took place his road was paying the Standard Oil Company rebates of from 49½ to 69½ cents per barrel on their oil shipped over his road, and in addition to that a commission of 22½ cents a barrel on *all* shipments, not only on their own oil, but on all shipments of petroleum made by any shipper. The harmonizer and peacemaker got, in 1878, approximately, $11,520 per day, or $4,456,000 per year from the Pennsylvania alone. They kept peace between the railroads; they prevented what were (to the railroads) ruinously low freight rates. And the price of that peace was the industrial liberty of the men who had honestly acquired and developed valuable property rights in the Oil Regions, and who had built up great oil refineries there and in the refinery centers.

There were, of course, many other sources through which the Oil Trust derived its power, and many other conditions which favored its growth; but the basis on which it was founded was, as has been indicated, an absence of law which an economic condition demanded. It came because our lawmakers had not yet learned that the railroads could not, with safety to the commercial interests of the country, be allowed to build and compete like rival groceries on the same block. The trust got its start and its power over the great oil industry just as other trusts in our day are doing in other industries, because we did not see that the law which we need to control the railroads must be one which protects the railroads as well as the public.

We say to the railroads of the country to-day as we have said to them for seventeen years: "We are interested in your rates for freight and passengers when they are too high. We will interfere by law and reduce them if they are extortionate or unreasonable; but if rival railroads find themselves engaged in a competition of that peculiar and intense kind which tends to exist between natural monopolies, a competition which will make the earning of dividends, or even the payment of debts impossible, we will stand by and benefit by that warfare; for such rates, though ruinous to the railroads, are good for the public."

Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 Fails to Bring much Relief

Very early in the history of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it made a decision of which the foregoing is a free interpretation. A railroad found itself in competition with another which had reduced its rates to figures that would not pay operating expenses. It asked the Interstate Commerce Commission if their power to forbid "unreasonable charges" did not include a power to prohibit a rate too low as well as a rate too high to be just and reasonable. The commission replied in the negative. It said: "The act was not passed to protect railroad corporations against the misconduct or mistakes of their officers, or even primarily, to protect such corporations

against each other. The terms just and reasonable in the statute were employed to establish a maximum limitation for the protection of the public, not a minimum limitation for the protection of reckless carriers against their own action."

Is it remarkable that, with this attitude of the law towards railroads, they should seek somewhere outside the statutes a law which shall harmonize and keep peace between them? Is it remarkable that to-day the tremendous power given by the control of 140 thousand miles of railroad trunk lines should have come into the hands of seven small groups of men numbering not over 150 individuals?

There are of course men of substantial numbers, and some of respectable abilities, to whom every additional statute which aims at the regulation of commerce by law seems vanity and vexation of spirit—who, for example, persuade themselves into thinking, as has been expressed by one of the more distinguished of them recently, that the common law affords adequate remedy for the trusts. There are, undoubtedly, many useless statutes passed every year—meddlesome, short-sighted, ineffective. But if these men or any others have a doubt as to whether the railroad, unregulated as it is to-day by effective law, is a public menace, there can be no more convincing argument found to remove that doubt than is contained within the covers of this book.

It is no exaggeration to say that we are far behind nearly all the great countries of the world in our dealing with the transportation problem. The railroad is controlled in England and France. In Germany, Austria, Sweden, Belgium, Portugal, Holland, Italy, and Australia, the governments own railroads, which they either operate themselves or lease subject to firm state control. The almost pathetic way in which we have fumbled with the transportation problem finds nowhere quite such a forcible illustration as is afforded by the story of the Oil Trust. For it was the scandals of the rebates that the oil wars disclosed which, more than anything else, provoked federal action, and resulted in the Interstate Commerce Act. This was made law in 1887—a statute, in its most important feature, based on the English Traffic Act of 1854, its predecessor by thirty-three years. Before the enactment of that statute, and between 1878 and 1884, changes had taken place of the utmost importance in the methods of oil transportation. In 1878 the independent oil producers of Western Pennsylvania, in a desperate struggle to be free from bondage to the railroad and the oil monopoly, built the first pipe-line to the sea. It was a great engineering feat, and accomplished only by overcoming tremendous opposition from both the railroads and the trust. After the possibility of this means of transportation had been demonstrated, the Standard absorbed the pipe-line by characteristic methods, which need not here be explained. Before 1884 the Oil Trust had several thousand miles of pipe-lines, representing an investment of thirty-one million dollars, daily carrying half a million barrels of oil to the sea. They still had a use for the railroad, and Miss Tarbell's chapter bearing the title, "Cutting to Kill," shows what a cruel use it was.

But by 1884 the Standard, so far as its existence as a trust was concerned, was independent of the railroads. Three years after the Standard's independence of the railroads had been established came the Interstate Commerce Act. The Interstate Commerce Act applied and now applies *only* to railroads; not a word of it touches the pipe-line or the 400 per cent. profit which the Standard was then charging, and which it charges now as a common carrier of oil on a pipe-line service which to-day is being carried on through a system of over 35,000 miles of pipe!

The Same Problem is with Us To-day — A Present Menace to the Country

There is no comfort to be found in this story of the Standard Oil Company for the optimist who would like to persuade himself that the facts which the book contains are matters of ancient history. The foundations of the trust were laid, to be sure, some thirty years ago; but that tremendous power which it acquired through privileges which the law never gave, and by means which it never can sanction, is in our day greater than ever. Thirty-two years ago the Standard Oil Company was an Ohio corporation, with a million dollars capital, having a daily capacity for refining 1,500 barrels of crude oil. The Standard Oil Company of to-day is a New Jersey corporation, which controls ninety per cent. of the Eastern oil production. It

makes twenty-one and one-half million barrels out of the twenty-four million barrels of petroleum products made in this country. Its receipts are enormous. For five years its annual dividends have averaged about forty-five million dollars, or nearly fifty per cent. on its capitalization—a sum which, capitalized at five per cent., would be 900 million dollars. "Surely," says Job, "the tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they who provoke God are secure into whose hands he bringeth abundantly." It has remained for our day to give the poetic blasphemy of the Hebrew prophet a new and terrible reality. Ninety per cent. of this prosperity remains each year close to the tabernacle among the few men who make up the Standard Oil family. The oil business does not need this money;—it has to be invested.

What is to be the future of an organization practically controlling the oil industry in all its branches, and deriving from it forty-five million dollars of annual profit, which it invests, as it is being invested each year, in obtaining the ownership or control of railroad systems; in grasping the mineral wealth of the country—its iron, steel, and copper; in gathering in telegraph and telephone lines, and acquiring the gas and electric light franchises of the great cities; in organizing and directing banks and trust companies. Where is it all to end?

The trust question was with us, as it always is, in the few months that precede a Presidential election, and we have just finished a national campaign. We have had the usual oratory of the kind which we have listened to for the past decade and more, concerning the tariff and the trusts. But while we have heard so much about the tariff-made trusts, what have we heard of the railroad-made trusts? Is there some tariff on oil which, being abolished, will make the Standard Oil Company fall like a pack of cards? We all know that the tariff has had no appreciable influence on its growth. The tariff and the trusts has been a political slogan for years; but how about the railroads and the trusts? The railroads are said to give generous offerings to the campaign funds of both the great political parties. Can this be the reason why the transportation problem seems to remain an academic one for economists and college professors and people who write books? Must we wait until the railroads stop paying bed and board to both parties before the transportation problem becomes a public issue?

The Same Forces Unchecked by Needed Laws are Building Other Monopolies

History will repeat itself until its lessons are understood. The same forces which, uncontrolled by effective law, gave the oil monopoly its existence, are being used in our day to build other monopolies in other industries over other necessities of life. As we study in this book the source of that power which makes the Oil Trust an ever-increasing public menace, we shall lose its lesson if we do not study it as the history, not of one monopoly, but of many. Miss Tarbell's story derives its importance, not from the fact that the story is unique, but because it is typical.

As I write, the morning paper at my elbow has a column headed, "Railroads Under Packers' Thumb," on an investigation now being made by the Interstate Commerce Commission which shows how the Meat Trust has grown and prospered and driven out competition and made the price of meat higher to the consumer through its control over the railroads and through the privileges it has been able to extort from them. The testimony before the commission shows, as the newspaper reports, that the great meat corporations own thousands of cars; Armour & Company alone having over twelve thousand. They and the other great packers are among the biggest shippers in the railroad world. They get special rates from competing railroads because they are big shippers, and because no railroad traffic agent who cares for his job is willing to lose their business. The "open" meat rates are outrageous—sixty-five cents per hundred pounds from Chicago to New York. But not to the Meat Trust. They charge the railroads for the use of their cars, and the excessive mileage for the use of these cars paid by the railroad (the rebate in its more modern form) enables the great packers to control the meat traffic and to peddle it out to the highest bidder.

"The power of the big meat packers is unlimited," says J. W. Midgely, an expert on the transportation problem, before the Commerce Commission. "But for them there is no market, for they are the markets. The same thing is true of the dairy and fruit business, and if this thing is not

stopped, the time will come when the private car interest will sidetrack all equipments now in use by the railroads. Why, even Pabst & Co., the brewers, are now engaged in the dairy business!"

"What are the effects of this upon the consumer?" asks the commissioner.

"We all know what that is," says Mr. Midgely, "for we all eat meat. We have seen the price of meat go up and up, as the price of cattle went down and down."

The same truth applies to the cattleman as has been shown to apply to the oil producer. There is no use in owning cattle or oil, or any other article of commerce, if you are sure to be robbed on your way to market!

Miss Tarbell's Contribution to a Full Understanding of this Most Important of National Problems

Miss Tarbell's book is a great contribution to the study of the transportation problem, very largely because it was obviously written with no such purpose in view. It is a statement of the facts in the history of the Standard Oil Company—facts marshaled with extraordinary logic and clearness, showing a remarkable grasp and insight into the important subject which she discusses. She has undertaken to write a history, not a treatise on economics, and if the transportation problem is in every page of her book it is because the Standard Oil Company and the transportation problem are inseparable; for, if there had been no traffic problem, there would have been no oil monopoly. The work she has done undoubtedly has been a very difficult one. The Oil Trust has had a multitude of prosecutors and a few apologists—has been the subject of excoriatory eloquence and of cynical defense; and its answer to them both has been silence—and dividends. Its history is one which it is difficult to consider calmly and dispassionately. There are too many features of its career which tend so to stir the blood as to make the impartial temper of the historian hard to maintain. The power of this book comes largely because this temper has been maintained; because there is in it an obvious desire to be exact in statement and to give all the facts, so that the reader may judge for himself whether the conclusions are justified. The researches required to gather together from such a multitude of obscure sources the material for so complete and extended a work on so complex a subject must have been enormous. Nothing seems to have escaped. The facts are there—and such facts! It is scarcely a book which a man of normal sensitiveness would care to hand down to his children and grandchildren as the story of his business career, however much he might feel that career to have been extenuated by financial success and its asperities softened in their eyes by the divisible millions of his estate. For, in the concluding chapters of the book, Miss Tarbell has something to say about the Standard Oil Trust in its influence on the great business world of which the oil industry is but a part, if a great part, on the moral tone of that world and its ideals of success. The book which she has written is not merely a contribution to a transportation problem, not simply a story of the facts of the Standard Oil Trust: it is a study of business morals.

In the athletic world there are accepted rules, in accordance with which contests in sport must be won. In law and medicine there are more or less definite codes governing conduct and distinguishing that which is professional from that which is not. In the same way, in the business world, there is a line between real success and that which is only apparent—between honest and dishonest competition, between business which is business and business which is something quite different, though masquerading under its name—a line which, in the scramble to get rich and the intensity of commercial rivalries, seems sometimes obliterated or forgotten. It is what Miss Tarbell's book will do towards making that line more distinct and better recognized, which lifts it above the dignity of a literary achievement and makes it a distinct public service.

BALLADE OF THE BRAVE

BY

RICHARD BURTON

PRATE not to me of weaklings, who
Lament this life and naught achieve.
I hymn the vast and valiant crew
Of those who have scant time to grieve;
Firm-set their fortunes to retrieve,
They sing for luck a lusty stave,
The world's staunch workers, by your leave,—
This is the ballade of the brave.

Wan women, steel to staggering blows;
White souls from many a nether place;
The humble heroes and the foes
Of sham; the hunters of the base.
The men with missions in their face,
The clan who straighten, heal and save;
The young who think each card an ace,—
This is the ballade of the brave.

Those who with stingless laugh and jest
Sweeten the labor; those who stake
Their all on some sky-reaching quest,
Unconquerable for conscience' sake·
The warriors who a last stand make,
Though loss o'erwhelm them, wave on wave;
Smiling, the while their hearts do break,—
This is the ballade of the brave!

Brothers, I kiss my hand to ye,
That stoutly flare unto the grave,
Facing all odds high heartedly,—
This is the ballade of the brave.